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Guy of Warwick (Romance)

The Romance of

Guy of Warwick.

EDITED FROM THE AUCHINLECK MS. IN THE
ADVOCATES' LIBRARY, EDINBURGH, AND FROM MS. 107
IN CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

BY

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PART I.

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TEMPORARY NOTICE.

FOR information about the two parallel Texts printed here (the one for the first, the other for the second time*), I beg to refer the reader to the Preface to my Edition of the Romance of Guy of Warwick, from the Paper MS. Ff. 2, 38, in the University Library, Cambridge (E. E. T. S., Extra Series xxv and xxvi, for 1875 and 1876), pp. v and vi. My warmest thanks are due to Dr. James A. H. Murray, who, having collated Turnbull's Edition with the Auchinleck MS. before me, was to be my co-editor throughout, but, on account of his Dictionary work, was obliged to withdraw after the first sheets were printed off. His collation, however, which he was so good as to send me, has been, and will continue to be, of great use to me. I must also add that the side-notes in this first Part are nearly all his.

I take this opportunity to repeat that I should be greatly obliged for any information as to the whereabouts of a complete copy of Copland's *Guy* (the British Museum one having lost its first twenty leaves), as well as of Cawood's *Guy*, and of a fragment 'printed in a thinner letter than W. de Worde's' (cf. Warton, ed. Hazlitt, II. 162).

J. Z.

Berlin, S. W., Kleinbeerenstr. 7:

Febr. 21, 1885.

* Cf. The Romances of Sir Guy of Warwick and Rembrun his Son. Now first edited from the Auchinleck MS. Edinburgh: printed for the Abbotsford Club, MDCCCXL. [The Editor was William B. D. D. Turnbull.]

Here ginneth Sir Gij.

(AUCHINLECK MS. 107^v.)

Gij of Harwike.

[The first leaf is wanting in the Auchinleck MS., and the story is here supplied from the French version, MS. Corpus Coll., Camb., leaf 6, collated with MS. Harleian 3775, leaf 15.]

	P	uis cel tens ke deus fu nez e establi crestienetez,	
¹ multes, Harl.		¹ multz des ¹ auentures sont auenues,	
² Qui ³ omit.		ke ² a tuz hommes ne sont pas ³ sues.	
		pur ceo deit l'em mult enquere,	5
		e pener sei de bien fere,	
⁴ aprendre bons		e de ⁴ bons prendre ⁴ esperimentz,	
		de faitz, de diz as aunciens qui deuant nus esteient.	
		auentures beles lur aueneient,	10
		pur ceo qu'il amoient uerite, tut dis fei e leaute.	
		De eus deit l'um bien souenir e lur bons faitz dire e oir :	
		qui mult out e ceo retient	15
		souent mult sage deuient ;	
⁵ il ceo tent ben.		⁵ ceo est tenu ⁵ a bele mestrie, ki fait le sen e lest la folie.	
		De un counte uoloms parler	20
⁶ fescit		qui mult fait ⁶ a preiser, e de un son senescal'	
⁷ esteit		qui pruz ert ⁷ e leal ; e de son fiz, un damoisel	
		qui mult par ert gent e bel ;	25
		e com il amat une pucele,	

Gurge of Warrewik.

[*Caius MS.*, 107, page 1.]

<p>SYTH THE Tyme þat CRYST IHESU, Thorough hys grace & vertu, Was in þis world bore Of a mayd withowt hore, And þe world crystendom Among mankynd first becom, Many aduentures hath be wrouzt þat aȝ men knoweth nouȝt. Therefore mēn shuȝ herken blythe, And it vndirstonde right swythe, For they that were borne or wee Fayre aduenturis hadden they; For euere they louyd sothfastenesse, Faith with trewthe and stedfastnesse. Therefore schulde man with gladde chere Lerne goodnesse, vndirstonde, and here: Who myke it hereth and vndirstondeth it By resoun he schulde bee wyse of witte; And y it holde a fayre mastrye, To occupye wisdomē and leue folye. For why as of an Erle j shaȝ yow telle, How of hym it beefelle; And of hys stewarde, withoute lesynge, And of the stewarde soȝe, a fayre yonge thyng, That gentil was and fayre bee-seē, And how he loued a mayden sheē,</p>	<p>Many old</p> <p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>B 2</p>	<p>adventures,</p> <p>unknown as yet,</p> <p>are worth know- ing.</p> <p>I will tell of an Earl,</p> <p>and his steward,</p> <p>and how the steward's son</p> <p>loved the Earl's daughter,</p>
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la fyllle au counte, ke mult ert bele.

C. 25. En engleterre un coens esteit,
en Warewik la cite maneit :

¹ pouer	riches ert e de grant Foer ¹ ,	
	queintes, sages, bon cheualer ;	40
	riches ert de or e de argent,	
	de Dras, de seie, de vesselement,	
² chastels	de fortz chasteul ² , de riche citez ;	
	par tut le rengne ert mult dotez.	
³ n'	n'i ³ auait homme en tote la terre	45
⁴ osat	qui uers li osaht ⁴ prendre guerre,	
⁵ tost	ke par force toht ⁵ nel preist,	
⁶ sa	e en la ⁶ chartre nel meist.	
	bons cheualers mult ama,	
	riches douns souent lur dona ;	50
	pur ceo fu cremu e dote,	
	e par tut le rengne preise.	
	coens esteit de mult grant pris,	
	sires ert de tuit le pais ;	
	de oxeneford tut le honur	55
	sue estoit a icel iour ;	
⁷ omit.	de bukingham de ⁷ tut le counte	
⁸ cel	sire en tel ⁸ tens esteit clame.	

C. 51. li coens roaud out a nun,
mult par esteit noble barun. 60
⁹ out de vne fyllle auoit⁹ sa mulier,
sa grant beaute ne puis conter :

The Erles doughter, that was so bryghȝte,
And how he spoused that swete wyghȝte,
And how that he reynbroun beegate—

married her,

AH y kanne teH yow that—

30

And how he wente into wildernesse :

[p. 2]

and went on his
wanderings.

AH y canne teH yow as it ys.

A wysemañ it vnto vs seyð

That it wrote and in ryme it leyð.

I woH it not any longer coñceH,

35

But open the sentence as ye may fele.

IN ENGLONDE an Erle was wonnynge

The Earl owned
Warwick,

In Warrewyke Citee, ryght as I fynde :

Ryche he was and grete of myghȝt,

Erle he was, and a fuH stronge knyghȝt,

40

Riche of goldȝ and of syluer bothe,

and was very rich

Of clothes of goldȝ and vesseH, withoute othe,

Of stronge castellis and riche Citees :

and powerful.

Thorough aH Englund preised he was.

In aH Englund ne was ther none

45

That durste in wrath ayenste hym gooñ.

Good knyghȝtis he loued y-wys,

And freely he gaue them of hys,

Therefore welbelouyd he was,

And grettly doubted in euery place.

50

Erle he was of grete price :

AH that contree tho was hys ;

Of oxenfordȝ and aH that contrey

He was lord of
Oxford

He was gouernoure at that day ;

Of Bokyngham, and of aH that shyre,

55

and of Bucking-
ham.

He was klepyd both lord and syre.

That Erle Rohaude hyghȝt,

He was called
Rohaud.

Baroun he was of grete myghȝt.

A doughter he had of hys wyue,

He had a daugh-
ter

Hyr grete beaute y can not dyscryue :

60

For the fairest men chesen hir y-wys.

[p. 3]

who was very
beautiful,

That y you telle, sothe it is.

pur la plus bele le unt choisie.
 ore est reisun ke l'em uus die
¹ *omit.* vn petitet de sa grant¹ beaute : 65
 le viz out blank e colore,
² *treitis* lunge, traitet², e auenaunt ;
 bele buche, e nes bien seaunt,
 les euz uairs e le chief bloi ;
 de li ueer uus semblast poi : 70
 bien faite de cors, de bele estature,
 tant *par* ad duce la reguardure.

corteise ert e enseignee,
³ *endoctrinee* de tuz artz ert enseignee³ : 80

ses mestres esteient venuz
⁴ *toulette* ⁵ *touz* de tulette⁴, tut⁵ blaunks chanuz,

qui la apernoient de astrenomie,
⁶ *arismetrike* de arsmetic⁶, de Geumetrie.

mult par ert fere de corage :
 pur ceo ke ele fud tant sage,
C. 71. ducs e countes la requeroient ; 95
 de ⁷multz de ⁷terres pur li⁸ venoient,
⁷⁻⁷ *mute; read* ⁸ *luy* ⁸ *multes* mes nul de eus amer ne uoleit,
 pur ceo ke tant bele esteit.

Of hir' beaute yet a litell wigh̃te :	
With a faire visage louely in sighte,	
Hir skynne was white of brighte coloure ;	65
Bodied wele and of grete valour' ;	
Large tresses, and wele bee-comyng',	
Browes bente and nose weH sittyng' ;	
The mouthe so wele sittyng' ywys,	
To kisse it ofte it was grete blys ;	70
With grey eyeñ and nekke white,	
Hir to see it was grete delite.	
Hir bodye weH sette and shaply ;	handsome,
By 'thoo daies ther' was nōñ suche truely.	
Gentil she was and as demure	75
As girfauk, or fawkon to lure,	
That oute of muwe were drawe ;	
So faire was noon, in sothe sawe.	
She was therto curteys and free ywys,	and accomplished.
And in the .vii. artes weH lerned, withoute mys.	80
AH the .vii. artis she kouthe weH,	
Noon better that euere mañ herde tell.	
Hir maisters were thider cōme	
Oute of Tholouse aH and soñe ;	She had famous teachers from Toulouse [<i>French</i> <i>text</i> Toledo],
White and hoore aH they were,	85
Bisy they were that mayden to lere ;	
And they hir lerned of astronomye,	who taught her all the seven arts.
Of Ars-meotrik, and of geometrye.	
Of Sophestrie she was also witty,	
Of Rethoric, and of other clergie ;	90
Lerned she was in musyke ;	[p. 4]
Of clergie was hir noon like.	
She was a woman of grete corage,	
Wise and faire and of gaye parage.	
To haue hir to wif he did hir sende	95
Erles, Dukes, fro the worldes ende ;	Dukes and earls
And noon of theim haue she wolde,	wooded her in vain.
For that she was so faire holde.	

	felice fu la bele appellee :	
	pur sa beaute fu mult amee ;	100
	de totes beautez fu ele la flur,	
	tant bele ne ert a icel iour.	
	ki totes terres dunc serchast	
¹ ne	vne tant bele n'i ¹ trouast :	
	qui tote sa beaute countereit	105
	trop grant demorance i freit.	
	C. 83. de la pucele lerrum ester,	
² del	² e de ² senescal uodrum parler,	
³ Qi	ke ³ mult ert corteis e sage :	
	homme fu de mult grant parage ;	110
⁴ omit.	riches ert e de mult ⁴ grant ualur ;	
	en icel tens ni out meillur,	
⁵ Ni qi	⁵ ne ke ⁵ fuht tant des armes prise,	
	kar en mainte terre aueit este	
	pur sun pris enhaucier ;	115
⁶ feseit	pur ceo ⁶ fait il ⁶ mult a loer.	
	en Walingeford nez estoit,	
	tuit le pais a li apendoit :	
	pur ceo fud il nobles e fier ;	
⁷ n ⁷	tant bon n'i ⁷ aueit de ca ⁸ la mier,	120
⁸ sa (= ça)	ne ki seruist sun seingnur,	
	tuz iours a si grant honur.	
AUCHINLECK MS. 108r. col. 1.	His lord he serued treweliche	
C. 93.	In al ping manschipeliche.	
	per was non erl in Inglond	125
	pat to 3eines him durst stond,	
	Bot, 3if he wold be wiþ him at on,	
	He wald do nimen him anon,	
	& wiþ strengþe him nim wolde,	
	þei he to Scotlond suwe him scholde.	130
	His lordis honour he held worþschipliche,	
	& defended it wele & hardiliche ;	
¹ MS. was	þer nas ¹ kni[3]t in Inglande	
	pat wiþ wretþe durst him atstonde.	

Felice .la bele hir name is :

Moche she was belouid ywis ;

Of aȝ faire she was the floure,

Nooȝ so faire in halle nor boure

As she was ; who that souȝhte

So faire to fynde, for noughte he wroughte :

He that aȝ hir beaute write wolde,

To longe taryng make he sholde.

NOWE WE schuȝ leue of hir here,

And telle you forthe of our matiere.

Speke we schuȝ of the Stywarde :

Weȝ true he was, and highte Sywarde.

This Syward was slighe and wise,

Riche of kynde, and of grete prise :

In his tyme nooȝ better was,

For of grete worship was noon in his caas.

Of armes he had been chief on grounde,

And therof preised in many a londe ;

For that he wolde preysed bee,

He did him bee knowen in many a contree.

In Walyngforde he was borne.

Aȝ that Contree to him was sworne.

A swiche noble man he was,

On this half the see noon suche was,

That serued his lorde so truely,

And in aȝ thinges so worshipfully.

Ther was noon Erle in aȝ that londe

That his lorde durste withstonde,

Bot he with loue it amended anooȝe,

Hastely he¹ wolde vpon him gooȝe,

And with strengthe hym haue wolde,

Though he therfor in to Scotlonde sholde.

Aȝ his lordes londe weȝ and truely

He maynteyned it fuȝ worshipfully ;

That nooȝ was so hardy a maȝ,

That with wronge durste coȝe than.

Her name was
Felice la Belle.

100

None so fair.

105

The Earl's
Steward,
Syward by name,

110

was a man of
great valour,

115

a native of
Wallingford.

120

[p. 5]

This steward
served his lord
faithfully ; no
earl in England
durst withstand
him.

125

¹MS. we.

He defended his
lord's honour,

130

against every
knight.

þei a man bar an hundred pounde,
 Opon him, of gold y-grounde,
 þe[r] nas man in al þis londe
 þat durst him do schame no schonde, 140
 þat bireft him worþ of a slo,
 So gode pais þer was þo.

C. 110.
 Turnb. p. 2, l. 19.

þilke steward hadde a sone
 Trewe & wise atte frome ;
 Al folk he dede him loue, 145
 For þat noman schuld him schoue ;
 & riche giftes ȝiuen he wold,
 For þat he schuld be fre yhold.
 þerl Rohaud he serued þo,
 As he schuld his kinde lorde do ; 150
 þerl him loued swiþe dere,
 Ouer al oþer þat þer were.
 Of his coupe serue he him dede,
 He was preysed to him in euerich stede :
 þerl michel him worþschipede, 155
 & for his fader loue to him clepede.

C. 123.

Gij of Warwike his name was,
 In cōrt non better beloued þer nas,
 So he was among gret lordinges,
 Litel & michel in al þinges. 160
 Gentil he was & of michel miȝt,

¹ MS. biȝt

Ouer al oþer feirest bi siȝt¹ :
 Al þai wonderd strongliche,
 For his feirhed was so miche ;
 So mani godenes in him were, 165
 Al him preysed þer y-fere,
 Of bordis & turnament y-wis,
 Kniztes to hauen & holden of pris.

MS. 108r. col. 2.

C. 139.
 Turnb. p. 3, l. 42.

Gij a forster fader hadde,
 þat him lerd & him radde 170

- Fastenned he had suche a pees, 135
 That neuere sithe noon better was :
 Though men did bere an hundred pounde,
 Vpon him, of penyes rounde,
 There shulde not bee founde in aH the londe
 A theef that him wolde hurte ne shonde, 140
 Nor take fro him the worthe of a sloo :
 So good pees there was thoo.
 That same Stywarde had a soñe
 Wise and curteys at Frome ;
 AH men him did loue sothely, 145
 Ther was noon that him wolde shonye.
 To AH men yiftes yiue he wolde,
 Therefore so curteis he was holde.
 The Erle Rohaud he serued thoo,
 His kynde Lorde, so mote y goo. 150
 The Erle him loued hertly and dere, [p. 6]
 Ouer aH other that with him were.
 Of his coupe he him serue Didde,
 And priuyest with him in euery stede :
 The Erle Rohaud mikel him worshipped, 155
 And for his fader loue thoo farther him cleped.
 Guye of Warrewik his name was,
 In aH the courte nōōn more honoured nas :
 Of knyghtes and of grete lordinges,
 Of more and lasse, in aH thinges. 160
 MikeH he was, and of grete mighte,
 And fairest of all other be sighte :
 AH him behelde wondirly,
 His fairenesse was so grete truly ;
 So many goodnesse in him were : 165
 AH him praised that were there.

A man loaded
with gold was
safe from all
attack,

owing to the good
peace he enforced.

This steward had
a son, true and
wise,

beloved by all.

He served Earl
Rohaud, and was
his cup-bearer.

His name was
Guy of Warwicke.

He was gentle
and strong,

beautiful and
good.

170 Guy was taught

Guye a foster fader hadde,
 That him lerned and also redde

Of wodes & riuer & oþer game :
 Herhaud of Ardern was his name.
 He was hende & wele y-tauzt,
 Gij to lern forȝat he nauzt ;
 Michel he coupe of hauk & hounde, 175
 Of estriche faucouns of gret mounde.

C. 143. It was opou a Pentecost day yteld, 185
 þerl a gret fest held
 At Warwike in þat cite,
 þat þan was y-wou to be.
 þider cam men of miche miȝt,
 Erls & barouns boþe apliȝt, 190
 Leuedis & maidens of gret mounde,
 þat in þe lond wer y-founde.
 Eueriche maiden ches hir loue
 Of kniȝtes þat wer þider y-come,
 & euerich kniȝt his leman 195
 Of þat gentil maiden wiman ;
 When þai were fro chirche y-come,
 þer aliȝt mani a noble gome.
 þerl to þe mete was sett,
 Gij stode forn him in þat flett, 200
 þat was þe steward sone,
 þerl to serue it was his wone.
 Turnb. p. 4, l. 71. To him he cleped Gij,
 & him hete & comandi
 þat he in to chaumber went, 205
 & grete wele þat maiden gent,

Of wode, of Ryuer, of aȝ game :

Heraude of Arderne was his name.

Sir Herhaud of
Arderne.

He was curteys, and weȝ taughte,

Guye he lerned and forgate him naughte ;

Mikeȝ he kouthe of haukes and houndes, 175

Of Ostours, of Faukoȝs of grete moundes.

Aȝ that wolde of him oughte craue,

With good wille they shulde it haue.

To parsoȝs and to pouer knyghtes

Ofte he wolde yiue riche yiftes ; 180

And to other ofte yiue he wolde

Palfrey or stede, siluer and golde,

Euery man after his good dede [p. 7]

Of Guye vnderfangeth his mede.

ON WITSONDAYE called Pentecoste

185 On Pentecost day
the Earl held a
great feast,

The Erle helde a grete feste

In Warrewik, that good Citee,

As it euer was wonte to bee.

There were Erles, baroȝs, and knyghtes,

to which came
earls and barons,

And many a maȝ of grete myghtes ; 190

Ladies and maydeȝs of grete renown,

and ladies of
renown.

The grettest desired ther' to bee bown.

Many a mayde there chese hir loue anone

Every maiden
chose her love,

Of knyghtes that thider were coȝe,

And the knyghtes also their' lemans there

195 and every knight
his leman.

Of the maidens that there were.

Whan they fro chirche were coȝe,

In to the halle they yode fuȝ sone.

Whan the Erle to the mete sette was,

Guye stode before him in that plaas,

200 Guy stood before
the Earl to serve,

He that was Sywardes soȝe,

To whom the Erle grete loue had noȝe.

The Erle cleped to him Guye,

To him gan sey and commaunded on highe,

That he in to the chambre wente

205 and was sent to
serve the Earl's
daughter.

And grete weȝ his doughter that was so gente ;

& þat he schuld þat ich day
Serue wele þat feir may.

C. 159.

Gij him answerd freliche :
'Sir, ichil wel blepeliche.' 210

In a kirtel of silk he gan him schrede,
Into chaumber wel sone he ȝede.
þe kirtel bicom him swiþe wel,
To Amenden þer on was neuer a del ;
þe maidens biheld him feir & wel, 215
For þat he was so gentil.

C. 161.

Gij on his knes sone him sett,
& on hir fader half he hir grett,
& seyð he was þider sent
To serue hir to hir talent. 220

MS. 108v. col. 1.

C. 167.

Felice answerd þan to Gij
'Bieus amis, molt gramerci.'
& seþþe sche asked him in þe plas
Whennes he cam, & what he was.
'Mi fader,' he seyð, 'hat Suward, 225
þat is þi fader steward,
þat wiþ him me haþ y-held
& forþ y-brouȝt, God him for-ȝeld !'

Turnb. p. 5, l. 97.

'Artow,' sche seyð, 'Suward sone,
þat of al godenes haþ þe wone ?' 230
Gij stode stille & seyð nouȝt.

Wip þat was the water forþ brouȝt :
þai sett hem to mete anon,
Erl, baroun, sweyn & grom.

¶ Gij was bisy þat ich day 235

To serue wele þat feir may.

þat day Gij dede his miȝt
To serue þritti maidens briȝt ;
Al an-amourd on him þai were,
& loued Gij for his feir chere. 240

þer of no ȝaf he riȝt nouȝt,
Al anoþer it was his þouȝt :

And that he shulde at mete that Daie

Bee willyngⁱ to serue that faire mayē.

'Sir,' seide Guy fuH freely,

'I doo youre heste fuH blithely.'

210

With a silken kirtē began him shrede,

Guy arrayed him
blithely,

And in to the Chambre thañ he yede.

The kirtē so weH sittingⁱ it was, [p. 8]

It to amende noo nede it has ;

Guy was so weH shape and gentille,

215

The maidens him behelde with good wille.

On knees before Felice he him sette,

and repaired to
Felice,

And on hir fader behalue he hir grette,

And seide how he was thider sentte

To serue hir to hir talentte.

220

Felice answerd ayene to Guye,

'Beaux amye, moult gramercye.'

who asked who
his father was.

And than she asked him in that place

Where that he bornde was.

And Guye seide, 'my fader is called Sywarde,

225

He answered
'Syward, thy
father's steward.'

That is youre faders Stywarde ;

Many a daye he hath me with him holde,

And forthe me bredde, god him foryelde !'

'Bee ye,' she seide, 'Sywardes soñe,

She praised
Syward,

That aH goodnesse hath in wone ?'

230

Guye stode stille and spake nough̃te.

With that the water was forth broughte :

She did wesshe and wente to mete anone

And so did knygh̃t, squier, and grome.

AH his mighte he did that daie

235

Guy acquitted
himself so well

To serue weH that faire maye.

Wele to serue he did his mygh̃te

Moo than thirty maidens brighte ;

that thirty
maidens fell in
love with him.

That aH they anamoured were

On Guye for his faire chere.

240

And he therof rekked nough̃te,

For vpon another was his thoughte :

On Felice þat was so briȝt,
 Gij hir loued wiþ al his miȝt;
 So michel sche was in his þouȝt, 245
 þat neye he was to deþ y-brouȝt,
 He gan to wepe & sore siche,
 & biment him wel reweliche;

& grete wonder he hadde y-wis 251
 þat Felice so feir a creatour is.
 Ac he no dar his loue keþe,
 No sen hir wel vnneþe,
 He is in so gret þouȝt, 255
 His *conseyl* wil he schewe nouȝt.

C. 187.
 Turnb. p. 6, l. 123.

Into þe maidens chaumber he is y-go,
 At Felice he tok his leue þo,
 & in his way he goþ apliȝt.
 Vnto his chamber he went ful riȝt, 260
 & wepe & made grete wo,
 For he loued þat maiden so.
 His men axed him on hy,
 Whi þat he was so sori?
 He hem answerd sone anon, 265
 þat swiche iuel is comen him on
 þat he wenep his liif forgon,
 Bote no tit him neuer non.

MS. 108v. col. 2.

C. 207. In þe court biment was Gij;
 Mani man for him was sori, 270
 For he was won to serue hem wel,
 & ȝif hem mani a iuwel.
 Now is Gij in gret tempest,
 Sorwe he makeþ wiþ þe mest
 Of Felice þat feir may; 275
 For hir loue he sorweþ ay.

On Felice with the nebbe so brighte
He kaste his loue with all his mighte ;

[p. 9] But he cared only
for Felice,

That he ne wiste what to doo,
Hir loue werked him suche woo.

245 whom he loved to
death.

He wepte with mayne slilye,
And mourned in hym self softelye,

That he euere shulde see

Hir brighte rodye, hir faire blee.

250

Moche wonder he hath ywis,

That she so faire a creatur' is.

He durste not to hir his loue kithe,

But he dared not
to confess his
thoughts.

Bot to his chambre wente right swithe :
Withoute any leue takyng of Felice thoo,

When he took
leave of Felice,
he went to his
chamber sick of
love.

Oute of his chambre he did goo.

260

Than asked of him his meyne,
Why that he so heuy wolde bee.

They asked him
why he grieved so.

Guye answerd theim anone,
Seying that sikenesse is come him vpon,
Wherthurgh his lif he weneth to forgoo,
And neuere helth to haue of his woo.

265

IN THE COURTE mikel bemened is Guy :

For him was many a man sory ;

He was lamented
in the Court.

270

For he was wonned to serue them wele,
And to them yiue many a ieweile.

Nowe is Guy in grete tempeste,

Sorowe he maketh with the moste ;

For loue that he had to the maye

275

Ever he sorrowed
for Felice.

His sorowe encrested nyghte and daie.

Nowe is Guye so euyH bee stadde,

Hym self he helde for a man madde.

- & grete wonder he haþ y-wis
 þat him so hard bifallen is ; 280
 He acursed þe time þat [he] hir say,
 Felice wiþ hir eyzen gray,
 Hir gray eyzen, hir nebbis schenæ :
 ‘ For hir mi liif is miche in wene.
 Turnb. v. 7. l. 149. To hir ichil tellen al mi þouzt, 285
 Whi þat icham in sorwe brouzt.
 Tide me gode oþer qued,
 Y nil it hele for no nede,
 Riȝt to hir that y ne go
 & schewe hir of mi miche wo. 290
- ¶ Ac now to hir schewen y nille ;
 Allas, wreche, hou may i duelle ? 295
- For mi lordes douhter sche is,
 & ich his nori, forsoþe y-wis ;
 þerfore ich auȝt him treweþe bere,
 & neuer more him to dere. 300
 Ȝif ich hir loued, & it wist he,
 & he miȝt ouer-take me,
 He wald anon mine heued of smite,
 Oþer heye hong, for that wite,
 Oþer hewe me wiþ swerdes kene, 305
 Ȝif ich hadde don him þat tene.
 Allas, wreche, what may y do ?
 Y loue þing y no may com to !’
- C. 191. ¶ Now is Gij in sorwe ybrouzt ;
 Of his liif nis him nouzt. 310

 He went and trent his bed opon,
 So man þat is wo bigon ;

- For the sorowe that him befallen is, [p. 10]
 Ofte he bemeneth him self y-wis : 280
 'In wicked payne sey y may,
 That y ne may beholde hir eyen gray,
 Hir graye eyen, hir nebbe so shene ;
 For hir my lif is in a wene.
 To hir y shaft telle my thoughte, 285
 For whom y am in this sorowe broughte.
 What so euere come to me good or ylle,
 I woth it noo lenger concele for to spille.
 Bot streight to hir woth y goo,
 And in hir mercy y shaft me doo ; 290
 And if she woth, she may me slee,
 And hir wille doo with me.
 Yf I my sorowe hir doo not telle,
 Allas, wrecche, how shaft y duelle ?
 Allas, wrecche, that me is woo ! 295
 Ine wote what y may doo :
 For my lordys Doughter she is,
 And y his nerry ywis ;
 Therfor the more beholding to him y bee,
 And neuere noo-wher' his harme to see. 300
 If y hir loued and wite might he,
 And therwith he may take me,
 Brenne he me wolde, or the hede of smyte,
 Or highe hange for that dispite,
 Or all to-hewe with swerdes kene, 305
 And y him did suche a tene.
 Allas, y wrecche ! what may y doo ?
 I loue hir that is my foo.'
 Nowe is Guye in so moche sorowe broughte, [p. 11]
 That of his lif he rekketh noughte ; 310
 Nor he woteth what he may doo,
 For the grete sorowe that cometh him to.
 He wende, he trende his bedde vpon,
 As man that is woo bee gon ;

Guy cursed the
time he saw
Felice.

He would go and
tell her all :

but he feared her
father, who was
his lord,

and might doon
him to destruction
for his presump-
tion.

He threw himself
on his bed.

- He no may sitt no stonde, 315
 No vnneþe drawen his onde ;
 Turnb. p. 8, l. 175. Rest, no take slepeinge,
 Mete ete, no drinke dringe ;
 MS. 109r. col. 1. No may him noman *comforti*,
 Bot euer his song is wo & wi. 320
 In so gret þouȝt was he þo,
 & so gret sorwe toke him to,
 Leuer him wer walk & wende,
 & dye in trewe loue bende.
 ¶ þus [Gij] lay in grete turment 325
 Til þat þe fest was al to-went.
 Swiche an iuel is on him fast,
 þat he no may it of him cast ;
 He no wil noman his care schewe.
 His sorwes ben euer aliche newe, 330
 þat he no may his loue haue,
 Grete strengþe him doþ wiþ-drawe.
 þer-fore he seyð, ' ichil hir schewe,
 My peyne is euer aliche newe ;
 Of al mi sorwe nis hir nouȝt, 335
 Ich wold ich were to deþ y-brouȝt.
 Bitide me iuel oþer gode,
 Ichil it held in mi mode ;
 & ȝif sche wil, sche may me spille,
 Ac for al þat leten y nille.' 340
 C. 215. Now is Gij to court y-go,
 ' As illegible in MS. As¹ man þat is ful of wo,
 Turnb. p. 9, l. 201. & on his knes he him dede
 Bifor Felice in þat stede,
 & to hir he spac wel euen 345
 Wiþ a wel queynt steuen,
 & seyð, ' Felice þe feir, merci !
 For godes loue & our leuedi,
 þat y þe no finde mi dedliche fō,
 For godes loue herken me to ! 350

He ne may sitte, nor he may stonde, 315
 Nor vnnethe vnto him drawe his honde,
 Ne reste take of any slepinge,
 Nor ete mete, nor drinke drinke ;
 Nor may noo man him comforte,
 Bot euere is songe is woo with disporte. 320

No one could
 comfort Guy.

Thus lyueth Guy in grete turmente 325
 Till the feest was ouer wente ;
 Afterward he bethoughte is
 That he doth as the man wyse,
 That he shall loue bot strengthe haue
 Him self whan him luste to with-drawe. 330
 Than thinketh he, good it is hir to shewe
 The peynes that for hir greueth me newe :
 And she of my sorowe knoweth noughte,
 To ende y wolde my lif were broughte.
 Bee-tide me yuel either goode, 335
 I wold not lyue in this mode ;
 Bot y shall to hir goo,
 And in hir mercy y shall me doo.
 Yf that she wold, she may me spille ;
 Bot for all that y ne leue wille. 340

At last he resolved
 to speak to Felice,

betide him what
 might.

He came to court

GUYE is to courte come,
 As man that is in sorowe nome.

On knees before Felice he hym didde, [p. 12]
 And sorowfully seide in that stede,

All with quakyng steuene ; 345

Thus he seide, and spake full euene :

‘ Felice the faire, for goddys loue, mercy !

On me haue reuthe for our lady,

That y ne fynde the my full foo,

For loue y you praye, herken me to. 350

and fell on his
 knees before
 Felice,

beseeching her
 favour.

No longer hele y nille,
Al that soþe tellen y wille.

355

þou art þe þing þat y most ȝerne,
Fro þe no may mine hert terne;
Opon al oþer y loue þe,
Y no may it lete ded to be. 360
Vnder heuen no þing nis,
Noiþer gode no qued y-wis,

¹ so MS.; read *it*. þat y for þe don y¹ nolde,
To lete þat liif don y wolde. 365
þou art mi liif, mi ded y-wis,
Wiþouten þe haue y no blis;

MS. 109r. col. 2. Y loue þe and tow nouȝt me,
Y dye for þe loue of þe.
Bot þou haue merci on me,
For sorwe ichil me self sle, 370
For wistestow þe heuinisse,
þe sorwe and þe sorinisse,

Turnb. p.10, l.227. þat me is on niȝt and day
(Bi trewe loue siggen ich it may)—
& tow it miȝt wiþ eyȝen se, 375
þou wost haue merci on me.'

C. 219. Felice þe feir answerd þo,
‘Artow þis, Gij, so mot þou go,
þe steward sone Suward,
Ich wene þou art a fole musard! 380
When þou of loue me hast bisauȝt,
Al to fole-hardy þou art y-tauȝt.
Wele þou holdest me for a fole;
þou art y-tauȝt to a liþer scole,
& icham þi lordes douhter biname; 385
þan dostow him wel michel schame,

Hense forewarde y woH not hele

The grete loue, that me doth fele :

Shewe y muste the peyne and sorowe

That y haue for you euyne and morowe.

Ye bee that thyng for whom y mourne, 355

Fro you ne may my herte tourne :

Ouere all thinge y muste you loue,

Whether it tourne benethe or aboue,

Bot that y shaH loue you aye,

Whiles that y lyue maye. 360

Vnder heuen noo thinge is,

Were it good or yuel ywis,

That y for the doo it [ne] wolde,

My lif to lese though y shulde.

Ye bee my lif and my deth y-wis : 365

Withoute you loste is all my blis.

WeH more y loue you than me :

[col. 2]

Deye y shaH for loue of you pardee,

Bot thou haue mercy on me,

Myself y shaH for sorowe slee.

370

Yf ye wiste the heynesse,

The grete peyne, and the sorowfulnesse,

That y haue for you nyghte and daye - [p. 13]

(With true loue y it saye)—

And you it might witterly see, 375

I trowe ye wolde haue mercy on me.'

Felice to him answerde thoo,

'Telle me, Guye, if ye bee so

The Stywardis soñe that highte Sywarde,

I holde you for a fole musarde. 380

Nowe thou me haste of loue besoughte,

To fole-hardy thou art in thoughte,

Or thou me takest for a fole.

Thou art taughte of wikked scole,

Whiles y am thy lordes Doughter by name ;

385

Me thinketh thou doost him mikel shame,

aspiring to the
love of his lord's
daughter.

There was
nothing he
would not do
for Felice.

Unless she would
have mercy
he would slay
himself.

Felice called Guy
foolhardy,

- When þou of loue bi-sechist me
 þat y schold þi leman be.
 No fond y neuer man me so missede,
 No me so of loue bede, 390
 Noyþer kniȝt no baroun,
 Bot þou þat art a garsoun,
 & art mi man, & man schalt be.
 Yuel were mi fairhed sett on þe,
 & y swiche a grome toke, 395
 & so mani grete lordinges for-soke.
 Erls, doukes of þe best
 In þis world, & þe richest,
 Turnb. p. 11, l. 953. Me haue desired apliȝt,
 þat neuer of me hadde siȝt. 400
 þat wer gret deshonour to me!
 Al to loþ mi liif me schuld be.
 Al to fole-hardi þou were,
 When þou me of loue bisouȝtest here.
C. 224. Bi mi trewþe y schal þe swere, 405
 Schal y mi fader þe tiding bere,
 þou worþest to-hewen, oþer for-do,
 (Bi þe be warned oþer mo)
 Oþer wiþ wilde hors to-drawe,
 For þi foly, & þat wer lawe, 410
 & oþer schul be warned bi þi dede,
 & her lordinges þe more drede.
 Go heþen, sche seyd, ' & vp arise,
 & cum nam-more in mi purpris!'
 ¶ Wel sorwefuliche went Gij 415
 In to his chaumber al dreri:
 Gij in to his chaumber gan to gon,
 & schett him þer in anon.
 þer in he made sorwe anouȝ,
 & his clopes al to-drouȝ. 420
 Vnder heuen nas þat it ne miȝt haue rewþe
 Of his sorwones & of his trewþe.

- Whan thou of loue besechest me,
 And that y shulde thy lemman bee.
 Ne fonde y neuere man that so moche mysseide,
 Nor that so folisshe of loue me preide, 390
 Neither knyghte, Erle, ne baron;
 Bot thou art bot a garson,
 That art my man, and shuldest bee.
 EuyH were my beaute besette on the,
 Yf y a grome loued and toke, 395
 And so many faire knyghtis forsoke.
 Erles, Dukes, of aH the beste,
 And of aH the worlde the richeste
 Ouere aH men desired me a plighite,
 Suche as on me neuere had sighte; 400
 Dispreised to moche y shuld bee
 To leue aH theim and take the!
 AH to grete hardiship thou thoughtest, [p. 14]
 Whan thou of loue me besoughtest.
 By my moder soule y the swere, 405
 And y to my fader this tyding bere,
 To slee the or the vtterly fordoo,
 (By the shuH bee warned other moo)
 Or with wilde hors aH to-drawe,
 For thy folie that were the lawe. 410

'Should I take
 you, a mere
 garsoun,

forsaking earls,
 dukes, and
 lords?

That were
 dishonour!

If I should tell
 my father

you would be
 hewn in pieces

for your folly.

Goo hense swithe! vp arise,
 And come nomore here in this wise!'

FUH SORROWFULLY thense gooth Guy
 Home to his Inne aH sory:

In to his Chambre he is goon,

And beshette him therin aH aloon.

There he made sorowe and sorowe enough:

His clothes he rende, his heer he drough.

Go hence,
 and come no
 more!'

415 Guy went
 sorrowfully home,

shut himself in,
 and rent his
 clothes.

420

- Of loue he bi-ment strongliche
 For whom þat he loued so miche :
- Turnb. p. 12, l. 279. 'Loue,' he seyde, 'slake now mi sore 425
 þat is dedeliche, as y seyde ore.
 Loue of þis ʒongling
 Makeþ me iuel fonding.
 Loue, bring me of þis wodenisse,
 & bring me in to sum lisse, 430
 For to reste me aþrowe,
 þat y miȝt meseluen knowe.
 Sore me menepþ, for me smert,
 Miche care is in mine hert,
 Michel ich am y-cast of miȝt 435
 Al to fer wiþ vnriȝt.
 Loue me doþ to grounde falle,
 þat y ne may stond stef wiþ alle.
 Loue doþ min cloþes done,
 & after me clepeþ 'wreche' sone. 440
 Hou schal y liue? hou schal y fare?
 Hou long schal y liuen in care?
 Leuest þing me were to dye,
 & ich wist bi wiche weye.
 Depþ,' he seyde, 'wher artow so long? 445
 þou makest me y may nouȝt stond.
 þou makest me out of þe way to gon;
 Whi ne comestow to feche me anon?
 Worpi ich were ded to be:
 Y loue þing þat loueþ nouȝt me. 450
 Turnb. p. 13, l. 305. Herkenep now hou seiþ þe wise:
 Y schal ȝou schewe bi þis asise.
 For a fole he schal him held
 þat takeþ more þan he may weld.'
 MS. 109v. col. 2. To a fenestre þan Gij is go, 455
 C. 269. Biheld þe castel, þe tour also.
 'Tour,' he seyde, 'feir artow bisett!
 In þe is þat maiden bischett

Of loue he bemeneth him strongely,
For whom he hath sorowe gretly :

Pitifully Guy
moaned :

'Love drives me
mad ;

'Loue, a-slake me of this wodenesse,
And respite graunte me more or lesse,
That y might reste me a throwe,
Wherthurgh my sorowe may ouere blowe.
To farre y am kaste in vnmyghte,
My herte is heuy, and noo-thing lighte.

430

I do not know
myself ;

I cannot stand
upright.

What shaft y doo ? how shaft y fare ?

I may not lyue longe in this kare.

Allas, deth ! what art thou ?

Vnnethe may y stonde now :

Deth ! come forth, and take me anoon ;

For loste been my wittes euerych oon.

Dede y deserue for to bee,

[p. 15]

Whan y muste loue that hateth me.

And herken nowe what seith the wise,

That sheweth ensample of good assise :

450

For a fole he seith y him holde,

That taketh a more burden than he may welde ;

So fare y nowe, weleawaye !

I loue the loue that y ne haue maye.'

To a wyndowe Guy yede thoo,

455 Guy from his
window
beheld the castle,

For to beholde the castell and the toure also :

'O toure, thou art full faire sette !

In the is that maide beshette,

þat liueþ þer in ioie & blis,
& ichir loue for soþe y-wis. 460

Tour, when wer thou ouer-þrowe,
And wiþ þe winde al to-blowe!
þat y miȝt hir wiþ eyȝen se
þat y loue more þan me!’

He ginneþ to wepe & sore siche, 465
His care him neweþ eueriliche;

C. 278. Adoun he fel and swoune bigan,
(More sorwe made neuer man)

& cursed þe time þat he was bore,
For now he haþ his witt forlore. 470

‘Loue,’ he seyd, ‘acursed þou be!
To michel miȝt it is in þe

þat y ne may me fro þe were;
Loue, merci, þatow me no dere!
Leuer me were forto dye 475

þan long to liuen here in eyȝe.

Turnb. p. 14, l. 331. Allas, Felice, þat ich stounde,

þi loue me haþ so ybounde!

& þat y serued þe þat day,
Acursed be þat time, seyen y may! 480

No bid ichaue non oper mede,
Bot slake mi sorwe, ichaue nede.

Y loue þe & tow nouȝt me.

Euen dole may it nouȝt be;
For of mi sorwe no hastow nouȝt. 485

Allas! to grounde icham ybrouȝt!

þou hast þe gode, & y þe quede:

Y brenne so spark on glede.

Sepþe þou me lokedest first to,

þou me woundest wiþ a flo. 490

Schal y dye for þat siȝt?

Merci, Felice, þat swete wiȝt!

Mine hert is ful of venim spilt,

Of blis no worþ it neuer fild.’

That lyueth in ioye and in blisse :

Hir loue me woundeth withoute mysse.

460

O toure, why ne were thou ouerethrawe,

And vpon the grounde all to-drawe !

Than might y my lemman see,

That y loue more than me !'

He gynneth him bethinke and sore sighe,

465 which redouled
his woe.

His sorowe enneweth euere gretly ;

To grounde he felle, and swowne beganne :

More sorowe had neuere manne.

The tyme he cursed that he was borne ;

470 Guy cursed the
day of his birth,

For loue he hath his witte lorne.

'O loue,' he seide, 'cursed thou bee !

So moche mighte is in the.

and wished for
death.

Allas, Felice ! that same stounde,

That euere thy loue hath me so stronge bounde !

And that y the serue shulde that daye,

Allas the while ! nowe y sey maye.

480 He cursed the
time he saw
Felice ;

Shall y not haue noon other mede,

[p. 16]

To a-slake my sorowe y had nede.

I loue the and thou noughte me.

Euently deled ne that may¹ bee :

Of all my sorowe thou hast noughte.

485 [1 read ne may
that]

Allas ! to grounde y am broughte !

Thou hast the good and y the quede :

I brenne as doth the sparke on glede.

he burned as a
firebrand.

Thou art to lithen a woman,

That for a loking the vpon

490

A man shuld dye for that sighte :

Mercy, Felice, thou swete wighte !

Myn herte is with venym spilde ;

With blisse nomore it is like bee filde.

- Swiche liif ladde Gij sikerliche 495
 Al that seuennizt holeliche.
 His fader was for him sori,
 Sabin his moder biment Gij,
 MS. 110r. col. 1. þerl for him sori was,
 þer liked non in that plas : 500
 Litel & michel, al & some,
 Biment Gij att[e] frome.
- C. 247.** **P**erl dede þe leches of-sende
 Turnb. p. 15, l. 357. Of Gyes iuel to wite þat ende.
 þe leches ben to him y-go : 505
 Gij þai finde blaike and blo ;
 Hij asked him where his iuel stode.
 He seyð for hete he brenð nere wode :
 ‘ So hot ich am, & bren[n]inge,
 Mi sorwe is euer cominge, 510
 þat al mi limes it haþ to-tizt ;
 Swiche liif y lede day & nizt.
 After þe hete me comeþ a chele
 þat me greueþ wiþ vn-skele,
 þat y wex cold as ise. 515
 So vn-kinde iuel it is,
 þat al mine limes it wil te-te ;
 & seþþe me comeþ swouninges þre,
 For anguis swoune it me doþ
 Tviis or þriis, y say for sop. 520
 Swiche liif y lede nizt & day :
 Non oþer wise y no can 3ou say.’
- C. 265.** ¶ þan seyð þat on, ‘ a feuer it is.’
 ‘ 3a,’ quod Gij, ‘ a liþer y-wis.’
 þe leches gon, & lete Gij one, 525
 þat makeþ wel michel mone.
 ‘ God,’ quod Gij, ‘ what schal y do ?
 Hou long schal y liuen in wo ?
 Turnb. p. 16, l. 383. þat y no miȝt ded be,
C. 285. When y no may hir wiþ eyȝen se, 530

Suche lif had Guy sikirly

495 So Guy went on
for a week.

AH that weke hoolly.

For him his fader was weH sory,

His father,

Sabyne his moder bemeneth Guy,

Sabin his mother,

The Erle for him sory was,

and the Earl, all

That it liked noon in that place :

500

bemoaned him.

LiteH and moche, aH and some,

Guy bemeneth at Frome.

THE ERLE did for leches sende

The Earl sent
physicians to
discover the
nature of his
illness.

To wite of Guyes euyl an ende.

505

The leches to him been goo :

Guy they fonde as blak as sloo ;

Than they asked how it with him stode.

'For hete,' he seide, 'y breide nyghte wode :

So mikeH hete is in me,

That longe y ne may on lyue bee.

510

Hotter y am thanne fire brennyng,

[p. 17]

Guy pretended he
had an inter-
mittent fever.

Sorowe and woo is my menyng ;

AH my body it hath vnright :

Suche lif y lede daye and nyght.

After that hete cometh a chele

515

That sore me greueth withoute hele ;

Than wexe y colder than the yys ;

Suche maner myn yuel is.

520

This is my lif nyghte and daie :

No more y kan therof you saie.'

THANNE seide that oon, 'a feuer' it is.'

The physicians
assented,

'Ye,' quoth Guy, 'the leuer me y-wis.'

The leches goth, and Guy leue allone,

525 and left him.

That rewthfully maketh his mone.

'Now god,' quoth Guy, 'what shaH y doo ?

Guy recommenced
his lament.

How longe shaH laste me this woo ?

Why ne may y dede bee,

Whan y ne may hir mery yen see,

530

þat haþ al mine hert & þouȝt!

& y no misgilt hir neuer nouȝt,

Bot on þat ichir loue wel,

& euer more loue schel!

Ȝif ich it hir schewe, sche wil telle

535

Hir fader, & he me wil quelle.

þei he it wist, siker aplȝt,

More þan me sle don he no miȝt.

Ȝif he me slouȝ, it were schonde,

Schuld y þan for deþ wonde;

540

To hir for soþe ichil go

& schewe hir of mi michel wo.

MS. 110r. col. 2. Vnder heuen [n]is so strong þing

So is loue and wowing.

Now,' he seyð, 'what for þan?

545

þei ich hir loue, blame me noman;

To warant ichil drawe atte frome

þat loue doþ me þider come,

& þat loue doþ me go to þe

þat y no may wiþ-hold me.'

550

C. 293. **W**ith þis Gij arisen is,
& to þe gate goþ y-wis.

'God,' quod Gij, 'y do foliliche:

Y sle me seluen sikerliche;

Turnb. p. 17, l. 409. Mine owen [deþ] y go now secheinde.

555

God,' he seyð, 'be mine helpinde!'

Adoun he fel a-swounie;

& when he gan to dawei,

'To þe court,' he seyð, 'ichil go,

Be it for wele or for wo:

560

To þe court ichil, what so bitide,

þei gret strengþe me do abide.'

C. 295. Now is Gij to court y-comen
As man þat is wiþ sorwe y-nome,
& in to an erber he is y-go,
Felice findeþ þer in þo;

565

That hath aH myn hert's thoughte?
 And y neuere amysse did hir noughte,
 Bot oonly that y loue hir weH,
 And euere while y lyue shaft.
 Yf y hir beseche, she woH it telle
 Hir fader, and than he woH me quelle.
 And though he it wiste right nowe, a plighte,
 Nomore than slee me doo he mighte.

535

'If her father
 knew,
 he could only
 slay me.

Bot y shaft goo and speke hir' too,
 And shewe hir' my grete woo.
 Vnder' heuen is not so harde thing'
 As is loue in wowyng'.
 Yet seide he after thanne, [p. 18] 545
 'Though she me blame, noo force y kanne;
 Bot to hir y shaft sey so,
 That loue me did thider goo.'

I will go to her
 again.

Guy with that arisen is, 551 Guy went off.
 And to the Courte he wente ywis.

After a swoon,

Nowe is Guy to Courte come,
 As man that was with woo noHne;
 In to an herber' he is goo,
 Felice he fonde therin thoo;

565 he found Felice
 in a garden.

- At hir fet he him leyd,
 Al wepeand to hir he seyde,
C. 304. 'Felice, now ich am comen to þe,
 & ȝif þou wilt, þou miȝt m[e] sle, 570
 For now icham wiþ-in thi loke,
 & þine hest ichaue to-broke.
 For ich would þatow seye
 þe sorwe þat y for þe dreye :
 þe strong pine & þe wo 575
 Y dreye for þe euer-mo.
 Mine hert schal bileue wiþ þe :
 Wiltow, niltow, it schal¹ so be,
 þat² mi bodi ferli³ may,
 Bot þat wille it lasteþ ay. 580
- Turnb. p. 18, l. 435. þer while y liue, loue y þe wille,
 & bot ȝif y do, ichil me spille ;
 For me no schal it to-deled be
 þer while þat liif it lasteþ in me ;
 þe to loue no miȝtow me forbede, 585
 In wo & sorwe þou dost me fede.
- [leaf 110v. col. 1] Whan it worþ þi fader y-teld
 þatow hast mine hert in weld,
 & he wite that y loue þe,
 Ichot for soþe he wil me sle ; 590
 & þat schal turn me al to blis
 When y schal dye for soþe y-wis.
 Henne forward ne reche y me
 Of mi liif, where it be,
 No of mi deþ neuer þe mo 595
 No reche y neuer where y go.'
- C. 317.** He ferd as he wer mat,
 Adoun he fel aswoune wiþ þat ;
 Felice stode & loked him to
 & biheld his strong wo ; 600

¹ MS. *itschal*.² read *þat me*?³ read *fersi*?

At hir fete he him leyde,
And than aȝ wepyng to hir he seide :

'Y am comē mercy to aske of the ;

Yf thou woȝt thou maist slee me ;

570

Thy commaundement y wote weȝt y haue broke,

Now that y am comē before thy loke.

'I have broken
thy hest and
come.

And leef me were surely

The sorowe that y haue suffred by and by,

Stronge peyȝne sorowe and woo

575

That y for the haue endured eueremoo.

Myȝn herte shaȝt y leue with the :

Woȝt thou or not, so shaȝt it bee ;

My body farther' goo ne may,

And my wille lasteth ay.

580

While y lyue, the loue y wille,

Whether' y saue my self or spille ;

Thurghȝ me demed it shaȝt not bee

Whiles that lif is within me.

The to loue thou may not forbede,

585

With sorowe and woo thou dost me fede.

Thou canst not
forbid me to love
thee.

Fro hense foreward it rekkethȝ not me

[p. 19]

Of my lif how so it bee,

Ne of my deth neuere the moo

595

I ne rekke how that it goo,

For of this lif y am chekmate.'

A-downe he felle swounyng' with that ;

Felice lokēd vponȝ him thoo.

And behelde his grete woo ;

600

Ruthe she had in hir herte

Of his sorowe and his smerte.

He swooned, and
Felice bade a
maiden lift him
up.

- To a mayde sche seyd þo :
 'Take him vp in þine armes to,
¹ MS. *onþe* & lay him soft on þe¹ grounde'; 605
 & sche dede so in þat stounde.
 þat mayden ȝede to him wepeinde,
 & Gij wel sore biminde :
 Turnb. p. 19, l. 461. 'Bi god² of heuen,' sche seyd,
 C. 330. & ich wer as feir a mayd, 610
² MS. *Bigod* & as riche kinges douhter were
 As ani in þis warld here,
 & he of mi loue vnder-nome were,
 As he is of þine in strong manere,
 & he wald me so o loue ȝerne, 615
 Me þenke y no myȝt it him nouȝt werne.'
 Felice the feir answerd þo :
 'Damisel,' sche seyd, 'whi seistow so?
 þou art to blame, al-so y se,
 No-þing þer-mid no paistow me. 620
 Oft þou hast y-herd in speche
 þat we no schal no man biseche,
 Ac men schul biseche wimen
 In the feirest maner þat þai can,
 & fond to speden ȝif þai may 625
 Boþe bi³ niȝtes and bi day.'
 Of his swouning he vpros þo ;
 þe maiden him tok in armes to.
 Felice seyd to Gij, 'þou dost folie,
 þatow wilt for mi loue dye ; 630
 Schal y do mi fader of-sende?
 I schal him telle word & ende,
 [leaf 110v. col. 2] þat tow dost me litel worþschipe,
 When þou me desirest to schenschipe ;
 Turnb. p. 20, l. 487. In his court he schal deme þe, 635
 & al to-lime, to queme me.'
 ¶ Gij answerd anon þer-to,
 'God ȝeue þat it wer y-do,

To a maide she seide thoo :

'Take him vp in thyn armes twoo,

And ley him vp fro the grounde,

Till him bee past that bitter stounde.'

605

'By god of heuen,' that maide seide,

'Though y were of the worlde the fairest maide,

And the Richest Kyng's Doughter were

That in this worlde crowne dooth bere,

And he of my loue desirous were,

As he is of thine in stronge manere,

Ne wolde y him my loue werne,

And he me wolde therof lerne.

Felice the faire answerd therto :

'Avoide, damesell, why seist thou so ?

So thou shuld not rede me ;

Thou art to blame forsothe y telle the.

Thou hast ofte herde this speche,

That we ne shuld noman beseche,

But they shuld beseche women

On the fairest manere that they kan,

And assaye yf they spede may

Either by nyghte or by day.'

Guy of swounyng awaked thoo ;

The maide helde him in hir armes twoo.

'GUYE,' QUOTH Felice, 'thou doost folie :

Wolt thou for my loue dye ?

After my fader y wolt sende,

And telle him euery worde to the ende,

That thou him doost grete disworship

Whan thou desirest my shenship ;

In this Courte he shaft dampne the

Highe to hange, to please me.

Guye answerd anone right thoo :

'Now god wolde it might bee so,

The maiden pitied him.

She said, were she the fairest on earth, she could not refuse him.

610

615

Felice reproved her for her sympathy with Guy.

620

[p. 20]

625

Guy recovered consciousness.

630

Felice pointed out how angry her father would be.

635

¹ MS. *pouhaddest* þat of mi deþ þou haddest¹ wite!
 Of mi liif is me bot lite; 640
 Redi ich am it to vnder-fong,
 Be it wiþ riht, be it wiþ wrong.'

C. 341. ¶ Felice hadde of him gret rewþe :
 'Gij,' quod [sche], 'þou louest me in trewþe ;
 Al to michel þou art afoild,
 Now þi blod it is acoild. 650
 Ac o thing y grant þe ;
 More no miȝtow asky me :
 þer nis leuedi, no maiden non,
 In þis cuntre so wide so man may gon,
 & tow louedest hir astow dost me 655
 þat sche no wold grant hir loue to þe.'
Gij seyð to Felice, 'now lete þis be ;
 Now me þenke þou scornnest me.
 Nis me nouȝt iuel anouȝ y-diȝt,
 When þou wilt of me no-wiȝt ? 660
 Now a fole² ich-il be
 & mi witt chaunge for þe !'

² MS. *afole*

C. 355. 'Gij,' seyð Felice, 'now vnder-stond :
 For now nil y noþing wond ;
 & þei y say þe al mi wille, 665
 No hold it for non vn-skillle :
 No grome louen y no may
 Fort he be kniȝt forsoþ to say,
 Feir & beld to tellen by,
 S[t]rong in armes & hardi ; 670
 & when þou hast armes vnder-fong,
 & ichaue it vnder-stonde,
 þan schaltow haue þe loue of me,
 ȝif þow be swiche as y telle þe.'

Turnb. p. 21, l. 513.

That of my deth thou might bee the wite !

Therof y shulde bee wonder lighte !

640 Guy wished he
was put to death
for his love.

I am all redy it to fonge,

Bee it with right or with wronge ;

For suche a drinke me is yiuē,

That y ne kepe noo lenger lyue ;

Myn hede y shaH fayne for the leye,

645

I rekke not what any man seye.'

Felice had of him grete ruthe :

'Guye,' she seide, 'thou louest in truthe ;

Felice began to
pity him.

To moche thou art thurgh loue assailed,

That thy wittes been gretly dismaied.

650

So moche y shaH nowe doo for the

That more thou maist not bidde me :

Ther nys Lady nor man noon,

[p. 21]

She granted that
his love would
prevail with any
maiden.

So wide as me might in this Contree goon,

And thou loued hir as thou doost me,

655

But she wolde graunte to loue the.'

'Felice,' quoth Guy, 'lete that bee,

Guy begged her
not to mock him.

For thou doost bot scorne me.'

'Guy,' quoth Felice, 'nowe vnderstonde :

My wille y haue to the in this stounde ;

And take it not for noon vnskillē

665 Felice undertook

Though y sey to the my wille.

I woH loue noo knaue in woHe

Before that he bee knyght bee-come,

if Guy were a
knight

Faire and hende and gretly sette by,

Of armes good and hardy ;

670

Thanne shaH thou haue the loue of me,

he should have
her love.

Yf thou wolbee as y telle the.'

C. 365. **W**hen Gij herd þat tiding, 675
For ioie his hert gan to spring;

At hir he tok leue anon,
In-to the castel he gan to gon;
Al so swiþe as he it miȝt do,
In-to the court he gan to go: 680

[leaf 111r. col. 1]

¹ s added over the
line.

Of euerich day him þought ten
Fort he seye his¹ lemen.
C. 375. & when he feld him hole & fere,
He went to court wiþ glad chere;
Michel ioie wiþ him þai made, 685
& alle þai wer bliþe & glade.

To þerl þan went Gij,
& gret þat kniȝt hardi, 690

& seyde, 'sir, þine armes ich ax;
Ȝif ich am þer to y-wax,

Turnb. p. 22, l. 539.

Ich am redi hem to fong,
& þe to serue wiþ-ouen wrong.'
þerl answerd, & seyde þo, 695

C. 384. 'Blepeliche, Gij, seþþe þou wilt so.'

¶ þerl dede anon aparaile
Gyes dobing wiþ-ouen feyle;
Wel richelich he dubbed Gij,
& wiþ him felawes tventi, 700
þat al barouns sones were

(For Gyes loue he dubbed hem þere),
þat wiþ þerl Rohaud hadde ben long,
In his seruise armes to vnder-fong.

It was at þe holy trinite, 705
þerl dubbed sir Gij þe fre,
& wiþ him tventi god gomis,
Kniȝtes and riche baroun sonis.
Of cloth of Tars & riche cendel
Was he[r] dobbeing euerich a del; 710

- T**HANNE GUY herde that tyding,
 For ioye his herte beganne to spryng;
 His loue to hir anone he kaste than,
 And in-to the Casteſſ forthwith he cam;
 As sone as he might it doo,
 To the highe palais he gan goo :
 Of oon daie hym thoughte ten,
 That he ne might see his lemman.
 Whan he him felte hole and suer,
 To Courte he gooth with gladde cher;
 Full gladde chere they him made,
 And thanked god, and were right glade
 That Guy was to Courte come :
 Gladde they were all and some.
 Before the Erle tho come Guy,
 To him he kneled as to his lorde mighti;
 'Sir,' quoth Guy, 'armes y aske the,
 Yf y bee worthy accepte to bee;
 Yf it bee thy wille that y theim fonge,
 And serue the lorde withoute wronge.'
THE ERLE Rohaud answerd thoo,
 'Blithely, Guy, sithe thou wolt so.'
 The Erle dooth than apparaille
 Guyes dobbing withoute faille;
 He dud him dobbe richely,
 And with him of his felawes twenty
 That all good barons soñes were,
 (For Guyes loue he dubbed theim all there)
 That with the Erle Rohaud had bee longe
 In seruice, armes for to fonge.
 It was at the fest of the holy Trinyte,
 That the Erle dubbed Guy so free,
 And other twenty for his loue,
 Good knyghtis [and] barons soñes, aboue.
 Of riche Clothes and sendall
 Was their dobbyng, thurgh-oute all;

675 On hearing this,
Guy's heart leaped
for joy.

680

He soon felt hale
and repaired
gladly to court.

685

[p. 22]

690

He begged the
Earl to dub him
a knight.

695

The Earl
promised he
would,

700

and dubbed Guy
with twenty
other young men.

705

The ceremony
took place at the
Holy Trinity.

710

- þe panis al of fow & griis,
 þe mantels weren of michel priis,
 Wiþ riche armour & gode stedes,
 þe best þat wer in lond at nedis.
 Alder-best was Gij y-diȝt, 715
 þei he wer an emperour sone, apliȝt :
 So richeliche dobbed was he,
 Nas no swiche in þis cuntre ;
 Turnb. p. 23, l. 565. Wiþ riche stedes wele erninde,
 Palfreys, coursours wele bereinde. 720
 No was þer noiþer sweyn no knaue,
 þat ouȝt failed þat he schuld haue.
 ¶ Now is sir Gij dobbed to kniȝt ;
 Feir he was and michel of miȝt.
 C. 429. To Felice went sir Gij, 725
 & gret hir wel curteyslie,
 [leaf 111r. col. 2] & seyð, 'ichaue don astow seydest me to,
 For þe ichaue suffred miche wo :

Arme for þe ichaue vnder-fong,
 þe to se me þouȝt long.
 þou art me boþe leue & dere,
 Ich am y-comen þi wille to here.'
 ¶ 'Gij,' seyð Felice, 'heye þe nouȝt : 735
 ȝete hastow no þing of armes y-wrouȝt.
 No artow þe better neuer a del
 þan þou wer ere, y say þe wel,
 Bot on þatow [hast] newe dobing,
 & art cleped kniȝt wiþ-uten lesing ; 740

Of riche panys of faire grys,
 And with mante^His riche of pris;
 Of good armes and stoute stedes,
 Of aH the londe the beste at nedes.

They were richly
 arrayed,

Ouere theim aH was Guy best digh^te,

715

Thoughⁿ he an Emperourⁱs soⁿe had bee righ^te :'

Ther' might noon better digh^te bee :

[p. 23]

but Guy most
 richly of all.

With aH kynnes armes dobbed was he.

Ther' ne was squier neither knaue
 That failled oug^ht bot he shuld haue.
 Now is Guy dobbed knygh^t,
 Curteis and hende, and of grete mygh^t.

Than to Felice he ganne goo,

725 Thereafter, Guy
 presented himself
 to Felice,

With grete loue he resounded hir thoo :

' We^H thou wotest, lemman, that it is so,

For the that y haue suffred grete woo

In aH my body, y the pligh^te,

Thou hast made me passin^g ligh^te.

730

Armes y haue for the fonge,

and claimed her
 love.

The to see me thought^e longe ;

Now y a^m at thy wille co^me,

As to hir' that y loue most in woⁿe.

Than seide Felice, ' ne haste the nough^t :

735 But she told him,

Yet hast thou noo thing' of armes wrought^e.

Noo better thou art neuere a dele

Than thou were before, y preoue it wele,

Bot oonly that thou hast newe dobbing^g,

And knygh^t art cleped withoute lesyng^g.

740

Bot whan y may wite and see

he had done
 nothing yet :

That thou hast in tormentⁱs bee,

And that thou hast knygh^tes no^me,

Castellⁱs and Toures ouereco^me,

And thurgh aH the londe and Contree

745

Thy knygh^thode fuH good knowen bee,

Bot it be purch þi mizt,
þou no mizt chalang loue purch rizt.'

C. 445. **W**hen Gij herd Felice so speke,
He tok his leue and gan out reke ; 750

At hir leue he tok anon,

& to his fader he gan to gon,

Turnb. p. 24, l. 591. & seyde, 'fader, vnder-stond me :

Icham newe dobbed as 3e may se,

Ouer þe se ichil now fare 755

To win priis & los þare.'

His fader him answerd sone,

C. 475. 'Sone, god leue þe wele to done !

& als michel as þe nede be,

Sone, schaltow haue wiþ þe.' 760

¶ Suward cleped Herhaud to him,

& seyde, 'Herhaud, frende min,

Wiþ Gi mi sone schaltow wende ; 765

In gode stede mot 3e lende.

þou schalt kepe mi sone Gij,

For he is mi sone & tow mi norri.

Loke, Herhaud, þat tow him kepe ;

& þine felawes þat ben 3epe,

Boþe Torold & sir Vrri,

On 3ou y trust sikerli ;

& wiþ Herhaud schul 3e go 775

To kepe mi sone from care & wo.'

& hii answerd sone anon,

'Hastiliche, sir, wil we wiþ him gon.'

þai weren boþe strong kniȝtes,

¹ altered to *fiȝtes*
in MS.

Bold and hardi in ich fiȝtes.¹

780

C. 485. Gij tok wiþ him what he wold

Boþe of siluer & of gold.

And that it bee for thy myghte,
And than thou may aske me loue with righte.

he must prove his
valour.

WHANNE GUY herde Felice so speke, [p. 24]
His leue he toke and ganne oute reke; 750

Of Felice he toke his leue anone,

And to his Fader he gan gone.

Guy then asked
his father's leave

'Sir,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me :

I am nowē dobbed as ye may see ;

Ouer see y woſt fare

755 to fare over sea.

To take lawes and pris there.'

Syward his fader answerd his soñe,

'God graunte the weſt ayene to come !

Siluer and golde take enowe,

As moche as nedeth for thy prowē ;

760

At thy wille take with the

Hors and harneys and good mayne.'

Sywarde clepeth heraude to him,

And seide, 'heraude, frende myñ,

With my soñe thou shalt wende

765

His father gave
him three
knights,
Herhaud,

In good stede with him to lende.

Thou shalt kepe my soñe Guy

That is yonge knyght and thy nory,

For he is bot a yongelyng' ;

I you betече bothe to heuen King',

770

And the heraude for to kepe ;

And thy felawes aſt by hepe,

That is Tureld and Vrry,

Torold, and Urri,
as companions.

In you y truste sikirly ;

To-gider with heraude they shuſt goo,

775

To kepe my soñes body fro woo.'

'Sir,' quoth they euerychon,

[p. 25]

'Fuſt gladly we woſt with him goon.'

Knyghtes they were fuſt good, y plighthe,

Of aſt the contree the best in fighthe.

780

Guy toke of siluer and golde

As moche as he haue wolde.

[leaf 111v. col. 1]
Turnb. p. 25, l. 617.

C. 500. To þe se þai ben now y-come,
& seyled ouer atte frome.

þai comen in-to Normondye, 785
Knight-schippe þai sechen on heye ;
In Ron Gij takeþ his herberwe
Wip þe richest man of þe borwe ;
Mete & drink þai hadde anouȝ,
Nas þer non þat it wip-drouȝ. 790

Sir Gij his ost cleped him to,
& him bi-gan to frein þo,
& asked him wher þe turnament schuld be, 795
So mani scheldes þan seye he.

C. 511. His ost seyð, 'sir, wite ȝe nouȝt
Of þis turnameⁿt þat is biþouȝt?'
'No,' seyð Gij, 'si mine wite,
Y no herd þer-of neuer ȝete.' 800
His ost him an^swerd snelle,
'Of þat turnament y schal ȝou telle :
It schal be for a maiden of pris,
þemperours douhter sche is ;
A turnament he haþ don grede, 805
A swiþe michel & vn-rede.

C. 521. þer nis no kniȝt in Speyne,
Al to þe se of Breteyne,
þat ouȝt y-told wip be,
þer men schal his miȝt se. 810

Turnb. p. 26, l. 643.

He þat best doþ þat day,
þer he schal winne þat play.
Of euerich londe þider com Riȝtes,
þat strong ben & bold in fiȝtes ;
For who that is gode & snelle, 815
As ichaue herd oþer men telle,
Who þat þer be of mest miȝt,
Grete worþschipe he winneþ, apliȝt.

To the see they been come,
 And ouere they saille at Frõme ;
 Come they been in-to Normandye,
 Knyghthode shewyngⁱ by and by.
 At¹ taketh Guy herborough
 With the richest of that borowgh ;
 Of the best they had enough,
 Ne was ther noon that it with-drough ;
 For they had enough euere² see,
 Golde and siluer grete plentee.
 GUYE HIS hoste cleped him to ;
 Tidinges he asked of him thoo
 Where that any torment shuld bee,
 So many sheldes ledde sawe he.
 ‘Sir,’ quoth his hoste, ‘ne wote ye nought
 Of a torment that is bethought ?’
 ‘Noo,’ quoth Guy, ‘by Iesu swete,
 Therof ne herde y neuere yette.’
 ‘Sir,’ quoth his hoste, ‘and ye wolt duelle,
 Ah that y wote y shaft you telle :
 A maide brighte and of grete pris,
 (Of Almaigne the Emperours Doughter she is)
 A turnement she hath doo cryde,
 I herde neuere noon suche on this side ;
 For there nys knyghte in aH Spaigne,
 Anone to the see of Britaigne,
 That of armes aughtⁱs named bee,
 Bot there his might men shaft see.
 Of euery londe thider come knyghtes,
 Proude and bolde, and stronge in fighites,
 And they that been of most mighte,
 Grete worship they shaft wynne, aplighte.

With them he
departed over sea,

785 and arrived
in Normandy,
at Rouen.

[¹ *Blank space*
in MS.]

790
[² read *ouere* ?]

Guy questioned
his host,

795

and learned that
there was to be a
tournament,

800

in honour of the
Emperor's
daughter.

805

[p. 26]

810

The winner of the
tournament was
to have

For þe maiden y spac of er,
 Is þemperours douhter Reyner ; 820
 He schal bring to þe turment þat day
 (Wele is him þat it winne may)

C. 537. A ger-fauk þat is milke white
 (To him nis nowhare his liche),
 & a stede of gret bounte 825
 (He no schuld be ȝouen for a cuntre).
 & tvai grehoundes þat white ben
 (Swiche no haþ men nowhare y-sen).

[leaf 111v. col. 2] & who so winneþ þe turnament al
 Bi aiþer half, þe priis have schal, 830
 þe gerfauk & þe gode stede
 Boþe he schal haue to mede,
 & þe tvay grehoundes þat gode beþ
 He schal haue þat þer best deþ,
 & þe maiden þat is so fre, 835
 Bot he haue a fairer in his cuntre.'

Turnb. p. 27, l. 669.

C. 549. ¶ When sir Gij herd þat tiding,
 Glad he was wiþ-outen lesing ;
 Sir Gij seyð to his fere,
 'In gode time come we here : 840
 To morwe, so sone so it is day,
 We wil wenden in our way.'
 Sir [Gij] his ost a palfrey ȝaf þo,
 For þe tiding he teld him to.
 Anon amorwe wel erliche 845
 þai don hem in her wai sikerliche.

Of rideing wil þai neuer stent
 To þai com to þe turnament. 850
 & when þai wer pider y-come,
 þai seye þer mani douȝti gome :
 Bi feldes & bi riuers ridinde
 Mani a kniȝt þai seye cominde.

- For that maide y spake of eer,
 Is the Emperours doughter Reyner; 820
 To that turnement he woſt bringe that daye
 (WeH may him bee that it wyne maye)
 A Girfauk aH swanne white a milk-white
 (Of his better y herde neuere yette) falcon,
 And an hors of grete bountee 825 a steed,
 (It is worthe aH a contree)
 And twoo Greyhoundes that good bee 2 white grey-
 (Their' better did ye neuere see); hounds,
 And he that the turnement ouere-coġmeth aH
 On euery behalue, the pris he haue shaH, 830
 The White Girfauk and the stede
 Bothe he shaH haue to his mede
 And the Greyhoundes that so good beth,
 AH shaH he haue that best doeth;
 And that maide that is so free, 835 and the maiden
 Bot he haue a lemman that fairer bee.' herself.
 Whan Guy herde this tyding', Guy determined
 WeH gladde he was withoute lesyng'; to be present,
 Than seide Guy to his feere,
 'In good tyme coġe we here. 840
 To morowe as sone as it is daye,
 We woH doo vs oġ oure weye.'
 Guy to his hoste a palfrey yaf
 For the tiding's that he him tolde hath. and presented his
 On the morowe fuH tymely 845 host with a
 On their' wey thei dresse theim sikirly, palfrey for his
 Guy and his feres goode tidings.
 Baroġs aH of kynde blode. Next morning
 Of riding' doH they neuere stent they made their
 TiH they coġe to that turnement. 850 way
 Whan thei thider were coġe to the place of the
 And¹ sawe there many a semely maġ. tournament.
 Bothe by Ryuers and by feldes riding' ¹ read *thai*
 Many knyghtes they sawe coġyng'

- & when þai were þider y-come, 855
 To þe turnament þai went al & some;
 Out of þe rengge þai gun hem diȝt,
 þe barouns þat were of miche miȝt.
 þan oxd anon sir Gij
 To þe barouns þat oned¹ him bi: 860
C. 570. 'What is he, þat ich kniȝt,
 þat out of þe reнге haþ him diȝt,
 Wiþ þe armes briȝt & schene?'
 Hii answerd anon: 'y wene,
 It is a kniȝt of miche priis, 865
 Douhti he is bi Seyn Deniis;
 Out of þe rengge he haþ him diȝt,
 ȝif he miȝt finden ani kniȝt
 þat wiþ him wald iusti;
 þer-to he makeþ him redi.' 870
 Ozaines sir Gij þer come Gayer,
 To iuste wiþ him he drouȝ him ner;
 He rode to him as a gode kniȝt,
 He semed a man² of miche miȝt.
- MS. 112r. col. 1. Gaier smot sir Gij bifore
 & þurch þe scheld³ him haþ i-bore;
 þe launce brak, þat was wele wrouȝt,
 þe hauberk was gode & failed nouȝt. 880
 Gij afterward Gaier smot,
 To grounde he feld him fot hot,
 þe stede toke bi the reyn,
 & lepe vp wiþ gret meyn.
- C. 582.** Now ginneþ þe turnamint: 885
 Ich smit on oþer wel gode dint;
 þai smiten togider for soþ, y pliȝt,
 Eueriche to nim oþer dede his miȝt.
 Wel mani kniȝtes Gij wan þat day,
 Of þe maistri he wan þat play; 890

¹ read *houed*?Turnb. p. 28,
l. 695.² MS. *aman*³ MS. *þescheld*

And whan thei thider all were come, 855

To ioustes they wente than full soñe ;

Oute of the thrange they gan theim dighte,

The Baroñs all of grete mighte.

Than asked sir Guy

Of a lorde that stode him by : 860

Guy asked the
name of
a knight

‘ Who is nowe that same Knyght

That oute of the rowe dooth him dight ? ’

‘ I shall telle the : as y wene,

That same with the armes shene

A Knyght he is of grete pris, 865

And y the swere by seynt Denys,

For to iouste he is dighte,

And he may fynde any knyghte

That ayenst him darre iousty :

Therto he maketh him redy.’ 870

who rode out to
meet him.

WHANNE GUYE sawe comyng was Gayer, [p. 28]

Redy to iouste he draweth him ner ;

It was Gayer :

Oute of the Rowe he dooth him hye,

Weñ he sembled as a knyghte hardye.

They smytten than to geders thoo, 875

Full harde strokes they yiuen bothe two.

Gaer smote Guy before,

they encounter.

Thurghoute the shelde his launce he bore ;

The launce to-brake, that was so weñ wrought :

The hauberkis were good and failed nought. 880

And Guy to Gaer thoo he smote,

That to grounde he felled him fote hote ;

Guy throws him,

That hors he taketh by the Reyne

And forthe he wendeth with meynē.

Tho beganne that turnement : 885

Eche Knyght on other smote good dent ;

Harde they smyte, y the plighte,

Eche to take other they doo their mighte.

So many knyghtis Guy toke that daye

And thurgh his strength ouerecome that playe, 890

and routs all
whom he meets.

Turnb. p. 29,
l. 721.

So mani helmes he to-drof,
þat mani man wonderd þer-of :
Sat he neuer so wel no so fast,
þat he no feld him sone on hast.
þe douke Otus of Pauie 895
To Gij he hadde envie ;
Wiþ him he wald iusti,
It turned him to vilani.

þe douke come prikiand on his stede
þat certeyne was, and gode at nede, 900
& sir Gij on anoþer al-so ;
Gode kniztes þai weren bo.

- C. 603.** Gij þurch þe scholder him smot,
& feld him to grounde fot hot.
¶ þe douke Reyner seye þat cas 905
Of Sessoine : wel modi he was.
He come als swiþe as he miȝt driue,
Gij to smite he heyed bliue,
& seyð to him : ‘ in iuel stounde
Ȝaf þou þe douke Otous wounde. 910
To wroper hele iuste þou wiþ him.
He is mi germain cosyn :
Icham þe douke Reyner þat to þe speke ;
Icham y-comen him to awreke :
Turn þe and iuste wiþ me.’ 915
‘ Blepeliche,’ quod Gij, ‘ bi my leute.’

- C. 612.** **G**ij him turned & gan to smite ;
He nold spare him bot lite ;

Turnb. p. 30,
l. 747.

He smot þe douke on þe scheld,
þat it fleye in þe feld, 920

MS. 112r. col. 2.

& bar þe douke Reyner saunfeil
Ouer & oue[r] his hors tayl.
þe stede bi þe reyn he haþ y-nome,
Oȝain to þe douke he is y-come.
‘ Here is þine hors, y ȝiue it te ; 925
When ichaue nede, aquite it me !’

That euery man wondred therof :
 So many helmes he there all to-drof.
 That daye satte noman there so faste,
 Bot that he felled him at the laste.
 And the Duke Otes of Pauye
 At Guy he had grete enuye ;
 For pride he wolde with him iousty,
 And therof hym befelle grete vilanye.

895 He overthrowes
 Otous, duke of
 Pavia,

Thurgh the shulder Guy him smote,
 To grounde he felle, god it wote.
 The Duke Reyner sawe that caas,
 And therefore he full angry was.
 Toward Guy he ganne dryue,
 Him to smyte he hieth bylyue
 And seide to Guy : 'in euyl stounde
 Thou gaue Duke Otes a greuous wounde.
 In euyl tyme thou iousted with him.
 He is my nyghe germayne Cousyn :
 I am the Duke Reyner that to the speke ;
 I am come him on the to awreke.'
 'I graunte,' quoth Guy, 'so mote y thee.
 Withdrawe the anone and iouste with me.'
 Guy to him beganne to smyte
 And did him not spare bot a lite ;
 An highe he smote him in the shelde,
 That downe he felled him in the feelde.

[p. 29] 905 and Duke Reyner
 of Saxony,

910

915

920

The hors by reyne he hath nome,
 And to the Duke therwith he is come.
 'Nowe here thy hors y take the ;
 Yf y haue nede, yelde it me.'

925 whose horse he
 returns to him.

& wele he ȝalt him his while,
 As gode kniȝt wiȝ-uten gile;
 I schal ȝou tel feir & wel
 Hou he it ȝald him eueridel. 930

C. 627. When þe douk Otus y-seye þis,
 To-ȝaines Gij he come, y-wis:
 ‘Sir kniȝt,’ he seyde, ‘y prey þe,
 Tel me þi name¹ and whenne tow be.’

¹ MS. *þiname*

¶ Sir Gij answerde wel freliche,
 ‘Y schal þe tel ful blepeliche:
 Gij of Warwike men clepeþ me;
 Ich was y-born in þat cuntre.’

þe douk Lowayn cam wiȝ þis,
 A gode spere in his hond, y-wis;
 To Gij he smot wiȝ gret hete,
 & Gij oȝain to him smite:

To-gider so hard gun þai driue,
 þat her speres gan al to-riue.

Turnb. p. 31,
 l. 773.

þai smiten togider hard & wel 945
 Wiȝ her swerdes of grounden stiel
 þurch scheld & hauberk also:
 Strong fiȝt was bi-tven hem to.

Wiȝ that come Herhaud priking;
 þe douk he met coming, 950
 & of his hors him hap y-feld
 Riȝt long streȝt in þe feld.

Wiȝ þat come þe douke Gaudiner,
 & mett wiȝ sir Torold þer;
 Sir Torold smot him on þe scheld, 955
 þat he feld him in the feld;
 He semed kniȝt gode & hardi.

C. 648. Wiȝ þat come prikeing sir Urri;
 þan gan þe fiȝt to ben aferd;
 Of swiche ne haue ȝe nouȝt y-herd, 960
 No ich it nouȝt telle no miȝt,
 For long dueling, y ȝou pliȝt,

And he full weH quytte his while,
 As a good knyght shuld withoute gile;
 Sone ye may here euery dele
 How he him it yelde swithe wele. 930

Whan the Duke Otes herde this,
 Ayenst Guy he comē, ywis:
 'Sir Knyght, telle thou me
 Of whennes thou art and what thy name bee.'
 And Guy answerd than boldely, 935

'I telle the nowe full truely:
 Guy of Warrewik men clepe me; [p. 30]
 I was borne in that Contree.'

The Duke of Louayne cometh with this
 And a good spere in his hande, ywis; 940

Guy fought also
 with the duke of
 Louvain,

To Guy he smote with grete hete,
 And he to him and wolde not lete:
 With grete dyntes they to-geder dryueth,
 That their launces all to-slyuereth.
 They smyte to-geder harde and wele 945

With their swerdes of good steele.
 They thirle armes and sheldes also:
 Stronge fighte ther' is betwene them two.

THANNE Heraude of Arderā forth gañ springe,
 And the Duke he mette in his comynge: 950

whom Herhaud
 unhorsed.

Farre of his hors he hath him felled
 All longestreight in the felde.
 To the Duke Gaudemer' than he smote,
 And of his hors he felled him fote hote:

Torold fought
 with Gaudiner.

WeH he dooth as knyght hardy.
 With that cometh to him vrry.
 Thanne beganne that fighte with swerde:
 Of suche ye ne haue bot seelde herde. 960

Urri dis-
 tinguished
 himself also.
 Much valour was
 displayed,

- MS. 112v. col. 1. No no clerk vnder sonne,
 þat þe soþe 3ou telle conne ; 965
 Bot al þe folk of þat cuntre
 Seyd þat Gij þe best miȝt be.
 & þat oþer day y-same
 Sir Gij wan þat ich game ;
 & þer-fore, on euerich a side,
 On him was leyd al þe pride. 970
- Turnb. p. 32,
 l. 799. So opon þe þridde day
C. 660. þe kniȝtes tok her leue and went oway.
 ¶ Wiþ þis come þe douk prikeing,
 A gode kniȝt and wele doing.
 ‘Lordinges,’ he seyde, ‘herkenep to me : 975
 Ichil 3ou telle hou it schal be ;
 & who so þer-ozain sey ouȝt,
 Of bateyl no þarf him feyl nouȝt.’
 þai seyden al couinliche,
 þe dome was 3ouen sikerliche ; 980
 þe gerfauk and þe gode stede,
 þe grehoundes schul haue to mede
 Gij of Warwike, þe noble kniȝt,
 For best nov doand in þis fiȝt.

- þus þe kniȝtes ben departed y-wis ;
 Sir Gij to jn y-comen is,
 & dede him vnarmi :
 Of turnament he was veri.
- C. 670.** ¶ Wiþ þat come a seriant prikeinde, 995
 Gentil he was & wele spekeinde ;
 To sir Gyes in he is y-come,
 & him he gret atte frome :

Bot the folke sey of that contree 965
 That Guye euer the beste is he. but by none more
 And on morowe for the same than Guy.
 The pris he had of that game.
 Guy is praised on euery side,
 And on him is tourned all the pride. 970
 And, tho come the thirde daye, On the third day
 That euery man shulde wende his weye,
 There come the Duke Reyner priking, [p. 31]
 That good knyght was and well doying.
 'Lordynges,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me, 975
 Yf y myssey, that it may amended bee.

This Girfauk and this stede,
 Thise Greyhoundes shaft haue to mede
 He that theim beste hath gete Guy was declared
 Is Guy of Warrewik, take ye kepe. to have won the
 And that therto withseith aught, 985 prize.
 Of bataille ne may he faille naught.
 All they seide comenly,
 'Thy dome we graunte, sikirly.'
 Than they cryde as was the lawe
 That Guy the presentez shuld haue by sothe sawe. 990
 Whan they were all went,
 Guy to his Inne is come, verament,
 And did him vnarme lightly ;
 For of the turnement he was very.
 With this cometh a sergeant ridyng 995 A serjeant
 Slie and wise and wele speking ;
 To Guyes Inne he is come,
 And to Guy he wente right soñe.

- 'Thou art y-chesen chef & pris
 Of al þis cuntre for soþe y-wis ;
 For þou hast y-won þis turnament,
 Y make þe here þis present
 Fram þe maiden Blancheflour, 1005
 þat is mi lordes douhter þemperour :
 þe gerfauk & þe stede also,
 & þe tvay grehoundes þer-to ;
 & ȝete hir loue wiþ þan,
 Bot þou haue a fairer leman. 1010
 Sche þat is þe tour wiþ-inne,
 To day þou miȝt hir loue winne.'
- C. 691.** Wel curteysliche answerd sir Gij :
 'Sir,' he seyð, 'gramerci ;
 Ich vnder-fong þis present, 1015
 & þonke hir þat it hider sent ;
 MS. 112v. col. 2. Hir druerie ich vnder-fong,
 Hir kniȝt to [be] wiþouten wrong.
 Leue fere,' he seyð, 'herken to me,
 What þat y schal telle þe : 1020
 þis armes ichil the ȝiue,
 & make riche while þou liue ;
 & al þine feren þat be wiþ þe
 Riche ȝiftes schullen hauen of me,
 & do ich-il ȝou grete honour 1025
 For þat maidens loue Blaunchefflour.'
- C. 703.** 'Gramerci, sir Gij,' seyð he ;
^{1 MS. ynouȝt.} 'For armes come y nouȝt¹ to þe,
 Ac to þe maiden ichil wende,
 & tel hir boþe ord & ende, 1030
 Blaunchefflour, þat swete thing,
 Ichil hir tel gode tiding.'
- C. 709.** þe seriant goþ & lete Gij þare,
 þat liueþ in ioie and nouȝt in care.
- Turnb. p. 33,
 l. 825.
- Turnb. p. 34,
 l. 851.

Curteisly Guy he grette :

'Sir Guy,' herseide, 'god the kepe : 1000

Thou art holde the best in this borough
And in all this londe thurgh and thorough.

Thou hast wonne the turnement,

Therefore y bringe to the this present

In the Maiden's behalue Blanchefloure, 1005

My lordes doughter the Emperoure :

This white Girfauk, the stede also, [p. 32]

Thise white Greyhoundes, that good bee bothe two.

Hir loue the she graunteth with all than,

Bot if thou haue a fairer lemman, 1010

Than she that is the toure withyane :

This daie thou may hir loue wyne.'

Ful curteisly answerd Guy :

brought it to
Guy's lodging

with Blanche-
flower's love.

Guy

'Of thises presente; moult graunt mercy,

And thanke hir that theim hider sent : 1015

Ful gladly y resceiue hir present,

Hir knyght to bee withoute wronge :

I shall hir duely vnderfonge.

My leue frende, nowe vnderstonde me :

Thou shall doo as y sey the. 1020

Thise armes y shall the nowe giue

And make the riche while thou lyue ;

And all thy felawes that bee with the

Riche yiftes they shall haue of me,

And doo you y shall grete honour'

For the Maiden's loue Blancheflour.'

'Grant mercy, sir Guy,' seide he ;

'For armes y come not to the,

And right to the maide y shall wende

And telle hir worde and ende, 1030

To Blancheflour', that swete thing',

And telle hir of the good tyding.'

but they declined
them.

THE YONGE man gooth and Guy lefte there,
That is in ioye and not in kare.

Tvay swaines Gij clepeþ him to, 1035
 Anon he seyð to hem bo :
 'This present 3e schullen vnderfong,
 & wende þer-wiþ into Inglond,
 & present þer-wiþ bi mi word
 Rohaut, mi kinde lord.' 1040

C. 718. & when þai herd what he hem hete,
 In her way þai dede hem skete,
 & went þe[r]wiþ in-to Inglond,
 & þerl Rohaut þer þai fond.
 þe gerfauk and þe gode stede, 1045
 þe tvai grehoundes wiþ hem¹ 3ede ;
 þerl þai made þer-wiþ present,
 þat sir Gij wan in turnament.
 & anon þai him teld
 Gij was þe best in þe feld, 1050
 & þat he was best y-teld bi
 Of al þe kniȝtes of Normandi.

¹ MS. originally
him.

C. 737. þerl þer-of wel glad he was,
 & þonked god of þat gras ;
 & Felice þe feir dede al-so,
 When þe tiding come hir to ; 1060
 And al his frendes eld and ȝing
 Glad were of þat² tiding.

Turnb. p. 35,
1. 877.

² a expunged after
þat.

C. 743. Nov Gij wendeþ in-to fer lond,
 More of auentours for to fond ;
 Forþ he went in-to Speyne,³ 1065
 & after in-to Almeyne.
 þer nas noiþer turnament no burdis,
 þat Gij þer-of no wan þe priis.
 He was out al þat 3er
 In mani londes fer & ner, 1070

MS. 113r. col. 1.

³ MS. originally
Speyine.

- Two sweynes Guy cleped him to, 1035
 To them he seide and bade also, Guy sent his prize
 That they with that present; shuld fonde [p. 33]
 Assone as they might in-to Englonde
 And presente therwith in his worde
 The Erle Rouhaude, his kynde lorde. 1040 to Earl Rohant,
 Whan they herde what Guy them bade,
 Full redy thei made them with hert glade.
 They wente than in-to Englonde :
 At Warrewik the Erle there they fonde.
 The White Girfauk and the stede, 1045 the jersfalcon,
 The two Greyhoundes that by them yede, the steed,
 To the Erle they made their present; and two
 And that Guy it wanne at the turnement greyhoundes.
 All they haue the Erle telde,
 And that he was the best in the felde, 1050
 And that he was moste sette by
 Of all the knyghtis in Normandy,
 And that the Emperroure doughter with all than
 Hadde him chose to hir lemman).
 W^HANNE the Erle herde this, 1055
 Full gladde he was therof, ywis,
 That Guy so moche preised was. The Earl,
 His fader thanked god of that cas :
 Felice the faire did also, Felice,
 Whan the tidinges were tolde hir to. 1060
 All his frendes olde and yinge
 Were full gladde of that tidinge. and all his
 Tho wente Guy in-to farrer londe friends were glad.
 Turnementis and ioustes for to fonde.
 In Almaine and in Lombardie, 1065
 In Fraunce and in Normandie.
 Ther was noo turnement, ywis, [p. 34]
 Bot he was therat and had the pris. After Guy had
 He was oute more than a yere : thus won renown
 Thurgh all londes men preised him there 1070 in many lands,

And best is teld vnder sunne,
& mest frendes haþ y-wonne.

þan seyð Herhaud to sir Gij 1075

(His maister he was & kniȝt hardi):

'In-to Ingland we schul nov go,

So wele so we may it do,

For we han ouer al y-be,

þe pris y-wonne in euerich cuntre.' 1080

Gij seyð, 'maister, y grant wel;

At þi wil be it eueridel.'

'Now we han ben her & tar,

þe pris y-wonne euer ay-war;

C. 756. To king Aþelston þou schalt aqueynt þe 1085

Of Ingland þat is so fre,

& wiþ þe barouns also,

So wele þou may it nov do.

Turnb. p. 38,
l. 903.

¶ Gij seyð, 'tomorwe, when it is day,

Wende we wil in our way.'

& when þe day is y-come,

In her way þai ben y-nome;

Ouer se þai gan wende 1095

C. 765. In Ingland þai gun lende.

Anon þai com to king Athelston,

Wel fair he hem vnder-fenge anon;

Wiþ erls & barouns aqueynt him dede

þat riche ȝiftes him bede. 1100

Nov is Gij to Warwike fare;

þerl Rohaut he fint þare.

He welcomed him & his fere,

For he was him leue & dere,

& kist him wel sweteliche, 1105

& of his present þonked him miche.

And helde him the best vnder sonne.

Many a good frende he had there wonne.

To ¹ ayene he is comē

[¹ Blank space
left in MS.]

And with his good hooste his Inne nomē.

‘SIR,’ QUOTH heraude to Guy
(His maister he was, a Knyght hardy),

1075 Herhaud advised
him

‘To Englonde nowē woH we goo :

to return home.

With worship we may it nowē doo ;

For we haue ouere aH bee

And the pris wonne in euery contree.

1080

Guy consented,

To the kyng^t thou shalt acqueynte the

1085

Of Englonde, that is so free,

And to the Baroñs also

Wel bee-knowēn thou shalt the doo.’

‘Maister,’ he seith, ‘y graunte wele,

After the that it bee euery dele ;

1090

And to-morowe whan it is daye,

We woH forthe on oure weye.’

Guy aroosse on morowe thoo,

and next morning
they set off.

And to the see they beeñ goo :

Assone as they might, to shippe they wente,

1095

And in-to Englonde they comē in the lente.

In England King
Athelstan
welcomed him,

To kyng^t Athelston Guy is comē,

And with him he is aqueynted fuH sone,

With the Erles and Baroñs also,

And fuH riche yiftes they gaue him tho.

1100

To Warrewik than he is fare :

[p. 35]

The Erle Rohaude he fonde there,

That faire vnderfonge him and his feere ;

so did Earl
Rohaut,

For he was him bothe leef and dere.

He kissed him fuH swetely

1105

And of his present^t thanked him hertly.

To his leman he is y-come,
& euen forþ hir-self sche haþ him nome.

Glad was his fader for him,
Sabin his moder & al his kin,
& al þe folk of þat cuntre
Blife were þai miȝt him se.

C. 777. ¶ To Felice þan sir Gij is go ; 1115
MS. 113r. col. 2.

Sweteliche he seyð hir to :
'Leman,' he seyð, 'wele þou be,
Mi liif ichaue for loue of þe ;
Ded ich were ȝif þou nere,
Mi bodi destrud and leyð on here. 1120
When þou þi wille hadde seyð to me,
Armes y fenge for loue of [þe] ;
& when ich hadde armes take,
þou seyð þou noldest me for-sake,

Turnb. p. 37,
l. 927.

þou noldest þi loue werne to me ;
& nov ich am her comen to þe :
Dere leman, y prey þe
þi wille þatow tel to me.' 1130

C. 793. **F**elice answerd swiþe an heye,
'No rape þe nouȝt so, sir Gij ;
ȝete nartow nouȝt y-preysed so,
þat me ne may finde oþer mo ;
Orped þou art and of grete miȝt, 1135
Gode kniȝt & ardi in fiȝt :
& ȝif ich þe hadde mi loue y-ȝeue,
To welden it while þat y liue,
Sleuþe þe schuld ouercome :
Namore wostow of armes loue, 1140
No comen in turnament no in fiȝt.
So ameraus þou were anon riȝt.

To his lemman he is weH-comē,
 And him to kisse she maketh hir bowne.
 The Erle proferd him siluer and golde,
 And noothing therof take he wolde.
 Full gladde is his fader of him
 And his moder and all his kynne,
 And all the folke of that Contree
 Were gladde him for to see.

Felice,

1110

and his father
and mother.

ON A DAYE he is to Felice goo,
 And full louyngly he seith hir too :
 'I am comē as thou may see.

1115 Guy visited
Felice,

My lif y haue, lemman, thurgh thee :
 Ne were thou, lemman, dede y were,
 My body destroyed and leide on bere.
 Armes y toke for loue of the,
 Thee thy wille thou tolde me,
 That, whan y had armes take,
 Thou woldest not than me for-sake.
 And thou hast herde me praised bee
 In many astraunge contree :

1120

and reminded her

Thy loue shuld not me bee werned,
 For y haue it, me thinketh, ayerned.
 Sweting, nowe y am comē to the,
 Thy wille therof thou telle me.'

1125

1130

of her promise.

FELICE answerd swithe on highe,
 And iaped not with sir Guye :

[p. 36]

'Yet art thou not praised so,
 Bot y kanne fynde suche other moo.
 Stronge thou art and of grete mighte,
 Good and hardy and kene in fighte :
 And if y the had my loue yiue,
 And wille it the whiles y liue,
 Sleuthe wolde the so ouerecoṃe,
 That thou woldest nomore armes doon,
 Ne comē in turnement nor in fighte.
 So amerous thou wolde bee anone righte.

1135

But Felice
protested

1140

that she would
not marry him,

Y schuld misdo, so penkeþ me,
 & miche agilt ozaines te,
 & ich þi manschip schuld schone, 1145
 Wit¹ me euer more to wone.
C. 807. Gij, 'quod Felice, 'forhele y nille,
 Turnb. p. 38, 1.955.
 Ac al þe soþe ichil þe telle :
 þou art me leuest of oper alle,
 For þi 'leman' ichil the calle ; 1150
 Ac mi loue no schaltow haue
 For noping þatow may craue,
 Er þou perles holden be
 & best doand in þis cuntre,
 þat nowhar bi lond no w[e]ter 1155
 No be founde þi beter ;
 & when þou art hold best doinde
 In armes þat animan mai finde,
 þat vnder heuen þi beter no be,
 Mi loue ichil þan graunti þe.' 1160

C. 821.
 MS. 113v. col. 1.

When Gij herd Felice speke so, 1165
 Wel depe he gan to sike þo :
 'Now ichot, þou scornest me :
 Swiche answer ichaue of þe,
 þat y schuld be þe best y-teld,
 þat be fiztand wiþ spere & scheld. 1170
 Swiche no miȝt y neuer werþe
 To be þe best on þis erþe² ;
 Into oper cuntres ichil go,
 For þi loue to wirche me wo.
 For dout of deþ nil y nouȝt fle : 1175
 Ȝif y dye, it is for þe.'

C. 831.
 Turnb. p. 39, 1.981.

Sir Gij of hir toke his leue,
 & kist hir wiþ wepeand eye.

I shuld misdoc, as thinketh me,
And gretly offende ayenst the.

though

Guy,' quoth she, 'concele y nelle,
Bot aH the sothe y shaH the telle :
Thou art me leeuest of other alle,
And my lemman y shaH the calle ;
Bot my loue thou shalt not haue
For noo thing that thou kan craue,
Vnto tyme thou so perilous holde bee
And best doynge in euery Contree,
That neither by londe nor by water
Bee founde in any wise thy better ;
And whan thou art holde best doynge
In armes that man may fynde,
That vnder heuen thy better ne bee,
My loue than y shaH graunte the,
For to doo with me thi wille
Eerly and late, loude and stille.

he was so dear
to her,

1150

till he was
thought

1155

the best knight
under heaven.

1160

In other wise, how so it goo, [p. 37]
My loue ne shaH thou haue ellis neuere the moo.'

WHANNE Guy herde Felice speke so, 1165
FuH depe he ganne sighe tho :

Guy felt inclined
to despair,

'Now wote y weH, thou skornest me,
Whan y suche answer haue of the,
That y shuld the best bee in felde
In fighting with spere and shelde ;
And so good might y neuere worthe
To bee the best vpon the erthe ;
And in-to straunge londe wende y shaH,
For thy loue to werke woo ouere aH.
For doubte of detH y wotH not flee :
If y dye, it is for the.'

1170

but determined to
go abroad again
to risk new perils.

1175

Guy of hir toke his leeu on hie,
And kissed hir with weping yie.

He took leave
of her,

Unto his in he goþ snelle ;
 þer nil he no lenger duelle. 1180
 To þerl he wil gon,
 & tak his leue sone anon.

C. 835. **G**ij him com to court þore,
 & alizt atte halle dore ;
 & to þerl he went þo, 1185
 & schewed him wat he wald do.
 'Sir erl,' quod Gij, 'y bid þe,
 Leue to wende 3if þou me.
 Ouer þe se ichil now wende ;
 God to gode hauen me sende ! 1190
 Time it is þat ich fond
 To winne priis in vncouþe lond ;
 Al þe glader 3e mow be
 3if we of armes preised be.
 & 3if þou hast folk of grete miȝt, 1195
 It is te gret worþschip, y pliȝt,
 For al þe more men schal þe dout
 Wiþ-in þi lond & eke wiþ-out.'

C. 847. ¶ 'Sir Gij,' quod þerl þo,
 'Faileþ þe out þat y mai do ? 1200
 Gold oþer siluer, oþer heye stede ?
 To passe þe se hastow no nede.
 Sir Gij,' he seyde, 'lete ben al þis,
 Anouȝ þe worþ þat þe nede is ;
 & to pleyn vnder þe linde, 1205
 þe hert to chacen and þe hinde :
 Of al þinges þou schalt haue plente.
 Bileue at hom, sir Gi, wiþ me.

MS. 113v. col. 2. We schul wende boþe y-fere
 To play bi wode & bi riuer ; 1210
 Al bi times þou miȝt wende ;

¹ *pende* added over the line.
 3ete no hastow ben here a moneþ to pende¹.'

¶ 'Miche þank, sir,' quod Gij þo ;
 'For soþe so no may [y] nouȝt do.'

To his Inne he gooth, as y you telle,
And there he doth not longe duelle.

1180

To the Erle he gan goon

To take of him his leue anon.

Nowe is Guy to Courte come

To take his leue aȝ and some.

To the Erle Rohaude he yede thoo,

1185 and of Earl
Rohaut,

And tolde him what he wolde doo.

'Sir Erle,' quoth Guy, 'y pray the,

Leue to wende that thou yiue me.

asking his leave
again.

God to good hauen me sende :

Ouer the see y shaft wende.

1190

Tyme it is that y fonde

To wynne pris in straunge londe ;

For aȝ the gladder ye may bee

[p. 38]

That men of armes doo preise me ;

For if ye haue folke of grete mighte,

1195

It is to you worship, y you plighte ;

For the more men wolt the doubte

Within thy londe and withoute.'

'**S**IR GUY,' quoth the Erle tho,

The Earl tried
hard

'Faiileth the aught that y may doo,

1200

Golde or siluer or highte stede,

To passe the see yf thou haue nede ?

Sir Guy, lete bee aȝ this,

And thou shalt haue aȝ that nedefull is,

To chase the herte and the hynde,

1205 to persuade Guy
to remain at
home,

And to pley vnder the wode lynde :

Of aȝ thinge thou shalt haue plentee,

And abide at home, y bidde the.

We shuȝ wende bothe in feere

And pleye vs in wode and by Ryueer.

1210

Aȝ by tymes thou may ouere wende :

Thou hast not sojoumed a moneth to the ende.'

'Mikel thanke,' quoth Guy tho ;

but unsuccess-
fully,

'For sothe so may it not god.'

His leue he toke wiþ-outen more ; 1215
þerl it of-pouzt swiþe sore.

C. 865. He goþ him to his fader þo,
þat for his wending was ful wo :
'Gon, fader,' quod he, 'ich-ille ;
For noþing leten y nille ; 1220

ʒif me leue, icham al ʒare
Ouer þe se for to fare,
To winne pri's and los al-so,
So ʒong man schal in ʒouþe do.
Lōng to bileuen in þis cunt[r]e 1225

Nis it nouzt worþ for me ;
For ʒong man þat is miȝti
In his ʒouþe schal fondi,
So þat men may him in erþe preyse,
And in eld liue in mirþe & ayse. 1230

þer-whiles icham ʒong & liȝt,
Los ichil winne bi mi miȝt.'

C. 879. 'Leue sone,' he seyð, 'leue þat þouzt :
Bi mi wil schaltow wende nouzt.

þou schalt bileue here wiþ me ; 1235
Al þe bliþer we wille be.'

'Leue sone,' his moder him sede,
'þou do bi þi faders rede :
Soiourne wiþ ous to ʒer mo,
Y rede þe, sone, þat it be so. 1240

Anoþer ʒer þou miȝt ouer fare.
Bot þou bileue, y dye for care,
For we ne haue sonis no mo :
ʒif we þe schul now for-go,
Glad no worþ we neuer mo, 1245

¹ o of ous all but
illegible.

For sorwe schul ous¹ selue slo.'

¶ Gij answerd wiþ þat speche,
'Fader, god y þe biteche,
& mi leue moder al-so ;
For hastiliche ichil nov go.' 1250

His leeuē he toke withoute more ; 1215

The erle it forthoughte full sore.

He gooth him to his fader thoo,

That for his goyng^t was full woo :

‘Fader,’ quoth Guy, ‘goo y wille :

For noo thing^t y woH lette by skille ; 1220

Yiue me leeuē, y woH not spare

He bade farewell
also to his
parents.

Ouer the See for to fare,

To wynne pris and losse also, [p. 39]

As a yonge mañ in his youghte shuld doo.

To abide longe in this contree 1225

It is not worthe noo thing^t to me ;

For a yonge mañ that is mighti

In his youthe shuld make bowne and redy,

So that in age he may bee preised,

And so to honour^t to bee arreised. 1230

Whiles that y am yonge and lighte,

My name y shaH encrease by my mighte.’

‘**L**EEF soñe,’ he seide, ‘lete bee that thoughte : His father,

Yet shaH thou wende noughte.

Thou shalt abide here with me ; 1235

AH the gladder y may bee.’

‘Leef soñe,’ his moder him seide,

and mother, both

‘Doo by thy faders rede :

Abide with vs here to yere mo,

I rede the, soñe, thou so doo. 1240

Another yere thou may ouere fare.

And bot thou doo thus, y dye for care,

tried to dissuade
him,

For we ne haue soñes moo :

And yf we shuld nowē the forgoo,

Gladde ne shuld we neuere bee, 1245

Bot for sorowe oure self slee.’

Guy answerd with that speche,

without success.

‘Fader, god y you betече,

And my moder y doo also ;

For hastely y woH goo.’ 1250

C. 899. Gij forþ goþ, & þai bileue þare,
þat for hym hadde miche care.

MS. 114r. col. 1.

To þe se he is y-come,

Gode winde he hap atte frome.

Turnb. p. 42,
l. 1059.

Y-comen he is in-to Normundye,

1255

Kniȝtschip he schewed on hye.

þennes he went in-to Speyne;

Nis turnament non in-to Almeyne,

þat Gij no hap þer-at y-be,

& michel y-preised so is he.

1260

þennes to Lombardye he went;

þer ben þe iustes & þe turnament,

þer he dede him preyse miche,

þe Lombardes him loued inliche;

He was large, curteys, & fre:

1265

C. 918. Of miche miȝt so was he.

¹ MS. *astounde*

Of an vnsele y may zou telle,
& 3e wil a stounde¹ duelle:

As he cam fram a turnament

þat was biside Bonevent,

1270

In þe bodi wounded he was:

² The second *e* of
greued over the
line.

þat sore him greued² no wonder it nas.

³ MS. *of toun*.

¶ þan bithouȝt him þe douk Otoun,³

þat vnwrast was, & feloun,

þat he wald ben awreke þat day

1275

Of Gij of Warwike, ȝif he may;

For he him wounded in a turnament,

As ichaue herd telle verrament;

þerfore Gij him was swiþe loþ,

& wel depe he swore his oþ

1280

Turnb. p. 43,
l. 1085.

þat he of him awreke wald be

Er þan he wende out of þat cuntre.

C. 927. W hen þe douke Otus y-seye þat cas,
þat Gij so sore wounded was,

þerl Lambard he cleped to him

1285

(A kniȝt he was stout & grim),

Guy gooth forth and theim lefte there,
That for him in grete sorowe were.

To the see he is comē,

Good wynde he hath nomē.

Comē he is in-to Normandy,

Knyghthode he secheth full hastily.

Fro thense he wente him in-to Ispaigne

And so fro thense in-to Almaigne.

At euery turnement Guy hath bee,

And moche preised ouere all is he.

Fro thense to lombardie he is wente :

Ther were ioustes and turnemente,

There they did him praise myche,

The lombardes him loued in-liche ;

For he was curteys, large and free,

And of moche might and grete bountee.

NOWE OF a straunge case y shaft you telle,

Ye that woth a while duelle,

That Guy befeth comyng fro a turnement

That was withoute Boneuent :

In the body he wounded was :

Sore it him greued, noo wonder nas.

That aspid weh the Duke Otoun,

That was vntruste and feloun,

That he wolde bee a-wreke that daie

On Guy of Warrewik, if he maye ;

For he him wounded at a tournement,

As y before tolde verraiment ;

Therfor Guy was yet¹ him lothe,

And full depe he swore his othe

That he wolde on him wroken bee

Or he wente oute of that contree.

Whanne Duke Otes wiste that caas,

That Guy so sore wounded was,

Than the Erle Lambard he clepid him to,

That good knyght was, and bade him goo

[p. 40]

Guy crossed the
sea again,

1255

showed his
prowess in
Normandy,

Spain,

Germany,

1260

and Lombardy,

winning much
love and praise.

1265

1270

But at a tourna-
ment near
Benevento,

Guy was
wounded.

Duke Otoun,

1275

1280

who hated Guy,
¹ was struck out
after yet.

[p. 41]

saw his chance

1285

and called Earl
Lambard

¹ looks like
Aztene

& fiftene¹ kniȝtes in his compeynie,
þat were strong men and hardie.
On a dern stede he dede hem hide,
þer as Gij schuld cum ride ; 1290

C. 935. 'Lordinges,' þan seyð þe douk Otoun,²

² of toun MS.

'Under-stond to mi resoun :
Mine men ȝe beþ & to me swore,
Omage ȝe schul me þer-fore.
Mine hest ȝe schul ful-fille, 1295
þat ich ȝou bid, wiþ gode wille.

MS. 114v. col. 2.

Me to wreken ȝe schul go
Of a treytour þat is mi fo,
þat is y-comen vp mi lond
(Wer he þenkeþ to bring me an hond), 1300
Gij of Warwike þat wounded is
Wiþ a swerd þurch þe bodi y-wis.

³ & þer MS.

On þe halidom ȝe schul me sweri :
In þe forest of Pleyns þat is so miri,
þer³ ȝe schul ȝou al hide, 1305
þer Gij of Warwike schal cum ride :

Turnb. p. 44,
l. 1111.

His bodi oliue ȝe schul me bring,
And slen his feren eld & ȝing.
Y schal him in mi prisoun do ;
Out no comeþ he neuer mo. 1310

⁴ and *wo* indis-
tinct, but perfectly
certain.

Wiþ sorwe and wo⁴ he schal þer ende :

C. 956. þennes no schal he neuer wende.'

'Sir,' þai seyð, 'we schul go,
& al þine hest we schul do.'
þai dede hem arme swiþe wel 1315
Boþe in iren & in stiel ;

Vnto þe pas þai wenten snelle,
& þer þai houed swiþe stille,
As Gij schuld cum sone.
No wist he nouȝt of þat tresone, 1320
No of þat sorwe neuer thè mo,
þat him was comand to ;

- With .xv. knyghtes stalworthe, and 15 knights,
 That euerich was his armes worthe.
 In a priue stede he did him hyde,
 Ther' Guye of Warrewik shuld come ride. 1290
 'Lordinges,' seide the Duke Otoun,
 'Vnderstonde, sires, to my Reesoun :
 My men ye bee aH to me swore,
 Holde ye shuH with me therfore.
 Myñ heste doo ye shaH, 1295
 That y to you now telle woH.
 Me to awreke ye shuH goo
 On a traytour that is my foo,
 That is come in-to my londe
 (Werre he me thinketh to werke with honde), 1300
 Guy of Warrewik that wounded is
 With a swerde thurgh the body ywis.
 On the halidome ye shuH swere
 That in the forest that is fuH neere,
 There ye shuH you aH huyde : 1305
 As Guy of Warrewik shaH come ride,
 His body on lyue ye shaH me bringe,
 Slee his felawes olde and yinge,
 I shaH him doo in my prison ;
 Ne shaH he neuere come to Raumpson. 1310
 With sorowe and woo he shaH ende :
 Ne shaH he neuere thense wende.'
 'Sir,' quoth they, 'we woH goo, [p. 42]
 AH thy commaundement for to doo.'
 They doo theim arme swithe wele 1315
 Bothe in yreñ and in stele.
 To their' place they wende snelle,
 And houed there softe and stille,
 As Guy of Warrewik shuld come
 Not knowyng' of that wicked treason, 1320
 Ne of the sorowe neuere the moo,
 That him was comyng' to ;
 They lay in ambush
 for the unsuspect-
 ing Guy,

For al his felawes þat gode were,
 Al he for-les hem þere;
 & his owen liif he hadde for-lore,
 No hadde goddes help ben bifore,
 þurch þe traitours þat were her fon,

1325

C. 964. þat kept hem þere for to slon.

Now comeþ Gij soft rideing
 Opon a mulet ambling.

1330

His wounde him greueþ swiþe sore,
 & smert him euer þe lenger þe more.

Turnb. p. 45,
 l. 1137.

In pais he wende for to wende,
 Ac þe traitours Lombardes vnhende,
 þe helmes þai seyen brizt schine,
 þe stedes nyen, and togider whine.

1335

‘God,’ quod Gij, ‘we ben y-nome!

Al we be ded þurch tresone.’

Sir Gij of þat mulet alizt,

& asked his stede, his armes brizt,

1340

MS. 114v. col. 1.

& seyde to his felawes snelle,

¹ looks like *ded*
 with the second *d*
 erased.

‘Dere we schul our deþ¹ selle.

Our deþ is now al bispeke,

Bot we ous manliche awreke;

Ich kepe him selue, seþþe it so is,

1345

& ichil, while y liue, y-wis:

So dere so y may, ich wille

To þe treytours mi liif selle.’

C. 985. ¶ ‘Sir,’ seyde Herhaud þo,

‘For godes loue hennes þou go.

1350

For þine loue we schul her dye,

& defende þis pas, y seye:

Leuer ous were her-on be ded,

þan þou wer ded in our ferred.’

¶ þan answerd Gij anon rizt,

1355

As gode knizt & ful of mizt:

² *licht* MS.

‘Ȝif Ȝe dye, ichil² al-so;

Nil ich neuer fram Ȝou go!’

For all his felawes that good were,
 Euerychoon he loste than there,
 And his owne lif had forlore,
 Ne were goddis helpe before,
 Thurgh the traitours that were his foon,
 That kepte him for to slee anoon.

1325

Now cometh Guy softe riding
 Vpon a lite mule ambling.
 His wounde greued him full sore,
 And euere the lenger smerted the more.

1330

who came riding
 on a mule,

suffering much
 from his wound.

In pees he wened for to wende,
 As the traitours were redy him to shende.
 The helmes they sawe brighte shyne,
 And anone after befelle theim pyne.

1335

Seeing their
 hostile array,

'**A**LLAS,' QUOTH Guy, 'y am no me!
 All we been dede thurgh treasonie.'

he suspected
 treason,

Guy of that Mule alighte,

And on his stede lepte, and gan his armes righte, 1340

armed himself,

And seide to his felawes all:

'Full deere oure lifs we selle shall.

Oure deth is here as now, y speke,

[p. 43]

Bot we manly vs awreke.

Eche helpe him self, now it thus is,

1345

and exhorted his
 companions

And y shall doo what y may ywis:

As dere as y may, y wolle

To the traitours lombardes my lif selle.'

to sell their lives
 dearly.

Than seide heraude thoo:

'For goddis loue hense thou goo.

1350

Herhaud conjured
 him to consult his
 own safety and
 leave them,

For thy loue we wold dye,

Or defende this passage trulye.'

Than Guy answerd anone right,

1355

As a good knyght of mikel might:

'Yf ye deye, y shall also;

but Guy would
 not flinch

I wold neuere fro you goo.'

C. 997.
Turnb. p. 46,
l. 1163.

Wip þat come a Lombard ride,
A modi man & ful of pride. 1360
‘Gij,’ quod he, ‘zeld þe anon!
þe ben ded now euerichon;
To þe douke we han trewþe plizt
To bring him þi bodi þis nizt.’
With þat ich word wel smert 1365
Gij him smot vn-to þe hert;
No spard he for no drede,
þat ded he feld him in þe mede.
‘Bi þe trewþe y schal mi leman zeld,
To day no schaltow þi trewþe held!’ 1370
Anoþer Lombard he smot anon,
þurch þe bodi þe swerd gan gon:
‘No þou, treytour, no schalt me lede
To þe douke that is ful of qued;
To his presoun no worþ y for þe brouzt.’ 1375
Herhaud smot anoþer and spared nouzt
þurch þe bodi his swerd glod,
Ded he fel wiþ-outen abod.

C. 1015. ¶ þan com Torald, a gode kniȝt,
Swiþe gode & hardi in fiȝt; 1380
Wiþ a Lombard þer he mett,
& so wele his strok he sett
þat his heued fram þe bodi flei;
He ȝede him laweliche neye.

Turnb. p. 47,
l. 1189.
MS. 114v. col. 2.

Wiþ þat come Urri prikeinde 1385
(A better kniȝt no miȝt man finde),
A Lombard he smot þo,
þat þurch his bodi þe swerd gan go;
So he smot him, for soþ to say,
þat ded he feld him in þe way. 1390
Seþþe he seyde, ‘þurch no toun
Schal ȝe ous lede to no prisoun.
Than miȝt men se¹ fiȝt aginne,
Heuedes cleue vnto þe chinne.

¹ *se* expunged
before *se*.

WITH THAT comē a Lombard ride,
As a man of grete pride.

A Lombard who
called upon
1360

'Guy,' quoth he, 'yelde the anone,

Guy to surrender,

Or ye bee dede euerychone.

To the Duke Otes y haue the pligh̃te,

Thy body to bringe him anone righte.'

The Lombard was hote withoute lette,

1365

And Guy him hath with harme grette ;

was instantly
slain by him,

He ne spared for noo drede,

That deed he felled him in the mede.

'By the trouth,' quoth Guy, 'that y shaʃ my lemman yelde,

Thou shalt not thy trouth to the Duke holde.' 1370

To another lombarde he smote anone,

and so was
another.

That thurgh the body his swerde gañ gooñe :

'Nor thou, traitour, thou ne shaʃ me lede

To thy Duke that is so fuʃ of quede,

Nor to his prisoun for the bee broughte.' [p. 44] 1375

Heraude smote to another and spared nough̃te,

Herhaud,

That thurgh the swerde glode :

Deed he felled him withoute bode.

Than comē Toraude, a good knygh̃te :

Torald,

Swithe good he was in fighte.

1380

With a lombarde he so mette,

And so weʃ he his stroke besette,

That the heed fro the body fleighe :

He smote his shuldres alowe so neighe.

With that comē Vrry priking

1385 and Urri

(A better knygh̃t might noman fynde),

To a lombarde he smote so,

That thurgh the body his swerde gan goo :

all slew their
men.

So he smote him, the sothe to sey,

That deed he felled him in the wey ;

1390

And than he seide : 'thou ne Otoun

Ne shaʃ vs bringe in-to your prison.'

There might men see fighte begynne,

Fierce was the
fight.

Hedes clouen downe to the chynne.

- Euerich þat day þat Gij oftoker, 1395
 Sone anon his liif forsoker.
 Sum he smot opon þe hode,
 At þe girdel þe swerd astode ;
 And sum he smot þurch þe side,
 þat miȝt he neuer go no ride. 1400
 Was þer non that miȝt astond
 Dint þat come of Gyes hond.
 So miȝti strokes þer wer ȝiuen,
 þat strong schaftes al to-driuen ;¹
 No was þer non in þat ferrede 1405
 þat of his liif him miȝt adrede.
- C. 1033.** ¶ Wiþ þat come ride þerl Lambard,
 A sterne kniȝt and a Lombard ;
 Vrri anon he slouȝ þar,
 It opouȝt Gij þo he was war ; 1410
 Wiþ þerl Lambard he wald iusti,
 & awreke þe gode Vrri.
 Wiþ swiche hete he smot him to,
 His armour no was him worþ a slo ;
 þurch out his hert þe launce he bar, 1415
 Adoun he feld him ded riȝt þar.
 Wiþ þat him come forþ Hougoun,
 þat was þe doukes neve Otoun :
 A kniȝt he was of gret miȝt,
 Swiþe gode & hardi in fiȝt. 1420
- ² *torlard* MS. Torald² he haȝ aqueld ;
 Herhaud anon þat biheld.
- ³ *her herhaud* MS. When Herhaud³ y-seye þis,
 þat he doun fel & ded he is,
 For his deȝ he was sori : 1425
 Him to awreke he haȝ gret hy.
 Neuer ȝete so sori he no was,
 To-ward Hougoun he made a ras,
 Als a lyoun he heyed him fast,
 þat his prey wold haue on hast. 1430

¹ MS. *alto driuen*

Turnb. p. 48,
l. 1215.

MS. 115r. col. 1.

- Aȝ that Guy with his swerde toke, 1395
 Sone anone his lif forsoke.
 Some he smote vpon the hode,
 That at the girdelstede the swerde abode ;
 Some he smote thurgh the side,
 That they ne might neuere more goo nor ryde. 1400
 Was there noon that might stonde Guy's dints were heavy.
 The dynte that come oute of his honde.
 So mighti strokes ther' were yiuē,
 That the stronge shaftes aȝ to-dryue.
 There was noon in that stede [p. 45] 1405
 Bot of his lif he was adredde.
 With that come ride the Erle Lambard, But Earl Lambard
 A sterne knyght and a Lombard ;
 Vrry he hath sleyne there, slew Urri,
 That forthoughte Guy whan he therof was ware : 1410
 With the Erle lambard he did iousty, but was at once
 To awreke the deth of good Vrry.
 With suche an hete he smote him to, slain by Guy.
 That aȝ his armes auailed him not a sloo ;
 Thurgh his herte the launce he bare, 1415
 And adown he felled him dede there.
 With that cometh forth hugon,
 He was the Dukes Nieuē Otoun : Hugoun, nephew of Otoun,
 Knyght he was of grete mighte,
 Swithe hardy and good in fighte. 1420
 Toraude there he hath felled, slew Torald,
 And to deth stiked him thurgh his sheelde.
 And whan herauē saw that cas,
 That Toraude so foule sleyne was,
 For his deth he was sorye : 1425
 Him to awreke he doth him hye. but was in revenge
 Neuere so sory he was,
 Toward hugon he made a chas.

þurch þe body he him smot
 Wiþ gret strengþe, god ytot,
 þat biforn þe Lombardes alle
 Of his hors ded he gan falle.

C. 1053. ¶ When dan Gauter þat y-seye, 1435

Turnb. p. 49,
 l. 1241.

To Herhaud he stert wel an heye,
 And wiþ his swerd he smot him so
 þat his hauberk rent ato ;
 þurch his bodi þat swerd ȝede,
 Al þai wende þat he wer ded. 1440

¶ When Gij seye Herhaud y-feld,
 To-hewen his hauberk & his scheld
 (& of his hors feld he was,
 As ded man lay on þe gras ;
 He seye þe blod þat cam him fro), 1445

Wonder him þouȝt, & seyð þo :
 ‘þou lording, to þe y sigge,
 His deþ þou schalt wel sore abigge !
 So mot ich euer word speke,
 Mi maisters deþ ichil awreke, 1450
 & for a couward ich held þe :
 þou slouȝ him, & lete me be.

¹ MS. *sonne*.

Bi him þat made sonne & mone,
 þou schalt it wite swiþe sone,¹
 þat tow schalt it biȝelp nouȝt 1455
 þat he is to deþ y-brouȝt.’

¶ Gij wiþ spors smot þe stede,
 As a man þat hadde nede,
 þat fire vnder þe fet aros ;
 Nas þer non þat him agros. 1460

Turnb. p. 50,
 l. 1267.

Wiþ al his miȝt he smot him to,
 Wel euen he clef his scheld þo,
 þurch his bodi þe swerd he þriste :
 þo at arst fiȝt him liste. 1465
 In þe sond he feld him doun,
 & bede him Cristes malisoun,

Thurgh the body he him smote
 With so grete strength, god it wote,
 That there before the Lombardes aȝ
 Of his hors he did him dede faȝ.

smitten down by
 Herhaud.

Whan Danz Gauter that sighe
 (A knyght he was of herte highe),
 Ouere thwert¹ he smote to Heraude so
 That aȝ his hauberk he rende thoo;
 Thurgh heraudes body the swerde yede,
 Aȝ they wende he had bee dede.

1435 Don Gauter

[p. 46]

¹ MS. *thwert*.

Whan Guy sawe heraude felde,
 To-hewe his hauberk and his shelde
 (And of his hors felled he was
 As a dede man vpon the gras),
 And sawe the blode that ranne him fro,
 Wonder he thoughte, and seide thoo:
 'Thou lordyng, to the y seye,
 His deth thou shalt full dere abeye!

1440

struck down
 Herhaud.

Guy seeing this
 disaster

1445

swore revenge,

And by him that made soȝe and mone,
 Thou shalt wite swithe sone
 That thou shalt it forgete nought
 That thou him hast to deth brought.
 Guy with spores smote his stede,
 As a man that had grete nede.

1455

fought like a
 madman,

Than with aȝ his mighte he smote him to,
 Full euen he karffe his herte in two.

and slew Don
 Gauter.

And ther' in grene he felled him downe,
 And bade him Cristes malesoune,

1465

For þat he wald Herhaud slen,
And lete him oliues ben.

C. 1067. ¶ Now is Gij¹ wel hard bifalle,

¹ MS. repeats
is *oij*, but the
second is *oij* is
underdotted.

Y-lorn he hap his felawes alle ;
So sori he is, he not what to do,
He no hap no wízt to bimen him to.

1470

MS. 115r. col. 2.

Bot þre Lombard[es] oliue þer nere,
Opon Gij hastiliche þai were ;
þe tvay ben hole & sounde,
þe þridde hadde þurch þe bodi a wounde.
¶ Gij þat on wiþ his swerd rauzt,
His heued of fleye wiþ þat drauzt.
þan com prikeing dan Gwissard,
A duhtti knízt and no couward.

1475

1480

C. 1077. ¶ ‘Gij,’ quod he, ‘zeld now þe !

It no may no noþer be :
On þe erþe liþe þi scheld to-dreued,
Nouzt o pece is wiþ oþer bileued,
& þine helme is al to-hewe,²
þine hauberk to-rent þat was newe ;
& wounded þou art, þou mizt well se,
Long mizt tow nouzt oliues be.

² MS. *alto hewe*.

1485

Turnb. p. 51,
l. 1298.

To day ichil zeld þe to þe douk Otoun,
& he þe schal do in his prisoun.

1490

C. 1089. Þan seyð Gij, ‘Gwichard, y nille :

To zeld me to þe is nouzt mi wille,
þer-whiles ichaue mi swerd y-grounde,
& mi bodi wiþouten wounde.’

Gwichard smot Gij wiþ michel mizt
Opon þe helme þat schon so brizt,
þat a quarter out fleye ;

1495

þe knízt was boþe queynt & sleye.
Opon his scholder þat swerd glod,
Of his hauberk it tok a pece brod ;

1500

God saued Gij þat he nas ded,
No for þat dint hadde no qued.

For that he did heraude slee,
And lete him on lyue bee.

NOWE IS Guy full harde befalle,
Loste he hath his felawes alle ; 1470

So sory he is, he ne wote what to doo,
And he¹ woteth to whom he may bemene hym to. ^{1 ne?}

Bot three of the Lombardes on lyue ther' were,
That vpon Guy thoughte grete deere. <sup>Three Lombards
attack him at
once.</sup>

Tweyn of them were hoole and sounde, [p. 47] 1475
The thridde thurgh the body had a wounde.

Guy with his swerde that oon raughte,
That his hede fleighe of with a draughte.

With that come priking Dañ Guychard, ^{Don Gwichard}
He was a full proude Lombarde. 1480

'Guy,' he seide, 'yelde the to me !
Thou seest it wold noon other bee. <sup>summoned him
to surrender,</sup>

All thy men fro the been refte :
Sauf thy self is noon lefte,
And thyn helme is all to-hewe, 1485

Thyn hauberk to-tore that was newe ;
Wounded thou art, wold y see,
That longe thou maist not alyue bee.
This daie y shalt the bringe to Duke Otoun,
And he the shalt doo in his prisoun.'

Than seide Guy, 'Guychard, y nelle
Yelde me to Otes by my wille, ^{and on his refusal}

While y haue my swerde grounde
And my body stiffe to sitte astounde.'
Guychard smote Guy with grete mighte 1495
Vpon his helme that shone brighte, <sup>dealt him a
terrible blow.</sup>

That a quarter away fleighe ;
The knyght was stronge, hardy, and sleighe.
Vpon the shoulder the swerde glode,
Of the hauberk he toke an handbrode ; 1500

God saued Guy that he was not dede,
Ne for that stroke had noo quede. <sup>God saved Guy
then !</sup>

C. 1103.

¹ The *i* of *smite*
added over the
line.

When Gij seye him so smite,¹
He was wroþ, 3e may wele wite ;

Gwichard he wald fond to smite 1505

Wiþ his swerd þat wold wele bite ;

To him he smot swiþe smert

² MS. *neyþe þe*. purch þe bodi ful ney þe² hert :

þat gode swerd purchim þrang,

Gwichard wald abide nouzt lang ; 1510

He turned his stede & gan to fle,

& Gij after him, bi mi leute.

Gode was þe hors þat Gwichard rod on,

& so fast his stede gan gon,

Turnb. p. 52,
l. 1319.

þat Gij miȝt him nouzt atake, 1515

þer-fore he gan sorwe make.

MS. 115v. col. 1.

Gwichard fleye in his way

Toward Paui, so swiþe he may.

C. 1115.

þe douk Otous fram hunting com,

& with him erles mani on ; 1520

A kniȝt he seye cum prikeing,

His armes to-rent, his woundes bledeing.

þe douk Otous duelled aþrowe,

What he hadde Gwichard y-knowe :

Wele he semed man aferd, 1525

þat hard tiding hadde y-herd.

Wiþ þat is Gwichard to him come ;

þe douke him oxed atte frome,

‘Gwichard, who haþ wretþed þe,

& where hastow in bateyle be ? 1530

¶ Where is Gij ? is he nome ?

Liues or deþ[es] do him come.’

C. 1127.

‘Ichil ȝou sigge sikerly

So michel so y wot of Gij :

At a ford we him mett, 1535

& strongliche we him bisett,

Bot his bodi no nom we nouzt,

Ac al to deþ we ben y-brouzt ;

To Guychard he fondeth to smyte,
And his swerde woth aughte byte.

To him he striketh swithe smerte
Thurgh the body weH nyghe the herte :
That good swerde in he thurste,
Guychard to abide noo lenger had luste,
Bot tourned his hors and gan to flee,
And Guy after him faste rode he.
Good was that hors that Guychard rode on,
Guy wente ayene and lete him goon :
For that he ne might him ouere-take,
Ful grete sorowe Guy gan make.

[p. 48]

He routed
Gwichard,wounded him
sore,

1510

and sent him
flying

1515

GUYCHARD fleying toke his wey
Toward Pauy, as swithe as he may.
The Duke Otes fro huntynge come,
And with him Barons and knyghtis many oone.
A knyght he sawe come priking
With armes rende, his woundes bledying.

toward Pavia.

Duke Otous,
returning from
hunting,

1520

The Duke Otes duelled athrowe,
TyH Guychard he might knowe :
Him thoughte he semed a man aferde,
Or that harde tidynges had herde.

recognized
Gwichard,

1525

With that is Guychard to theim come ;
The Duke him asked ful sone,
' Sey, Guychard, who hath wrathed the ?

and asked

Where hast thou in bataille bee ?

1530

Where is Guy ? is he nome ?

if Guy were taken.

Quyкке or dede lete him to me come.'

' I shaH you telle sikirly

As moche as y wote of Guy :

At a Forde we him mette,

1535

And strongly we him besette,

And his body ne toke we nought :

[p. 49]

Gwichard related
their disasters.

AlH we been to deth brought ;

- Bot icham passed as 3e may se.
 'Mi nevou Hougoun, whar is he?' 1540
 Turnb. p. 53,
 1. 1345. Quod þe douk Otous, 'tel me rape.'
 'Sir, in þe sond he liþe, & þat is scape.'
 ' & þerl Lambard, þat gode kniȝt?'
 'Ded he liþe in þat fiȝt.'
 When douk Otus herd þat, 1545
 Sori he was & no-þing glad:
 þat he haþ his folk for-lore,
 Sorweful man he was þerfore.
 Neyȝe his hert brast for mode,
 & for sorwe¹ ȝede ner wode, 1550
¹ MS. *For sorwe*
 &. When he wist his folk y-slawe,
 & þurch him brouȝt o liue² dawwe.
² MS. *oliue*.
C. 1143. Now haþ Gij miche sorwe made,
 For his felawes he is vnglade.
 'Allas,' quod Gii, 'felawes dere!' 1555
 So wele doand kniȝtes 3e were.
 Al to iuel it fel to me,
 Felice, þo y was sent to serue þe;
 For þi loue, Felice, the feir may,
 þe flour of kniȝtes is sleyn þis day. 1560
 MS. 115v. col. 2. Ac for þou art a wiman,
 Y no can nouȝt blame þe for þan;
 For þe last no worþ y nouȝt
 þat wimen han to gronde y-brouȝt.
 Ac alle oþer may bi me, 1565
 ȝif þai wil, y-warned be.
 Turnb. p. 54,
 1. 1371. Allas, Herhaud, mi dere frende,
 What þou were curteys & hende!
 Who schal me now help in fiȝt?
 Neuer no was no better kniȝt. 1570
 In ich fiȝt wele halp thou me,
 Ful iuel ichaue y-ȝolden it þe;
 For me þou hast þi liif forgon,
 Of þe no tit me neuer help non.

Bot y am eskaped as ye may see.'

'My Nieuu hugon, where is he?' 1540

Quoth the Duke Otes, 'telle thou me.'

'In the playne he lieth sleyn pardee.'

'And the Erle Lambard, the good knyght?'

'Deed he lieth in that fighte.'

WHANNE the Duke Otes herde that, 1545 The Duke was
Full sory he was for that myshap,
very sorry.

For his folke were so sleyn,

And thurgh Guy broughte fro lif to peyne.

For sorowe he waxe all-moste wode,

His herte to-berste wel nyghe for mode. 1550

NOWE GUY maketh sorowe pitously,
And for his felawes wepeth gretly.

Guy lamented
for his fellows,

'Allas,' quoth Guy, 'felawes dere, 1555

So wel doyng knyghtis as ye were.

For thy loue, Felice, faire may,

who died for
Felice's sake.

Floure of knyghtis is sleyn this day. 1560

But he was not
the last,
brought to harm
through a
woman.

Nowe all other may by me, 1565

Yf they wol, warned bee.

Allas, heraude, my dere frende,

That were so curteys and so hende,

Who shaft me helpe now in fighte?

In the worlde nas a better knyghte. 1570

In euery place full wel thou holpe me,

Euy y haue it acuytte the;

For me thou hast thy lif forgoon,

Of the nomore helpe shaft y haue noon.

How mai ich now fram þe wende? 1575

That y no mai dye þe hende!

Acursed be þe Lombardes ichon,

That slowen þe, and lete me gon!

& þat þai hadde y-slawe me,

& leten þe oliue be! 1580

Wharto lete þai me alon?'

þus sir Gij biment his mone.

C. 1179. ¶ 'Allas! alias! Rohaut, mi lord,

þat y no hadde leued þi word!

þan hadde y nouzt y-passed þe se, 1585

Ich hadde bileued at hom wiþ þe;

þus yuel nere me nouzt bifalle,

Y no hadde nouzt lorn min felawes alle.

Who so nil nouzt do bi his faders red,

Oft-sipes it falleþ him qued; 1590

For often ichaue herd it say,

^{1 y illegible in MS.} & y¹ me self it sigge may,

Turnb. p. 55,
l. 1397.

"Who þat nil nouzt leue his fader,

He schel leue his steffader."

What for his woundes þat strong bledeþ, 1595

What for his sorwe þat he ledeþ,

C. 1195. Al for sorwe & for wo

Adoun he fel aswon þo.

When he of swoning vp stod,

His feren he biheld wiþ drery mod; 1600

þan he lepe opon his stede,

To an ermitage he wold ride.

'Ermite,' quod he, 'com wiþ me;

þis hors of priis ȝiue y þe;

MS. 116r. col. 1. To bodis þou schalt in erþe graue, 1605

þat in þis forest ben y-slawe.'

'Blepeliche, sir,' þan seyde he;

'Wende bifore, y folwe þe.'

þe bodis him scheweþ sir Gij,

Boþe Toraud & sir Urry. 1610

A-cursed bee thise Lombardes echooñe, [p. 50]
That slowe the, and lete me goonðe.'

He wished the
Lombards had
slain himself too.

He repented not
having hearkened
to Earl Rohaut

and his father.

What for his woundes that greuously bledeth, 1595

And what for sorowe that he fredeth,

Thus for sorowe and for woo

Adowne he felle in swounyng' thoo.

Whan he of his swounyng' was awaked,

Vp he stode, his sorowe not slaked. 1600

Than he worthe vpon his stede,

And to an hermytage he gan him spede.

'Heremyte,' quoth Guy, 'come with me,

And this hors of pris y yiue to the.

Twoo bodies thou shalt in erthe graue, 1605

That in this forest their dethes haue.'

'Blithely, sir,' seide than he ;

'Wende forthe, y shaH folowe the.'

Than the bodies him shewed Guy

Of Toraulde and¹ of good Vrry. 1610

He swooned
away for woe.

Then he rode to a
hermit's cell,

who promised to
bury

Torand and Urry.

¹ and added over
the line.

Seþþe he lepe opon his stede,
 Herhaud he wil wiþ him lede;
 & so he dede sikerliche,
 & seþþe he was heled softliche,
 Ac no for þan Gij wend wele þere 1615
 þat Herhaud to deþ y-wounded were.

C. 1215. ¶ Now is Gij þennes y-fare;
 For his felawes he haþ gret care.
 Herhaudes bodi wiþ him he bar,
 For he nold it nouzt lete þar. 1620

Turnb. p. 56,
 l. 1423.

He went him to an abbay
 þat was bisiden on the way.
 Wiþ þe gode abbot þer he mett,
 & pitouseliche he him gret:
 'Sir abbot, he þe haue & weld, 1625
 þat made man wex in-to eld!

¹ The first *i* in
trinite added over
 the line.

& for þe loue of þe trinite,¹
 Ich þe hidde, par charite,
 þat þou þis bodi vnder-fo,
 & feir biry þou it do. 1630

Ful wele y schal ȝeld it þe,
 & y mot haue hele, & liues be.'
 'Who artow?' seyd þe abbot, 'telle it me.'
 'Blepeliche,' seyd Gij, 'bi mi leute:

C. 1237. A kniȝt icham of fer cuntre; 1635

At a pas asailed wer we
 Wiþ strong þeues & mani outlawe,
 þat mine feren haue y-slawe;
 & ich me-self am iuel y-wounde,

² MS. originally
leue non.

Y wene y liue no² stounde; 1640
 Ac ȝif y liue, y ȝeld it þe,
 þe trauail þat tow dost for me.'
 þabbot answerd þo:

'Al þi wille it schal be do.'

Turnb. p. 57,
 l. 1449.

Now goþ Gij sore desmaid, 1645
 His woundes him han iuel afreyd.

Sithe he toke another stede,
And Heraude with him he dooth lede,
And rode him forthe aȝ softly :

Herhaud's body
Guy would take
with himself.

For him he wepeth fuȝ hertly,

For he wende in sothe there

1615

That heraude to deth wounded were.

NOWE IS Guy forthe fare,
And for his felawes maketh grete kare.

Heraudes body with him he dooth bere

Forto burye it eȝis-where.

1620

He wente him to an Abbey

He came to an
abbey,

That was ther' beside the highe wey.

The Abbot Guy there he mette,

[p. 51]

And fuȝ pitously he him grette :

'Sir Abbot,' he seide, 'god the blisse

1625 and begged the
abbot

That man made for his owne, ywis :

Aȝ for loue of the Trynyte

I the beseche, for sainte Charite,

That thou this body here, loo,

In a faire buriel thou hit doo.

1630 to bury Herhaud
decently.

Fuȝ weȝ y shaft it yelde the,

And yf y any while lyuyng' bee.'

'What art thou?' quoth the Abbot, 'telle me.'

'Blithely, sir': y sey the,

I am a knyght of farre Contree ;

1635

At a passage assailed were we

On hearing his
tale,

Of stronge theeffis and outelawes,

That my felawes haue broughte to dethis dawes ;

And y meself haue many a wounde,

That y wene y shaft lyue noo stounde ;

1640

And if y lyue, y shaft yelde it the,

The trauaille that thou doost for me.'

To Guy answerd the Abbot tho :

the abbot agreed.

'Aȝ thy wille, sir, shalbee doo.'

Nowe gooth Guy sore dismaide,

1645 Guy passed on in
woe

His woundes haue him sore affraide.

- To an ermite he is y-go,
 þat he was ere aqueynted to ;
 MS. 116r. col. 2. His woundes *per* hele he dede
 Wipouten noise in that stede. 1650
- ¹ MS. of *toun*. Miche he him dradde þe douk Otoun,¹
 So ful he was of tresoun.
- C. 1253.** ¶ þabot of whom ich er of teld,
 On Herhaud he hadde gret rewþe to biheld ;
 He dede beren his body 1655
 Into a chamber to vnarmy.
 A monk of þe house biheld him,
 Bodi & heued & ich a lim.
 þilke monk sorgien was,
 þe vertu he knewe of mani a gras ; 1660
 þe wounde he biheld stedefastliche,
 þat in his body was so griseliche.
 Bi the wounde he seye y-wis
 þat to þe deþ wounded he nis,
 & seye þat he hym hele miȝt ; 1665
 & so he dede ful wele, y plizt.
- B**i þe moneþ ende at eue
 Gij was al hole & toke his leue
 From þe gode ermite, he went his way
- C. 1272.** Toward Poile, also þe way lay. 1670
- Turnb. p. 58,
 l. 1475. To þe king he is icome
 þat him bede mani warisone,
 & miche tresour of siluer & of gold ;
 Ac Gij þerof non haue no wold.
 At ich plas & turnament 1675
- C. 1286.** Gij hadde þe priis verrament.
 Was *per* non in al þat lond,
 þat his dent miȝt astond.
 þerfore men loued him swiþe miche,
 & vnder-fenge him blepeliche ; 1680
 Alle gode men he was leue & dere,
 & wiþ hem alle pleye-fere.

To an heremyte he is goo,
 That he was acqueynted with or thoo ;
 His woundes hele there he dedde
 Withoute noyse in that stede ;
 For moche he dredde the Duke Otoun,
 Full of hatrede and of treasoun.

to a hermit,

who healed his
 wounds.

1650

NOWE THE Abbot of wom y you telle, [p. 52]
 Of heraude hath grete reuthe with-aȝ ;

As for Herhaud,

He lete bere his bodye

1655

In-to a Chambre to vnarme lightly ;

And whan they had vnarmed him

A monke behelde euery lymme.

a monk saw that
 his wounds were
 not mortal,

The same monke a phisician was,

The mighte he knewe of many a gras.

1660

The woundes he behelde stedefastly,

That in the body were so grisely.

By the woundes he sawe ywis

That he to deth ne wounded is,

And that [he] him hele might ;

1665

and succeeded in
 restoring him to
 life.

And so he dooth sothely aplight.

In the meane tyme, ye may me leue,

Guy was heled and toke his leue

Of the good heremyte and wente his wey

Guy, now cured
 also, passed into
 Apulia,

Toward Poyle right as he may.

1670

To the king of Poyle he was welcōme,

And that he knewe full sone.

whose king
 welcomed him
 greatly.

Of siluer he bade him and of golde,

And Guy therof nought take wolde.

At euery place in turnement

1675

Guy had the pris verament.

Was ther noon in aȝ the londe,

That Guyes dyntes might withstonde.

Therfor men loued him swithe,

And vnderfange him full blithe ;

1680

With aȝ good men he was leef and dere,

And therwith-aȝ their pleyfere.

Atte king he toke leue þo ;

Into Sessoyne he is ygo.

¶ Now he is comen to þe douk Reyner,

1685

þat him loued and held dere ;

He him vnder-feng wiþ worþschipe,

& dede him miche manschipe.

So long in þat cuntre bileued he is,

þat ouer alle oþer he is praised y-wis.

1690

Gij him biþouzt þo

þat he hadde þer y-nouȝ ydo :

MS. 116v. col. 1.

Into Inglond he wald wende,

For to speke wiþ his frende ;

For it was ago fif ȝer.

1695

C. 1290. þat he was last þer ;

Turnb. p. 59,
l. 1501.

In lasse while þan þat was

Might falle mani wonder cas.

þurch cuntres has he hadde y-went,

Quens and cuntas him haȝ of-sent,

1700

Ac non of hem he nold sikerliche

Bot Felice þat he loued so miche.

What for his miȝt and his godenisse,

For his nortour and his largesse,

þer nis kniȝt þat so miche preysed be

1705

Unto Antiage, þat riche cite.

¶ Gij him spedde niȝt & day ;

Into Inglond he toke þe way.

Of Gij ichil lete now,

And more after y schal tel ȝou ;

1710

Of Herhaud ichil telle astounde

þat wele is heled of his wounde.

When he feld him hole & fere,

Of þabot he tok his leue þer ;

His lord Gij he goȝ secheing

1715

Niȝt & day, him for to finde :

Toward Inglond he tok his way,

Crist him saue, so wele he may !

- At the king^e he toke his leue thoo ; [p. 53] Thence he passed
 In-to Cessoigne he is goo. into Saxony,
- He is come to the Duke Reyner, 1685 and was well
 That him loued and had full deer^e ; received by Duke
 And he him fange full worshipfully, Reynner.
 And did him honour^e full manly.
- So longe in the Contree ther^e his duelling^e is,
 That ouere all other he bereth the pris. 1690
 Guy him bethoughte thoo Once more
 That he had enough ther^e doo :
 To Englonde he thoughte to wende, he resolved to
 For to speke with his frende ; return to
 For it was agoo .v. yere 1695 England.
- That he was laste there ;
 In lasse stounde than that was
 Befalleth many a wonder cas.
 Thurgh the contrees as he hath wente,
 Quenes and Contasses for him hath sente, 1700
 And noon he wolde sikirly
 Bot Felice that he loued so hertly.
 What for his miche goodnesse,
 And for his might and large prowesse,
 Ther^e nys knyght that so moche preised bee 1705 No knight was so
 Anone to Antioche, that good Citee. praised as he.
- Guy him spedde nyghte and daie,
 Toward Englund he toke his weye.
OFF GUY y shaH leue nowe,
 And a liteH while telle yow 1710
 Of heraude another stounde,
 How he was heled of his wounde.
 Whanne he felte him-self hooH and quarte, [p. 54]
 Of the Abbot he toke his leue and did departe ;
 His lorde Guy he gooth seching^e 1715
 Nighthe and daye for him bidding^e,
 As Guy toward Englund toke his wey :
 Crist him saue that best may !
 was making his
 way toward
 England.

- C. 1315.** At a pinnacle bi þe se
 Gij seye a man of rewly ble 1720
 Go in pilgrims wede :
 þat was Herhaud, so god me spede !
 Turnb. p. 60, l. 1527. Gij him cleped wel swiþe to him,
 & seyð, ' wen comestow, pilgrim ?'
 ' Sir,' he seyð, ' y com fram Lombardy, 1725
¹ *Of hardschipe?* Of hard y-schaped¹ for þe maistrie ;
- & lorn ichaue mi kinde lord :
 Gode kniȝt he was and bold. 1730
² MS. *of toun.* Bitraid ous hadde þe douk Otoun² :
 Haue he Cristes malisoun !
 In þis wise ichil go,
 & bid for mi lord euer mo.'
 ' Pilgrim, say me trewelich, 1735
 What hete þe man þou loued so miche ?'
 ' Gij of Warwike was his name :
- C. 1336.** A kniȝt he was wiþ-outer blame.'
 MS. 116v. col. 2. Wiþ þat he gan to sike sore,
 & wepe wiþ his eyȝen þerfore ; 1740
 He him miȝt no lenge at-held.
 Gij him gan reweliche biheld :
 ' Gode man,' quod Gij, ' for þi leute,
 What is þi name ? telle thou me.'
 ' Herhaud of Ardern, bi mi leute, 1745
 Ich was y-born in þat cuntre ;
 Fif ȝer þus ichaue y-go
 To seche Gij y loued so.'
- C. 1343.** When Gij herd Herhaud speke,
 Him thouȝt his hert wald to-breke, 1750
 Turnb. p. 61, l. 1553. & in his armes he hap him take,
 & gret ioie wiþ him gan make ;
 Him he kist wel mani siþe :
 For ioie he wepe, so was he bliþe.

- At a pynacle of the see
 He sawe a man sitte of ruly blee 1720
 In a pouere pilgrymes wede,
 And that was heraude veraily in-dede.
 Anone Guy cleped to him,
 And seide, 'of whens art thou, pilgrym?'
 'Sir,' he seide, 'fro Lombardie.' 1725
 'What tydingis there?' quoth sir Guye.
 'By god,' quoth heraude, 'y kan noone;
 For many a daie it is gooñe
 That y loste my kynde lorde
 That good knyght was, at a worde. 1730
 Betraye vs did the Duke Otoun:
 Haue he cristis malison!
 Therfor' in this wise y shañ goo,
 And bidde for my lorde euere moo.'
 'Sey me, pilgrym,' quoth Guy, 'truly, 1735
 What height that man that thou loued so hertly?'
 'Guy of Warrewik was his name:
 A knyght he was withoute blame.'
 With that he gan sighe sore:
 He wepte and seide 'allas' euermore; 1740
 He might it noo lenger kepe in holde.
 Guy fuñ ruly he gan him beholde.
 'Good man,' quoth Guy, 'for thy leaute, [p. 55]
 What is thy name? telle thou me.'
 'Heraude of Ardern meñ clepe me 1745
 In contrees there as y haue bee.
 .V. yere y haue thus goo
 Seching' my lorde Guy that y loued so.'
 Whan Guy herde heraude so speke,
 Of his teres he gan downe reke. 1750

Guy met him by
 the sea in
 pilgrim's weeds,

and learned
 that he came from
 Lombardy,

where he had lost
 his lord,

through the
 treachery of
 Duke Otoun.

His lord's name
 was Guy of
 Warwick,

and he himself
 Herhaud of
 Ardern.

Guy wept
 for joy.

- 'Hayl, Herhaud, maister min ! 1755
 No knowestow nouȝt norri þine ?'
 'Certes,' quod Herhaud, 'sir, nay :
 Ded he was for mani a day.'
 He him answerd, 'icham Gij !'
 'Sir,' quod Herhaud, 'merci !' 1760
 Sone so Herhaud vnder-stode
 þat it was Gij þat was so gode,
 For ioie he fel aswon anon ;
 Gij him in his armes nome.
 þer men miȝt se ioie make 1765
 Aþer kniȝt for oþer sake ;
 þer nas non þat it y-seye,
 þat he no wepe wiþ his eyȝe.
- C. 1357.** ¶ Adoun þai sett hem boþe þare,
 & aþer teld of oþeres care. 1770
 Sir Gij haþ Herhaud y-teld
 Hou he him ladde out of þe feld,
 For to birry him at on abbay
 þat was bisiden on þe way.
- ¹ *z* on erasure. & seppen¹ haþ Herhaud y-teld 1775
 Hou his woundes weren y-heled,
 And þat mani lond he hadde ouergo,
 To seche his lord wiþ sorwe & wo.
 On hors þai lopen anon wiþ þis
 Vnto a cite wiþ ioie and blis ; 1780
 þan dede Gij Herhaud baþey
 & wiþ riche metes comforti.
- MS. 117r. col. 1. From þennes þai went to þe douk Miloun,
 And to him þai ben ful welcome ;
 Of her auentours þai teld him þere : 1785
 Hou þo was gode þat wicke was ere !
 þer þai maden her dueling
 Long anouȝ to her likeing.
- C. 1383.** ¶ At the douke þai token leue þo,
 For in-to Ingland þai wald go. 1790

'Allas, heraude, maister myn!
 Knowest not Guy, a felawe of thyn?'
 'Certes,' quoth heraude, 'sir, nay:
 Dede he was goon many a day.'
 And he answerd, 'y am Guy.'
 'A, sir,' quoth heraude, 'mercy.'
 As sone as heraude vnderstode
 That he was Guy, the knyght goode,
 In swowe he felle adowne anone,
 And Guy in his armes him toke full sone.

1755 He told Herhaud
that he was Guy.

1760

They fell in each
other's arms and
wept.

Adowne they sette theim bothe there,
 And tolde eche other of their kare.
 Sir' Guy hath heraude telde
 How he him bare oute of the felde,
 For to burye him at an Abbey
 That was there beside the highe wey.
 And than heraude he him telde
 How his woundes were heled,
 And thurgh how many londes he had goo
 Seching' his lorde Guy with sorowe and woo.

1770 They sat down,
and told each
other all that had
befallen them.

1775

THEIR HORS they toke after this,
 And rode to the next Citee ywis;
 There did Guy Heraude in herbes bathy, [p. 56]
 And with good metes him comforte hertly.
 Fro thens they wente to the Duke Mylone,
 To whom they bothe were welcome.
 Of their' auentures they tolde there,
 And thanked good in many maner'.
 At the Duke they toke their' leeuë thoo,
 Toward Englund they gan' goo.

1780

Guy took
Herhaud to Duke
Miloun.

1785

They now
resolved to return
to England.

þe douke hem wald lenger duelle,
 Ac it nas no-thing in her wille
 þer to bileue wiþ him no more,
 & þat biþouzt þe douke wel sore.

¹ MS. *seyntomer*. Toward Seynt Omer¹ he is y-go, 1795

Herhaud þe gode wiþ him also ;
 Toward þe se þai token her way,
 So swiþe her hors hem bere may.
 When þai ben to toun y-come,
 Her in þai han sone y-nome. 1800

C. 1395. To a windowe sir Gij is go,

Turnb. p. 63,
 l. 1605.

In-to þe strete he loked þo ;
 A palmer he seþe cominge,
 Messaisliche bi þe strete walkinge.

To him haþ y-cleped sir Gij, 1805

& curteysliche gan him axi,
 'Weltow herberwe ? for it is nigt ;
 For ferþer go þou no miȝt.'

þe pilgrim answerd Gij,

'Swete sir, gramerci !' 1810

Gij doþ him þan bileue,

Ferþer he no may, for it was eue ;

& seþþe he badde he schuld him say

Sum soþ tidinges of þe way,

Ȝif he herd neye oþer fer 1815

Speken of batayle & of wer.

'Ichil þe telle,' he seyde, 'fot hot

Of al þe wer þat y wot :

þerof is mani man aferd ;

Of stronger sorwe no haue ȝe herd.'

¶ Gij seyde to him, 'telle it me.' 1820

'For soþe y graunt,' þan seyde he.

C. 1413. **O**f Almaine þe riche emperour,

² he dotted before
 he.

Reyner, þat weldeþ þat anour,

þe douke of Lowayn he² haþ bisett,

His men slain, & þat is vnnett ; 1825

- To seynt Omers is Guy comē,
 And heraude with him aH and some.
 Towarde the see they take their' wey,
 As swithe as the hors theim bere may.
 Whan they to the Town were comē,
 Their' Inne they take full sone. 1795 But at St Omer,
 To a wyndowe is Guy goo,
 Into the strete he behelde thoo;
 A palmer' he sawe comyng',
 Easely by the wey goyng'. before putting to
 sea,
 To him than cleped Guy, 1800
 And curteisly he gan him asky,
 'WoH thou herburgh? for it is nyghte;
 For fa[r]t[h]er thou ne goo myghte.'
 The palmer' answerd to Guy,
 'Sir,' quoth he, 'grauntmercy.' 1805
 To sitte downe Guy gaue him leue,
 Farther' he ne myght, it was nyghte eeue.
 Than he praide him he wolde him sey
 Some tidingis, yf he kouthe, of the Contrey,
 Yf he herde nyghte or farre
 Speke of bataille or of werre. 1815
 'I shaH telle,' quoth he, 'fote hote [p. 57]
 Of grete werre that y wote:
 Of a strenger y haue not herde;
 Therof is many a man ferde.' 1820
 Guy him seide, 'telle it me.'
 'Forsothe y graunte,' seide he.
 'Of Almaine the Emperour',
 Reyner, that is of grete honour,
 The Duke of Louaigne hath bee-sette,
 His Castell's destroyed withoute lette;
 1825 The palmer told
 how
 the Emperor of
 Germany
 had besieged
 the Duke Segyn,

- MS. 117r. col. 2. For his nevou þat he slouȝ,
 Wiȝ wer he doȝ him wo anouȝ.
- Turnb. p. 64,
 l. 1631. Almost a ȝer it is ago,
 A turnament þer was y-do ; 1830
- C. 1425.** þe douke Segyn was þer þo,
 þat al Lowayn¹ bilongē to,
¹ MS. *alowayn*. Wiȝ his² kniȝtes of his lond,
² þe? þider come her miȝt to fond.
 When þe turnament com to þende, 1835
 þe douke Segyn þennes wald wende :
³ on erasure. Wiȝ þat come Sadok³ prikeing,
 þe douke Segyn vnder-secheing ;
 Wiȝ þe douke he hadde gret envie,
 For he was gode kniȝt for þe maistrie. 1840
 Sadok was y-hoten þat gome,
 Out of Mirabel he was y-come ;
 Of turnamens he was praised þo.
 His hauberk was of y-do ;
 In sengle armes he was y-diȝt. 1845
 Y-preysed he was for a gode kniȝt.
 To þe douke he seyð, ‘wende tow þe ;
 Ones þou schalt justi wiȝ me,
 As kniȝt that wele alosed is ;
 Sone it worȝ sen y-wis.’ 1850
- C. 1449.** ‘**S**adok,’ seyð Segyn, ‘lete me be,
 Wiȝ gode loue y pray þe ;
 Wiȝ þe to justi haue y no wille,
 For y þe loue, and þat is skille,
 & to eken þat þou art mi lordes nevou : 1855
 His soster sone so artow ;
 Unworȝschip it wer to me
 ȝif y schuld iusti wiȝ þe.
 Ac go in, and arme þe snelle,
 And y com anon, y nil nouȝt duelle.’ 1860
 Seyð Sadok, ‘to arwe artow,
 When ones justi no darstow now.

For his Neuyeu that he slowe,
 He hath wroughte him moche woo nowe.
 AH-moste a yere it is goo,
 At a turnement that is doo,
 The Duke Segwyn was ther' thoo,
 That aH louaigne belongeth vnto,
 With aH the knygh̃tes of his londe
 That thider come their' might to fonde.

1830 because the latter
 had slain the
 Emperor's
 nephew at a
 tournament.

Sadok, jealous of
 Segyn, had,

though unarmed,

desired to joust
 with him.

Segyn
 declining the
 combat,

- Now ichil þe for a couward held,
 & for a kniȝt vnwrast in feld :
 Bot þou wilt wiþ me justi, 1865
- ¹ MS. Ichill. Ichil¹ þe don a vilani.
 Hennes forward war þe fro me,
 þi dedliche fo ichil now be !'
- C. 1465.** Now Sadok smot to Segyn,
 MS. 117v. col. 1. & nothing he no spared him ; 1870
 Sadok toforn haþ him smete
 Of his scheld a quarter wiþ gret hete,
 þat he him wounded þurch þat arm,
 & he him wreped for that harm ;
 So strong is þat strok y-ȝiue, 1875
 þat his helme is al to-driue.
 þe douke him wreþþed for þat smite,
 & was ful wroþ, ȝe mow wele wite,
 & þurch þe bodi he Sadok smot,
 þat ded he fel down fot hot. 1880
- Turnb. p. 68,
 l. 1683. Wiþ þat he is out of the place y-went,
 For þer was ȝiuen a sorwe-ful dent.
 With him he dede þat bodi lede
 Unto an abbay, and biri it dede.
 þe douke Segin anon riȝt 1885
 Into the cite of Arrascoun him haþ y-diȝt :
 þer-in he holt him soiourninge
 For drede of þemperours cominge.
- C. 1497.** ¶ & when þemperour herd þis cas,
 þat his nevou y-slawe was, 1890
 Ouer al his lond his hest he bede
 To com to him for grete nede.
 & when þai al icomen beþ,
 þe douke of Lowayn he sege deþ ;
 No wil he neuer þennes come, 1895
 Er the douke be ded or nome.'
- C. 1531.** **W**hen þe pilgrim hadde al y-teld,
 Gij him herkened & biheld ;

had been called
a coward,

and at once
attacked by
Sadok.

In the fight that
ensued

Sadok was slain.

And Segyn
withdrew to his
city Arrascoun.

Whan the Emperour' herde that cas,
That his neuveu so slayne was,
Ouer' aH his londe he bade his hooste
To come to him for his socour' moste;
And whan they aH assembled were
The Duke of Louaigne he besegeth there:
He ne woth thense goone,
Tith the Duke bee dede or noome.'

WHANNE the pilgrym had aH telde,
Guy him herkened and weH behelde.

The Emperor

1890

had gathered a
large army,

1895 and now besieged
the Duke.

- He stont & bipouzt him 3erne,
 Wheþer he forþ go oþer ozain terne. 1900
 He seyð to Herhaud, 'what rede [3e] ?
 Sum gode *conseyl* 3if þou me,
 3if we forþ in our wai go,
 Oþer to þe douke him socour to do.
 þat tow me redest, don y wille ; 1905
 þi *conseyl* forsake y nille.'
- C. 1543.** ¶ þan seyð Herhaud i-wis,
 Turnb. p. 67,
 l. 1709. 'Y 3if *conseyl*, & gode it is ;
 Hem to help men schul spede
 þat to help han gret nede. 1910
 For los and priis þou miȝt þer winne,
 & manschip to þe & al þi kinne.'
 'Sir Herhaud,' quod Gij þe gode,
 'þilke lord þat died on rode
- MS. 117v. col. 2. þe blisse, & saue þe, 1915
 For gode *conseyl* 3if[es]tow me.'
 Gij him graiþed & made him 3are
- ¹ MS. *loreynie*. Into Loweyne¹ for to fare ;
 & wiþ him oþer fifti kniȝt,
 In feld þe best þat miȝt fiȝt. 1920
 Y-comen þai ben to Arascoun,
 To þe douke þai ben wel-com.
 In þe cite þai han her in y-take ;
 Mani wer bliþe for her sake.
- C. 1569.** Gij bi þe morwe aros þo, 1925
 Riȝt to chirche he is y-go :
 Matins & masse he herd þere,
 & seþþe went hom wiþ his fero.
 Bi þe strete he seye miche folk erne,
 Hemself to were þai most lerne. 1930
 Sir Gij to his ost sede,
 'What is al þis ? so god þe rede,
 Bele ost,² y hidde, say þou me,
 What may al þis urning be ?'
- Turnb. p. 68,
 l. 1735.
² *ost* added over
 the line.

He bethoughte than full yerne,	[p. 58]	Guy
Yf he might goo forthe or ayene tourne.	1900	
Than seide he to Heraude, 'what rede ye?		
Good counsaile, sir, y pray the,		
Yf we in oure wey forthe goo,		naving asked
Or to the Duke wende and socour him doo.		
What thou me redest y doo shaft;	1905	
Thy counsaile y woht not forsake at aH.		
Than seide heraude y-wis,		
'I yiue the counsaile that good is;		
Him to helpe ye shaft the better spede,		the advice of
And also therfor haue grete mede:	1910	Herhaud,
A good name and pris thou may ther' wynne,		
And worship to the and aH thy kynne.'		
'Sir heraude,' quoth Guy the good,		determined
'That lorde that deide on the Rood		
Blisse nowe and saue the,	1915	
For good counsaile thou yiuest me.'		
Guy him thanked and made him yare		to help the Duke,
Streighte to Louaigne for to fare,		
And with him other fifty knyghtes,		with 50 other
The beste that might bee in any fightes.	1920	knights.
Come they bee right to raumpsome,		He repaired to
To the Duke they bee full welcome.		Arascoun.
In the Citee they haue their' Innes take;		
Gladde were many for their sake.		
Guy on the morowe aroosse thoo,	1925	The next
Right to Chirche he is goo.		morning,
Masse and matyñs he herde there		
And after to his Inne did fare.		after mass,

Guy to his hooste than seide,	[p. 59]
'What is aH this? thou me rede.	
Bele hooste, sey thou me,	
What may aH this doynge bee?'	

learning that

- 'Sir, ichil þe telle,' þan seyð he, 1935
 'No word nil ich lyȝe þe;
 It is þemperours steward,
 A gode kniȝt and no coward
 (Anon to Speyne his better nis),
 & with him gret compeynie y-wis, 1940
 An hundred kniȝtes gode of ker,
 Her better no may wepen ber.
 þe cite þai han bisett:
 Ȝif ani kniȝt be out y-mett,
 He no mai nouȝt passe vn-y-nome, 1945
 Oþer y-slayn atte frome.'
 Þan seyð Gij, 'lordinges, kniȝt,
 Oȝains hem we wil ous diȝt.'
 Sone þai ben in þe way y-don.
C. 1605. þe steward seþ hem anon: 1950
 þider-ward he him diȝt,
¹ MS. *akniȝt*. Also a kniȝt¹ of gret miȝt.
 His armes þan he ginneþ riȝt,
 Oȝaines Gij he ritt apliȝt;
 Anon to-gider þai gun smite, 1955
 Aiper spard oþer bot lite.
 Gij þe steward so hard smot,
 Of his stede he feld him fot hot;
 þan he smot him wiþ his swerd broun
 Turnb. p. 69,
 l. 1761. MS. 118r. A quarter of his helme adoun. 1960
 col. 1.
 þurch grete strengþe he him wan,
 & hom wiþ him ladde him þan.
C. 1631. When þe Almaines þat y-seye
 þat strong wer, and of fiȝt sleye,
 Her lord nomen in þat fiȝt, 1965
 Owai þai priked wiþ al her miȝt.
² MS. *ascheld*. þer was þirled mani a scheld,²
 Mani a kniȝt lay in þe feld;
 Gij is oȝain went wel sone,
 & al his feren mid-y-done. 1970

'I shaft the telle,' seide he, 1935

'And noo worde concele fro the ;

This is the Emperours stywarde,

the Emperor's
Steward

That good knyght is and noo cowarde

(Fro hense to Ispaigne his better nys),

And with him grete companye ywis, 1940

An hondred of knyghtes stronge,

That noon better wepon doo fonge.

AH this Citee they haue besette :

was before the
town,

It to destroye they woH not lette,

Nor noo mañ eskafe or noñe 1945

Or sleyne certaine fuH soñe.

THANNE seide Guy, 'Lordingis and knyghtis,

Ayenst them lete we dresse vs.'

Anone they haue them in wey doon.

Guy sallied out,

The Styward sawe them anoon :

1950

Thiderwardes he him dighite,

As a knyghte of grete mighte.

His armes faste he gan arraye,

fought with the
Steward,

For formest Guy he thought assaye.

To-geder anone they gan smyte, 1955

Eche spared other bot alyte.

Guy first to him smote,

That of his stede he felled him, god it wote,

And thanne he smote him with a swerde brown, [p. 60]

That a quarter of his helme he felled down. 1960

So thurgh grete strength ther' he [is] noñe,

And by treuthe his plighite mañ is becoñe.

and took him
prisoner.

Whan the Almaines that seye

That stronge were and in fighite fuH sleye,

That their lorde was take in that fighite, 1965

And¹ prikke away with aH their mighte.

¹ They?

There was perced many a shelde,

Or they were past aH the felde.

Than Guy ayene wente fuH sone,

And his felawes with him echone. 1970

- ¹ *Almaines*? þe Lombardes¹ þai leggen fast opon,
 Nil þai spare neuer on.
 When þe kniȝtes of þat cite
 þis dede alle y-seyȝen he,
 To army he[m] wel fast hy goþ, 1975
 Gij wel gode socour hij doþ;
 & seþþen þai went forþ ariȝt,
 & Gij socourd ful wele apliȝt.
 Swiche strokes men miȝt þer se
 Togider smiten þo kniȝtes fre : 1980
 Boþe wiþ launce and wiþ swerd
 Thai ȝiuen mani strokes herd.
 þer miȝt men se stray þe steden,
 So mani kniȝt cri & greden,
 þat wer þurch þe bodi wounde, 1985
 & ded fellen on þe grounde.
- C 1657.** ¶ Michel him peyned sir Gij,
 & Herhaud of Ardern sikerly :
 þis Almayns þai han ouercome,
 Sum y-slawe and sum y-nome. 1990
 þan sir Gij anon riȝt
 Into þe cite he him diȝt,
 Boþe he & his ferred :
 þe prisouns wiþ hem þai lede.
 Into þe cite þai ben y-gon, 1995
 & to her innes þai wenten ichon.
 Proude þai ben alle & some
 þat þe Almainis ben ouer-come,
 When þe douke yherd þis tidinge,
 For blis his hert bigan to springe, 2000
 þat Gii of Warwike was y-come
 & hadde þe steward y-nome.
 On his stede he lepe anon,
 To Gyes in he is y-gon;
 ‘Gij,’ he seyde, ‘þou art welcome, 2005
 As of the world þe best gome.
- Turnb. p. 70,
 l. 1787.
- MS. 118r. col. 2.

The knights of
the city

rallied to Guy's
assistance,

and
an obstinate
battle ensued.

The Almailnes they haue ouere-cōme,
Sōme sleyn and sōme nōme.

1990 The Germans
were vanquished.

There Guy and his felawes in that stede
Aȝ their' prisouners with theim lede.
To the Citee they wente anoon,
Eche to his Inne forth is goon.
Proude they were aȝ and sōme
That the Almailnes been ouere-come.
Whan the Duke herde that tydinge,
For ioye his herte gan to springe,
That Guy of Warrewik was cōme,
And the Styward had so nōme.
On a good stede he lepe anone,
And to Guyes Inne he is gooñe.
'Guy,' he seide, 'thou art welcōme,
As in the worlde of aȝ *christen*¹ men

1995 Guy returned to
the city
with many
prisoners.

2000 The Duke was
glad

of the news,

2005 and welcomed
Guy;
¹ MS. *xpen*.

WARWICK.

- Toform al oþer ichaue desired þe : 1905
 God y-thanked mot he be
 þat tow art come wiþ me to ben at nede,
 For now ich worþ þe more loued & drede
 Al of mi dedelich fo,
 þat al þis lond haþ brouzt in wo. 1910
 Sire & lord now ichil make þe
 Of mi court and of mi cite,
 Mine castels & mine londes þer-to eke ;
 & hennes forward y þe biseke
 þatow þe worþschipe vnder-fo, 1915
 & þine hest þerof þou do.
- ¹ originally þi, but crossed out and mi written over it in the same hand.
C. 1700. Bi þi conseyll ichil nov don,
 For to greue mi¹ dedli fon.
 ¶ Wel curteysliche answerd Gij
 & seyð, ‘sir, gramerci. 1920
 Bi mi miȝt ichil help þe
 On ich stede where þat y be.’
 þe steward he ȝelt him þan swiþe,
 Of whom þat he was glad & bliþe ;
 þurch him he wende acorded be 1925
 Of þemperour, his lord so fre.
 Bitvene hem þai tolden tale
 Of her gode frendes fale.
- N**ow sent Gij his sondes about,
 ȝepe men wiþ-uten dout, 1930
 To cuntres þat he haþ þurch-went.
 Grete frendes he haþ of-sent,
 Of barouns and of kniȝtes beld
 þe best þat miȝt wepen weld,
 Bi hundred and bi þousinde, 1935
 þat al wil ben his helpinde.
 þe castels and þe borwes þat lorn were,
 þe douke ozain wan hem þere
 þurch Gyes help & his ferrede,
 þat wele wer helpeand at nede, 1940

Turnb. p. 71,
l. 1813.

Turnb. p. 72,
l. 1839.

Ouer aH other' y haue desired the : 1905
 God thanked mote he bee
 That thou art to me come, [p. 61]
 For nowe y drede nooman).

Lorde and sire y make the 1911 to whom he
 Of my toure and of my Citee, gave power
 My castell's and my londe therto eke ; over all his
 And henseforeward y the beseke dukedom.
 That the lordship thou haue also, 1915
 And aH thy wille therwith doo ;
 For by thy counsaile y woH doon),
 For to greue my dedely foon).'
 FuH curteisly than answerd Guy
 And seide, 'sir duke, *graunt* mercy. 1920 Guy thanked
 With my mighte y shaH helpe the him,
 In euery stede where that y bee.'
 Than the Styward he behelde swithe,
 Of whom he was fuH gladde and blithe ;
 Thurgh him he hopeth accorded bee 1925
 With the Emperour, his lorde free.
 Betwene them two they teld the tale :
 Now yiue vs drinke wyne or ale.
 N^{OWE} sendeth Guy his sonde aboute and induced
 After good men withoute doubte 1930
 In-to Contrees that he hath thurgh-wente.
 Grete multitude he hath for-sente,
 Of knyghtes and barouns bolde
 The beste that wepon in hande may holde. hundreds and
 thousands

The Castell's and the townes that loste were, 1937
 The duke wanne ayene in that yere
 Thurgh Guyes helpe in that stede
 With his felawes that helped well at nede, of others to
 aid him
 in recovering
 his rights.

- Bi him & bi his *conseyl* also,
 þat þennes forward him treweþe wil do.
 ¶ When þemperour yherd þis,
 þat Gij to þe douke ycomen is,
 & þat he hæþ his men ouercome, 1945
 Y-slawe & his steward nome,
 Wroþ & sori he is þer-fore,
 þat he hæþ so his men forlore.
 To his barouns þan he sede :
 ‘Lordinges, what schal me to rede ? 1950
 Neuer no worþ ich glad no bliþe,
 Bot ich be awreken swiþe
 Of Segyn & Gij þat is our fo,
 þat mi folk hæþ brouzt in wo.’
 ‘Sir,’ the douk Paui sede, 1955
 ‘Ther-of þarf þe haue no drede.
 Ar þe þridde day worþ to ende y-brouzt,
 þat play worþ wel dere abouzt ;
 For of þine folk take we wille,
 þat gode ben & snelle, 1960
 þe best doand at swiche nede
 Wip scheld & spere armed on stede :
 Of Sessoine þe douke Reyner,
 & þe *constable* Gaudiner,
 & ich wip hem wil be, 1965
 & gret ferred lede wip me.
 To Arascoun we schul fare,
 3if we þe douk finde þare.
 Bot we þe treytours þe 3elde,
 We wil þatow in prisoun ous held. 1970
 ¶ C. 1749. þemperour answerd : ‘ y-wis,
 A gode *conseyl* so is pis.
 Sir douk Reyner, þou schalt go,
 & þou, *constable*, al-so ;
 Al-so schal þe douke of Pauie 1975
 Wip his grete cheualrie

MS. 118v. col. 1.
C. 1700.

Turnb. p. 73,
l. 1865.

By him and his counsaile also [p. 62]

Fro thense foreward wolþ him trouthe doo.

WHANNE the Emperour herde this,
That Guy of Warrewik with the duke is,

The Emperour,

And that he hath his men ouerecome, 1945

His men sleyn and the Styward nome,

Wrothe and sory he was therfore,

wroth at his
Steward's defeat,

That he his men so hath lore.

To his barons than he seide :

summons a
council.

'How shaþ we doo, and what is your rede ? 1950

I shaþ neuere bee gladde nor blithe,

Bot it bee awreke right swithe

Of Segwyn and of Guy also,

That my folke haue brought in woo ;'

And commaunded his dukes and barons aþ

1955 By the advice of
Duke Otoun,

To bee redy in armes at euery call.

it was determined
that Duke Reynet
with an army
should renew the
siege.

To Arascoun, þat gode cite :
 þe douke & Gij bring to me.
 Who so to me bring hem to,
 Mi loue he schal haue for euer mo.' 1980

'**S**ir,' þai seyð, 'we willen go
 Al þine hest for to do.'

Now hij han her way y-nome,
 To Arascoun þat ben y-come. 1985
 When þai of þe cite wist hem þare,

Turnb. p. 74,
 l. 1891.

Ozaines hem þai diȝt hem ȝare ;
 Hastiliche to armes þai ben y-go,
 Kniȝtes and squiers wiȝ hem also.

[leaf 118v. col. 2]

When þai wer al redi,¹ 1990
 & wele y-diȝt in her parti,

þe douke cleped Herhaud him to,
 & swetely seyð to him þo :

'Sir Herhaud, þou schalt afong
 Four hundred kniȝtes wiȝt and strong 1995
 (þou schalt ȝif þe first asaut

Opon þe Almaundes, sir Herhaud) ;
 & þou, sir Gij, an hundred to þe
 Of mi londe þat best be ;

And ȝif þat Herhaud haue nede, 2000
 Him to help þatow spede,

& ichil com wiȝouten delay
 Wiȝ al þe strengþe þat y may.

Togider wiȝ hem we schul fiȝt,

C. 1792. & hem ouer-com þurch godes miȝt.

As ichaue seyð, loke ye don, 2005
 & goȝ and asaileȝ hem anon.'

² MS. originally
 asaille.

Herhaud ginneȝ hem to asaily.²

þat fiȝt he wil comenci.

Of þe douk Otus Herhaud is vnder-nome 2010
 In þe alder first scheltrome ;

His fo he is euen forȝ his miȝt,
 For he it hap deserued þurch riȝt.

- 'Sir,' quoth they, 'we wolȝ goo 1981
 Aȝ thyn heste for to doo.'
 So they haue their' w[ey]¹ noȝe,
 And to Ransoȝe they bee coȝe.
 Whan they of the Citee wiste them there, 1985
 Ayenst them they dressed in their' gere :
 Hastely to armes they bee goo,
 Knyghtis and squiers bothe twoo ;
 And whan they were aȝ redy
 And well dighte on either party, 1990
 The duke cleped heraude him to
 And swetely to him seide tho :
 'Sir heraude, thou shalt fonge
 Foure hundred of knyghtis good and stronge
 (Thou shalt yiue the first assaute [p. 63] 1995
 Vpon the Almaignes, sir heraude) ;
 And thou, sir Guy, an hundred to the
 Of aȝ my londe the best that bee,
 And if heraude haue nede,
 Him to helpe fast thou spede ; 2000
 And y shalt coȝe withoute delaie
 With aȝ the strengȝ that y maye :
 To-geder with them we wolȝ fighte
 And them ouere-coȝe with goddis mighte.'
 And as they seide so haue they doon, 2005
 And doo them assaille right anon.
 Heraude him gooth first to assaily,
 That fighte for to meyntayny. Herhaud attacked
 Of the duke Otes heraude is vndernoȝe Duke Otous,
 In the vawarde, as it is aboute coȝe. 2010

¹ two letters
 illegible.
 They proceeded
 to Arascoun.

The besieged
 prepared

for a valiant
 defence

under Herhaud

and Guy.

- Turnb. p. 75,
l. 1917. Herhaud him seyde, 'Otus of Pauie,
C. 1804. Understond tow of þat felonie
þat tow in Lombardi ous dedest, 2015
When þou mi lord betreydest.
Wele we schul þer-of awreke be,
ʒif god wil, er þe sonne doun te.'
¶ Otus answerd, 'þou lext on me,
& þat y schal sone kipe þe ; 2020
Gret scorn is here so y go,
Y warn þe icham þi fo.'
- C. 1811.** Togider þai smiten wiþ gode wille,
þat boþe of her hors adoun felle ;
& after þai drouȝ her swerdes newe, 2025
Wiþ gret envie to-gider þai hewe.
þe douk him wereþ miȝtliche,
Herhaud him asaileþ strongliche ;
þurch þe feld he goþ him driueinde.
Wiþ þat com his folk prikeinde, 2030
& her lord rescuweþ þere ;
- C. 1824.** Herhaud to nim angwisous þai were.
[leaf 118r. a] Herha
Wiþ þ
Wiþ [s]¹ 2035
Herh
þan
Non
Turnb. p. 76,
l. 1943. Miche
To þe 2040
Mo þ
þat d
þe do
He seye
He seyde 2045
- C. 1835.** Lordin
No se ȝ
þat d[o]

¹ The letters in
brackets only
partially left.

Heraude to him seide : 'thou Otes of Pauye,

Vnderstondest not of that felonye

That thou in lombardie didest,

2015 reproached him
with his
treachery,

Whan thou my lorde and me betraidest ?

A-wreke we shalt therof now bee,

Yf god wol, or the sonne couere hir blee.'

Otes answerd : 'thou liest on me,

And that y shaft preoue on the.'

2020

To-geder they smyte with good wille,

That bothe of their' hors they felle.

Than they drawe their' swerdes kene,

2025 and would have
slain him

And hewe to-geder sharply, y wene.

The duke him tempteth mightly,

And heraude him assaileth strongly :

Thurgh the feelde he gooth him dryuyng. [p. 64]

With that cometh his folke priking,

2030

That their' lorde reskewe there,

but for the
succour of his
men.

And heraude to take they angry were :

Bot heraude vpon him werred strongly.

With that cometh his folke hastely :

With strength they bee forthe goo,

2035

And heraude they broughte on hors thoo.

Than gan they to-geder smyte :

Noon spared other bot a lite.

The duke Otes had sorowe gretly,

Whan he sawe his folke sleyn so greuously,

And seide to his felawes thoo :

2045

'Lordinges, what shaft we nowe doo ?

Otous called
upon his men

See ye not here a man, by name,

That me dooth harme and moche shame,

	þat ha	
	þour f	2050
	Bot 3e of [h]	
	Mi loue n	
	Wip þat [þ]	
	& to Herha	
	þer is Her	2055
	When he h[a]	
	Ac recouer	
	For gret [s]	
	Herhaud [þ]	
	Ac he him	2060
C. 1851.	W hen Giȝ [s]	
	& out of	
	His helme	
	& his scheld	
Turnb. p. 77, l. 1969.	& his hors	2065
	In strong	
	Wip loude	
	To þe douk[e]	
	He rescuw[e]	
	þe oper þai	2070
C. 1861.	A c when [s?]	
	Arnend he	
	Wip loude [v?]	
	To þe douk [o]	
	þou fals wr	2075
	Wel litel þou þ(?)	

leaf 118^r b and 118^v a torn off.

That hath nyghe sleyn aȝ my men,
 Youre frendes and your' kynnesmen?

2050

Bot ye on him some wreke doo,
 I shaft you neuere loue moo.'

for revenge.

With that they assembled echoon,
 And to heraude they smyte anon.

There is heraude mysse bee-falle :

2055

Herhaud was
hard pressed,

Loste he hath his men alle,

And recouere he shaft sone this ;

For grete socour him cometh ywis.

Heraude they dryue strongely,

And he werred on him hardily.

2060

Whan Guy sawe heraude comyng',

Oute of that stronge fight fleyng',

His helme to-dasshed in stedes moo,

[p. 65]

but Guy came to
his aid.

His sheelde to-hewen aȝ-moste in twoo

(And his hors wounded sawe he :

2065

In stronge fight he had bee) :

With loude steuene than he yede

To the Duke and made assaute full quede.

He rescowed heraude in the felde,

And the other they toke and helde.

2070

Whan Otes sawe sir' Guyon

Guy called Otous

Come rennyng' to him as a lyoun,

With highe voice he gan vpbreide,

And to the Duke Otes thus he seide :

'Thou false and disceyuable traitour',

2075

a traitor,

Fuȝ liteȝ thou thoughte on thyn honour',

Whanne thou bee-traidest me,

And dud my men with sorowe slee

In the forest of playnes, as y forthe come

With my felawes, good knyghtes echoone.

2080

Fro hense forewarde, y telle the,

Thy dedely foo y shalbee.

and threatened to
strike off his head.

In good poynte to bee y am not like,

Tille¹ y haue thyn hede of strike.'

¹ *Thille MS.*

C. 1909.

C. 1917.

With that either' of them pricked his stede, 2085

And in grete wrathe to-gider yede.

Otes smote Guy in the sheelde,

That eueñ half flowe in the felde,

And Guy gaue Otes a wounde :

Guy fell upon
Otous.

Thurgh his theighe he thruste his swerde grounde, 2090

And his hede he had him benoñe,

Had not grete socour' to him the rather' come.

Two hundred knyghtes assailed Guy, [p. 66]

And him wolde haue sleyñ wilfully,

And he him defended as a mañ : 2095

Añ that he smote woo them beecañ.

There they haue their lorde redde,

But Otous al-
though wounded,
was rescued by
his men.

And añ wounded oute of the place ledde.

Guy the Almaignes before him wreketñ :

Many he taketh, and many he sleeth. 2100

Guy them driueth, and fast they flee,

As folke that greuously ouercomee bee.

WITH THAT come the Duke Reyner,
And the Constable sir Gaudemer' :

Guy was attacked
by Duke Reyner
and Constable
Gaudiner,

In a slade they metten Guy, 2105

And strongly on him sette they ;

And Guy him drowe toward the Roume,

And añ his felawes that with him come ;

For ther' were a thousand knyghtes

who came with a
thousand knights.

With them to mete anone Rightes. 2110

'Lordinges,' quoth Guy, 'herken to me :

Thise knyghtis bee comyng' as ye may see,

The Duke Reyner of Cessoigne

And the Duke Gaudemer of Coloigne.

In euery side we bee-sette bee, 2115

So that we may not hense flee ;

And though we might y nelle ;

For forsothe, y shañ you telle,

Better it is to dye manly

It is better to die
like a man than to
flee shamefully.

Than to flee with shame and vilanye.' 2120

C. 1937.

C. 1975.

C. 1989.

Aȝ they answerd in that stede, [p. 67]
 'With the we woȝ abide veraily in dede.'
 To-gider they smyte than faste :
 Of the Almaignes they were not agaste.
 There they beganne aȝ newe fighte, 2125
 Wher-thurgh deide many a good knyghte.
 Guy gooth to smyte Duke Reyner, Guy threw Reyner
 And of his stede he felled him ther'. off his horse,
 Heraude smote to Gaudemer' there, as Herhaud did
 And oute of his sadeȝ he did him bere. 2130 Gaudiner,
 With that cometh forth Gilmyȝ :
 Besibbe he was the Duke Segwyn.
 Than duke Botolf he smote so, and Gilmyȝ did
 That of his hors he felled him tho. Botolf.
 Whan that sawe Duke Reyner 2135
 And the Constable Gaudemer,
 Before theim their folke sleyne, But the Germans
 With grete sorowe and with peyne rallied.
 Their' voices lowde they greyde,
 And assembled ayene with their' ayde. 2140
 With that come the Duke Reyner,
 And Gilemyȝ he mette ther', Gilmyȝ was
 So that the swerde longe and brode wounded,
 Thurgh-oute his hepe it glode.
 Gilemyȝ with-drove abacke fleyȝg', 2145
 Ayene-warde faste priking',
 And is to Duke Segwyn come : and rode away to
 Weȝ he him knewe right soȝe. Duke Segyn.
 'Sir Duke,' quoth Gilemyȝ,
 Thou abidest to longe, by seynt Martyn. 2150
 Socour' thy folke, and that blyue : [p. 68]
 The Almaignes begynne fast on vs dryue.'
 Whan the Duke of Gilemyȝ this herde,
 And of his folke how it ferde,
 He smote his stede and gan to goon, 2155
 To his men he seide anon :

C. 1999. [*the first 11 lines of leaf 118^v b. entirely gone*]

[leaf 118v. b.]

.	[o]n	
.	2165
.	falle	
.	
.	stiel	
.	[h]ond	
.	d	2170
C. 2023.	[R]eyner	
.	er	
.	es fere	
.	
.	ori	2175
.	
.	n	
.	broun	
.	on	
.	non	2180
.	
.	tede	2187
.	
.	me	
.	[o]me	

C. 2043.

Baroñs, knyghtis, strengthe you

Guy wele to socour' now ;

For and Guy bee dede or noñe,

AH we bee thanne ouercoñe.'

2160

With that coñe the Duke dryuyng',

And the Almaignes fast assailling'.

Duke Segyn
attacked the
Germans.

The Duke a knyghte smote anone,

That dede he did him to grounde goon.

Guy they socour' weH with aH :

2165

Many a good knyght he did dede down faH.

On either side they foughte wele

Either side fought
well.

With their' launces and swerdes of stele :

They smote of hedes, armes, and honde ;

AH to-hewen they lye in the sonde.

2170

With that coñeth Duke Reyner',

Sleyne he hath the good Gayer :

In fraunce he was borne, Guyes feere ;

To Guy he was leef and dere.

Gayer was killed
by Reyner.

Whan Guy that sawe he was sory :

2175

To the Duke he smote greuously,

That of his stede he felled him downe ;

And than he drowe his swerde browne.

Suche a stroke he smote him vpon

That dey he wende forth-with anoon.

2180

Sone there beganne a straunge shoure :

[p. 69]

To-geder they smyte knyghtis of valoure.

At last

So many strokes yiuē thou might see

Of the knyghtis that smote so free :

Bothe with spere and with swerde

2185

They yiuē many strokes and harde.

Ther' men might see straye many a stede,

And many a knyght shriche and grede.

the Germans were
vanquished.

Wherto shuld y make a tale of nought ?

The Almaignes were to deth brought.

2190

NOWE BEEN the Almaignes ouere-coñe,

To dethe wounded, and greuously noñe.

	[f]leinge	
	[d]riueinge	
C. 2047.	ode gome	2195
	e	
	fro	
	to do	2200
	t	
	d sket	
	oze	
	[p] me	
	2205
	omen ichon	
C. 2059.	Or ichil telle þemperour						
Turnb. l. 1985, MS. 119r. a.	3e han y-don him gret deshonour,						
	When 3e for a fewen men						
	Schul so sone oway flen.'						2210
	þai turned hem anon riȝt,						
	& bi-gun a newe fiȝt.						
	Al togider þai gun smite ;						
¹ <i>Semblant</i> MS.	Semblant ¹ of loue þai kidde bot lite.						2215
	Heteliche to him smot Gyoun ;						
	His scheld nas nouȝt worþ a botoun,						
Turnb. p. 78, l. 1995.	No his twifold armes halp him nouȝt						
	þat in Loreyn weren y-wrouȝt.						
	Strokes hij togider delden ywis						
	On helmes & on briȝt scheldes ;						2220
	So hard þai striken hem bitvene,						
	þat gode stones fallen þer ben.						
	Aiþer semed a lyoun of mode,						
	So hard þai smiten wiþ swordes gode.						
	Wiþ him smot þe douke Segyn,						2225
	No lenge miȝt he wiþhelden him ;						
	Togider þai smiten hard and wel						
	Wiþ brondes wele wrouȝt of stiel.						

Toward their' hooste they goo fleyng,
The Duke and Guy after theim dryuyng¹.

With that comē priking¹ Terry full sone,

Of Gornoyse Aubries owne soñe,

Of¹ thirty Knyghtis swithe and snelle

Of his owne meyne hardy and felle :

AlH they comē armed the hooste fro,

The Almaignes socour for to doo.

There they haue theim mette ;

With loude steuene withoute lette,

'Lordingis,' he seide, ' how goo ye ?

Ayene wende nowe with me

To assaille eftsones your foon,

Of whom ye bee ouerecoñe echoon,

Or y woH telle the Emperour

That ye haue him doo grete dishonour,

Whan ye for a few meñ

ShuH so swithe away fleen¹.'

Ayene they tourned anone righte,

And begonne there a grete fighte.

Terry beganne a knyghte to smyte,

Semblant of loue he made a luyte.

Hertely to him smote Gyoun ;

His shelde auailed him not a botoun.

2195 Then came Tirri
with thirty
knights.

¹ With ?

2200

At the call of
Sir Tirri

2205

[p. 70]

2210 the flying Ger-
mans turned
again.

Guy engaged
them,

2215

Harde strokes they to-geder deelde

On helmes and on stronge sheelde ;

So harde they striken theim betwene,

That goolde and stones falle ther' been.

2220

assisted by Duke
Segyn.

Thanne comē the Duke Segwyn,

Longe ne might he withholde him ;

To-gider they smyte harde and wele

With swerdes weH wrought of stele.

2225

Wip þat come prikeand Tirri,
 Of Gurmoise þerl sone Aubri ; 2230
 Wel sternliche he smitt a kniȝt,
 þat ded he fel anon riȝt.

C. 2091. So sone so douke Segyn seþ þis,
 Wel wroþ he was wip him y-wis ;
 Wroþlich he seyde to Gij, 2235
 ‘ Here is gret scorn sikerly,
 When þat olepi kniȝt
 Schal ous do so michel vnriȝt,
 & þan wip his saut owai flen.’
 Gij answerd, ‘ turn we oȝen, 2240
 & hardiliche aseyl we hem :
 Anon turn we oȝen.’

C. 2101. þe Almauns þai go to asayl
 Turnb. p. 79,
 l. 2021. Wip gret strengþe in batayl ;
 Sorweful of hem was þe meteinge 2245
 Wip brondes of stiel wele kerueinge.
 Anon þe Almaundes gin flen,
 & þe oþer turnen oȝen.
 þe douk Segyn oȝain come,
 Riȝt to his cite þe way he nome, 2250

MS. 119r. b. & Gij afterward wip him is go, 2255
 & eke his feren also.
 Wip hem þai habben her prisouns,
 Doukes, erls, & barouns ;
 Wel glad & bliþe þan ben he,
 & al þat weren in þat cite. 2260
 To her innes þai ben y-gon,
 Wel glad ben hij euerichon.

C. 2137. þe douke goþ in-to þe tour :
 His prisouns he doþ gret anour,

Than he tourned his stede Tirry,
As a good knyght, and a mighti,
And bakward smote to a knyghte,
That dede he falled him anone right.

2230 Tirri slew a
knight.

Whan the Duke Segwyn sawe this,
Ful wrothe he was ywis,

Segyn was wroth

And aH wrothely seide to Guy,

2235 at Tirri's prowess.

'This is grete scorne sikirly,

Whan aH him self oon knyghte

Shal vs doo this grete vnrighte.'

Guy answerd, 'tourne ayene,

And hardily assaiHe them;

2240

For better it is manly dede bee

Than with shame away to flee.'

The Almaines they goo to assaily,

[p. 71]

And with grete strength ouerecome bee they.

Tirry to them was euere meuyng',

2245 But his men soon
rallied,

And with his swerde gretly harmyng'.

Now goo the Almaines fast fleyng',

And in their fistes their swerdes bering'.

defeated the
Germans,

The Duke Segwyn ayene come,

And lete them passe their wey home.

2250

THANNE the Almaines were thus wente

Discomfited in the feelde and shente,

The Duke Segwyn than wente, as ye may see,

The right way to the Citee;

And Guy of Warrewik with him is goo,

2255

And aH their felawes with them also.

With them they lede their prisounes,¹

¹ prisouners MS.

Dukes, Erles, and also Barounes.

Ful glad and blithe aH they bee,

And aH that were in the Citee.

2260 and returned
triumphant to
the town.

To their Innes they bee goon

Ful gladde and ioyeful euerychoon.

The Duke him wente to his toure:

His prisouners he lokked with grete honoure

Segyn treated his
prisoners very
well,

þerl Reyner of Sessoyne, 2265
 & þerl Gaudiner of Coloyne,
 & wiþ hem þe stewerd,
 þat gode kniȝt was & wel y-herd.

Wiþ him eten he hem dede,
 & more þan himself hem worpschippede. 2270

þe douke his soster cleped him to,
 þe fairest maiden þat miȝt go.

Turnb. p. 80,
 l. 2047.

¹ the *u* has a
 stroke too much.

‘þe prisouns þou nim to þe,
 In þi chamber wiþ þe to be;
 In þi chaumber¹ kepes me 2275

þis gentil kniȝtes hende & fre;
 & ouer alle oþer þe douke Reyner :

In hert he is me lef & dere.’

‘Sir,’ sche seyde, ‘ichil so
 Hem to kepe my miȝt y-do.’ 2280

C. 2153. ¶ Ac þe riche emperour fre,
 Of þis comberment nist he.
 Wiþ a kniȝt he pleyde atte ches
 Of Hungri, þat he loved y-wis.

Wiþ þat com Tirri prikeinge, 2285
 In his fest his brond bereinge :

His hauberk was al to-tore,
 & his nasel aualed bifore.

þurch his bodi þe blod ran;
 Tirri made no semblaunt of þan; 2290

² MS. *alto hewen*. His strong scheld al to-hewen² was,

³ MS. *of þer*. Nouȝt a fot hole þer-of³ nas.

C. 2165. ¶ ‘Emperour,’ he seyde, ‘vnder-stond to me :

Hard tidinges may y telle þe
 Of pine barouns þat y-nome be; 2295

No schal þai neuer com to þe.

Sum be ded & brouȝt to grounde,

& sum be nomen, & sum be wounde :

MS. 119v. a.
 Turnb. p. 81,
 l. 2073.

Y-nomen is þe douk Reyner,
 & þe constable Gaudiner; 2300

- Than,¹ Duke Reyner¹ of Cessoigne, 2265 ¹ *The?*
 And the Erle Waldemer of Coloigne,
 And with them Conrad the Stywarde,
 That good knyght was and not a-ferde.
 With him to ete he theim dude,
 And gretly them he than worshipped. 2270
 The Duke his Suster cleped him to,
 The fairest maide that on erthe might goo.
 'Thise prisioners thou take to the, [p. 72]
 And in thy Chambre thou kepe them me,
- And ouer aH other the Duke Reyner¹, 2277
 That to me is leef and deer.'
 'Sir,' she seide, 'y shaH so
 To kepe them my might doo.' 2280
AND THE Emperour Reyner¹ free
 Of this combraunce ne wiste he.
 With a King he pleide at ches
 Of Hungrye, that he loued y-wis.
 With that come Terry prikingt,
 And in his honde his swerde beringt:
 His harneis was aH to-tore,
 And his vomreH aualed before;
 Thurgh his body the blode ranne,
 And Terry made noo semblant thanne: 2290
 His stronge shelde aH to-hewen was,
 That skantly any hole pees nas.
 'Emperour,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me:
 Harde tydingis y telle the
 Of thy Baroñs that taken bee;
 Ne shaH they neuere come more at the.
 Some bee dede and leyde to grounde,
 And some smitten with dethes wounde.
 Take is the duke Reyner¹,
 And of Coloigne the Erle Waldemer¹; 2300

and committed
 them to the care
 of his sister.

The emperor was

playing at chess

2285 when Sir Tirri,
 in a sorry plight,

brought the bad
 tidings of the rout
 of his men,

þe douke of Paue wounded is
 Wiþ a swerd þurch þe bodi y-wis :
 Of þe deþ he drat him sore,
 Hele no worþ him neuer more.'

C. 2177.

When þemperour herd þo
 What þerl Tirri seyð him to,
 Wel sori he was, & wroþ þer-fore,
 þat neyze he haþ his witt forlore.
 Y-sworn he haþ a wel gret oþ
 Bi god almiȝti al for-soþ,
 þat neuer bliþe no worþ he,
 Al what þat cite y-nomen be,
 & þat þe ¹ traitours ben y-slawe,
 Oþer for-brent, oþer y-flawe.

2305

¹ not quite
 distinct.

C. 2187.

² ost underdotted.

¶ His ² heste he dede cri anon,
 His scheltromes anon he diȝt,
 & redi þai ben al to fiȝt.
 þe feldes þai ben sone ouer-gon
 þat were þe tounes bisiden on,
 Al what hij comen to þe cite.
 Gaier³ þan forþ ȝede he
 Wiþ fif hundred armed kniȝtes,
 Hardi & wele doand in fiȝtes.

2315

³ Gaier on an
 erasure.

Turnb. p. 82,
 l. 2099.

þo þat weren in þe cite,
 On þe Almaynes bihelden he,
 & seye þe cuntres & al þe feldes,

2320

2325

C. 2200.

Wiþ white hauberkes & wiþ scheldes.
 þe douke him com forþ wiþ þat,
 Wele y-armed on stede he sat :
 'Gij,' he seyð, 'what schal we do?
 ȝif we go & smite hem to,
 Or we gon our walles to were,
 þat þe Almayns ous nouȝt dere?'

2330

þan spac Sir Gij fot hot,
 'Wele schaltow do, for-soþe y wot :

2335

The Duke of pauye wounded is
 With a swerde thurgh the body ywis :
 Of deth he dredde him sore,
 To eskaþe he weneth nomore.'

the captivity of
 Duke Reyner and
 Gaudiner,
 and wounding of
 Otoun.

WHANNE the Emperour herde tho [p. 73] 2305 The Emperor
 What the Erle Tirry tolde him to,

FuH sory he is, and wrothe therfore :
 AH-moste he hath his witte forlore.

Swore he hath a fuH grete othe :

By god aH-mighþi and forsothe,

Neuer glad shal bee he,

For that Citee take bee,

And tiH the traitours bee slawe,

In fire brende, or aH quykke drawe.

His trompettis he bade blowe anoñe,

And his hooste to harneys echooñe.

2310 swore that he
 would never
 be blithe again tiH
 he had taken the
 city,

and slain the
 traitors therein.

2315

His whole host

The felde sone they haue thurgh-goon) :

Downes ne valeis they spared noon),

TiH they come before the Citee.

Gonrande than forthe yede he

With .v. hundred of orped knyghþes,

That hardy were and weH doynge in fighþes.

AH that thoo were in the Citee,

Vpon the Almaignes gan beholde and see :

They sawe the Contrees couered and the felde

With white hauberkes, speres, and shelde.

The duke him come forth with that,

WeH armed vpon a good stede he sat :

'Guy,' he seide, 'what shaft we doo ?

Yf we goo to smyte them too ?'

2320

marched to the
 city,

the van led by his
 son Gaier with
 500 knights.

2325

2330

2335 Guy advised
 Segyn to sally out
 with 100 knights ;

'Sir,' seide Guy foot hote,

'FuH weH thou shalt doo, y it wote.

- Nim we now an hundred kniȝtes,
 & go asayl hem anon riȝtes.
 Bifor þe cite y se stond here
 Gaier, þemperour sone Reyner, 2340
 & fif hundred ¹ kniȝtes in her ferred,
 Wele y-armed on heye stede.
 Biforn her ost þei ben y-comen,
 Angwisous ous to nimen ;
 & ȝif we habbeȝ gret nede, 2345
C. 2218. Ozain-ward we mai ous spedē.
 Anon þai nomen an hundred kniȝtes,
 Hardi & of most miȝtes ;
 þai wenten out of þat cite,
 Wel modi men weren he. 2350
 Wip þe Almauns þai wil iusti,
 Nil hii nouȝt wip hem acordi ;
 Togider þai smiten hard & swiȝe,
 Of hors þai fellen mani a siȝe.
 ¶ Sir Gij him smot to Gaier, 2355
 & feld him doun of his destrer,
 & seȝpen he wan him in þat fiȝt ;
 þe oȝer oway flowen ² anon riȝt.
 Toward þe ost þai flowen snelle,
 þe hete was swiȝe strong wip alle. 2360
 Mani þai nomen & bounden fast,
 & ladde into þe cite on hast.
C. 2235. **W**hen þai of þe ost y-seye þis,
 þat her folk ouercomen is,
 & þat was in þat fiȝt y-nome 2365
 Gaier, þat was þemperour sone,
 þan ³ hastiliche þe ost ichon
 Opon Segyn þat smiten anon.
 þer bigan a newe fiȝt,
 Whar-þurch died mani a kniȝt. 2370
 On aiȝer side mani on dyed y-wis ;
 Ac þe douke wers bifallen is,

¹ originally
hundered, but the
 first *e* under-
 dotted.
 MS. 119v. b.

Turnb. p. 83,
 l. 2125.

² originally
blowen.

³ *an* not quite
 distinct.

WoH we take a thousand knyghtes,
 And goo theim assaille anone rightes.
 Before the Citee y see stonde here
 Gaier, the Emperours soñe Reyner,
 And .v. hundred knyghtis at his lede,
 FuH weH armed vpon their stede.
 Before their hoost they bee come :
 Lete vs theim assaille now fuH sone.
 Yf we of socour haue any nede,
 Ayenewarde we mowe vs sone spede.'

which was done.

[p. 74]

2340

Than oute of the Citee bee they goon
 FuH swithe hasty right anon,
 The Almaignes for to assaille :
 Therof they thinke not to faille.
 To-geder they smyte harde and swithe,
 Of hors they felle many a sithe.
 Guy dooth smyte to Gaier,
 And felled him downe right ther,
 And so toke him ther in that fighte :
 The other flowen anone righte.
 Toward the hoost they flee, y you telle,
 The other after, theim to quelle.

2350

2355 Gaier was taken
prisoner,and his men put
to flight.

2360

Whan they of the hooste sawe this,
 That their folke so ouere-come is,
 And that ther was in that fighte nome
 Gaier, the Emperours soñe,
 Than hasted they of the hoost echoon,
 Vpon Segwyn they smyte anon :
 Begonne they haue a fuH stronge fighte,
 Wher-thurgh deide many a knyghte.

The German
main army

2365

attacked Segyn,

2370

and slew many of
his men.

For miche of his folk he les.

Al aunteousliche þer he comen wes.

þurch pride þan ferd he

2375

Fram his ost, and fram his cite.

Turnb. p. 84,
l. 2151.

Wele hii deden no þe les,

He and Gii þat miȝti wes,

¹ originally
þerne, but the
second æ under-
dotted.

& wiþ hem Herhaud of Arderne ;

To hem þai smiten swiþe ȝerne.¹

2380

C. 2253. ¶ Wiþ þat com prikeing Tirri,

þat gode kniȝt was & hardi ;

To þe douk Segyn he smot,

& of his hors feld him fot hot ;

Ac þe douk anon vp stert,

2385

As he þat was agremed in hert,

MS. 120r. a.

& out he drouȝ his sward of stiel,

& defended him swiþe wel.

Whom þat he rauȝt, ded he fel ;

Strong kniȝt he was, hardi & snel.

2390

þer he defended him asperliche ;

þe Almaunis him asayl hastiliche :

Y-loken he was hem amidwerd,

To him þai launced boþe spere and sward.

In mani stede wounded is he ;

2395

C. 2268. Wele he werþe him þei he sailed be.

When Gij seye þe douke of fot,

For sorwe no wist he no bot ;

Wel hardiliche he smot a kniȝt,

þat ded he feld him anon riȝt.

2400

His sward of stiel he haþ up pliȝt,

& smot so anoper kniȝt

Turnb. p. 85,
l. 2177.

þat asailed þe douke Segin,

þat heued sone binam him,

& seþþe he sett him his stede opon,

2405

& fast hii asailed her fon ;

Segyn, Guy, and
Herhaud wrought
wonders.

With that comē priking Tirry, 2381
That good knyght was and hardy :
To the duke Segwyn he smote, [p. 75]
That langestreighte he felled him fote hote ;
And the Duke anone vpsterte, 2385
As he that wrothe was in herte,
And smote aboute with his swerde of stele,
And as a man defendeth him wele.

was pressed hard,

Tirry him assaileth sharply,
And the Almaignes forth-with him hastily :

In many places wounded is he, 2395
That all-moste he weneth dede bee.
Whan Guy sawe the Duke afote,
For sorowe ne wiste he noomaner bote :
There he smote to a knyght,
That dede he felled him anon right. 2400

but rescued by
Guy.

The Duke he sette his stede vpon, 2405
And gooth to assaille than their' foon.
Fro thense woth they neuere drawe,
Till they the Almaignes haue slawe.

þennes nil hii neuer gon

C. 2280. Er hii han slawe mani on. 2410

¶ 'Sir douk,' seyð Gyoun,

'Vnderstond to mi resoun :

To þe cite ozain we wil go,

Ful wele we may it now do ;

A þousand þer beþ of armed kniȝtes 2415

þat sone wiþ ous wil holde fiȝtes ;

& we here lenger duelle

For foles we schullen ous telle.'

Into her cite þai ben y-gon,

Togider þai assembled hem ichon, 2420

¹ i on an erasure. & at þe alours þai ¹ defended hem,

& abiden bataile of her fomen.

C. 2293. ¶ When þemperour y-herd þis,

þat his sone y-nomen is;

Wiþ loude steuen þan hete he 2425

His folk asayl þat cite

Wiþ schot of bowe and alblast,

Wiþ swerdes, speres schete & cast,

Wiþ laddren steye, þat coupe best.

þe cite to asail haue þai no rest, 2430

Turnb. p. 86,

l. 2203.

² MS. *alto dast*.

MS. 120r. b.

Wiþ stones & mangunels fast to cast :

þe fair walles al to-dast.²

& hii wiþ-in fended hem wele apliȝt,

& hii wiþ-uten ȝeld hem gret fiȝt ;

þe Almayns þat ilke day pere 2435

Wiþ gret sorwe y-slawe were.

Strongliche þai asail þe cite,

Ac þat day noþing no speden he ;

At euen þat wiþ-drouȝ hem ozan.

C. 2311. þemperour was þer-fore a sori³ man, 2440

³ MS. *asori*

⁴ *nomight* MS.,
not nought.

þat he no miȝt⁴ of þat cite spede,

No awreken him for no nede.

þe cite ich day what niȝt

þai asailed wiþ gret miȝt ;

The Almaignes on theim *pursewe* so stronge,
That it endure they might not longe.

2410

‘SIR DUKE Segwyn,’ seide Gyoune,
‘Vnderstonde to my reesoun):

At Guy’s advice
they retreated

To the Cite ayene y rede we goo,
For well we may it nowe doo;

For, and we here any lenger duelle,
For fooles we may oure-self telle;
For they been fourty ayenst vs oon.’

Withoute moo to the Citee they bee goon),

2420 into the town.

And at all houres defended theim,

And so refreshed theim-self and their men.

Whanne the Emperour herde this,

[p. 76]

The Emperour
with his whole
army

That his soñe so taken) is,

With lowde steuene than commaunded he

2425

His folke in haste to assaille that Citee

With shotte of bowe and arblaste,

With swerdes and speres shete and kaste;

now assaulted the
city,

Bot they within defende theim a-right,

And they withoute yelde theim euere grete fight:

Bot the Almaignes that daie there

2435

With grete sorowe sleyne were,

but it was well
defended.

And at Euen) they been) withdrawe:

The Emperour was sory in his sawe,

2440

That he ne mighte of the Citee spede,

Ne awreke him at his nede.

Bot for all that the Citee euery day fourtynyght

They dud assaille with grete myght,

The assault,
though repeated
every day,

Ac þe douk, Gij, and Herhaud, 2445
 Oft hem makeþ mani asaut,
 & miche of his folk þan slouȝ hii,
 Wharfore he was in hert sori.

L ordinges, listeneþ to me now !
 Of a tresoun ichil telle ȝou : 2450

¹ þo altered
 from so.

It was opon a somers day,
 þemperour hadde eten, soþ to say ;
 His huntis he of-sent þo,¹
 & seyð he wald on hunting go
 Into þe forest erlike, 2455

Turnb. p. 87,
 l. 2229.

þat þe douk Segyn nouȝt no wite,
 No his kniȝtes neuer þe mo.
 þat him herd a spie þo,
 þat out of þat ost dede him fast,

C. 2336. To þe douke Segyn he com an hast. 2460

² he omitted in
 MS.

¶ þe douke Segyn oxd him snelle
 What newe tidinges he couȝe telle :
 ‘Sir,’ quod [he²], ‘herken to me :
 Gode tidinges y telle þe,
 þat þemperour, sikerliche, 2465
 Wille huntte to morwe arliche
 In his forest priueliche
 Wiþ litel folk & nouȝt wiþ miche,
 Wiþ also litel als he may.

Y no gabbe nouȝt, for soþe to say.’ 2470

þan he hade seyde þus to Segyn,
 ‘Bi Seyn Richer ! leue frende mine,
 Seyð þe douke, ‘and it so be,
 An hundred bessauȝs ȝif y þe.’
 þe spie seyð, ‘soþe y sigge : 2475

C. 2355.
 MS. 120v. a.

My bodi þerfore in ostage y legge.’
 ¶ þan haþ þe douk y-cleped Gij,
 & Herhaud of Arderne sikerlij,
 Dan Belin, & dan Gauter,
 & þe þridde dan Holdimer, 2480

And the Duke, Guy, and heraudes

2445 was unsuccessful.

Mightly withstode their stronge assaute :

Moche folke of his slowen they,

Wherfor' he was in herte sorry.

2448

One day the
Emperor

determined to go hunting next morning.

A spy

informed Duke
Segyn of it.

The Duke told the news to Guy, Herhaud, Belin, Gauter, Holdiner and Joceran,

- & Joceran þat was of Speyne
 (Was non wiser in-to Almayne
 A gode *conseyl* for to ȝiue ;
 þerfore he was michel to leue).
 Turnbull p. 88,
 l. 2255.
- C. 2361.** 'Lordinges,' he seyð, 'what rede ȝe, 2485
¹ MS. *tome* Seþþe þat ȝe be sworn to me ¹?
 What is ous best for to done
 Of our king Reyner? telle me sone.'
 Gij to him answerd snelle,
 'þe best rede ichil þe telle : 2490
 Kniȝtes we schul han a þousinde,
 & bi þe morwe, ȝif we him finde,
 Ichil him bidde wiþ hert fre
 þat he wil acord wiþ þe,
 & þat he cum wiþ þe at ete ; 2495
 & ȝif he seyþ ouȝt wiþ hete,
 þat he it wil graunt for no þing,
 Hider we schul bring þe king.
 & þou schalt here bileue now,
 Opon þi lord go no schaltow ; 2500
 þi palays þou schalt grayþi,
 & riche metes diȝt redi.'
 Þe douk answerd anon riȝt :
 'So help me god, ful of miȝt,
 Also þou wilt, þou schalt do.' 2505
 Wiþ þat is Gij þennes y-go ;
 In-to þe way he dede him anon
- C. 2400.** þer þemperour schuld forþ gon.
 Turnbull p. 89,
 l. 2281. þemperour bi þe morwe aros,
 Into his forest he rideþ & gos : 2510
 A gret bore þai founden, y-wis,
 & hij vncopled her houndis ;
 Her hornes þai blewe loude & stille,¹
 Her houndes vrn wiþ gode wille.
 ¶ þemperour biheld sone wiþ þan 2515
 Unto a dicke² þat water in ran ;
- ¹ *schrille?*
² MS. *adiche*

asking counsel.

Guy offered to
meet the Emperor
in the forest with
a hundred
knights,

ask him to dine,

and at least
bring him into
the city.

The Duke readily
assented,

and Guy set out.

Next morning
the Emperor
repaired to the
forest.
A boar was
unsloughed.

Pursuing him,

- He seyð, 'y-treyst we ben here :
 Sir Tirri, mi frende dere,
^{1 MS. 30u} No sestow hou¹ þat 3onder ride
 2520 Kniȝtes? þai ben of gret pride.
- ^{MS. 120v. b.} On ich halue bisett we beþ,
 Nis her nouȝt bot þe deþ.
 Felawes þai be þe douke Segyn,
 Whom þat god 3if iuel fin!
 Gij of Warwike þer y sey,
 2525 Y-armed on his stede an hey.'
 'Sir emperour,' quod Tirri anon,
 'For þe rode loue þat god was on don,
 Ich þe bidde, hennes go now,
 For godes loue no lenge bileue þou!
 2530 & ichil here bileuen ay,
 & 3if ich Gij mete may,
- C. 2436.** Wiþ meschaunce y schal him gret,
 & al his feren þat y mete.
<sup>Turnbull p. 90,
1. 2307.</sup> Ar ich be ded or nomen be
 2535 þou schalt passe al þis cuntre.'
 þemperour seyð, 'for soþe, y nille :
<sup>2 w in wiþ altered
from 3.</sup> Here ichil wiþ² 3ou duelle.'
 Hastiliche þai armed hem anon,
 & lepe her gode stedes opon.
 2540 ¶ Wiþ þat come Gij prikeinde,
 & a smal twige in his hond bereinde
 Of oliue, in token of pais :
 To þemperour he grad as curteys,
 & seyð, 'god, þat alle þing may se,
 2545
- C. 2452.** Sir emperour, so loke þe
 þiselue, & al þi meyne,
 þat in place wiþ þe be!
 þe douke Segyn þe sent bi me
 þat trewþe & loue he wil to þe,
 2550 & biddeþ þe als his lord dere,
 þeselue, & alle þine fere,

they found
themselves
amid armed men,

among whom
they recognized
Guy.

Tirri advised the
Emperor to
retreat,

but he refused.

Guy approached
with an olive
branch in his
hand,

and in Segyn's
name,

invited the
Emperor
and his com-
panions

þat wiþ þe ben togider here,
 þat 3e come to him to þe dinere ;
 And his gode cite he wil þe 3elde 2555
 Wiþ al his castels he haþ in welde ;
 & 3if he haue don o3ain skille,
 He wille amende it to þi wille.
 ¶ When þemperour herd him speke so,
 & so gret loue bede him to, 2560
 þe king of Hongrie¹ he cleped þo,
 And sir Tirri he dede also :
 ' Lordinges,' he seyð, ' what schal we do ?

¹ o in *Hongrie*
 altered from u.

C. 2472. Rede 3e þat we þider go ?

[A leaf lost: only the capital let- ters of about a third of first page, first col., left.]	þ	2565
	þ	
	W	
	þ	
	H	
	þ	2570
	T	
	W	
	3	
	M	
	Y	2575
	F	
	Y?	

C. 2491.

to dine with the
Duke,
who was willing
to surrender.

WHANNE the Emperour herde him speke so, 2559
And so grete loue shewe him to, 2560

The king of hungry he cleped him to,

And sir Tirry of Gurmeyse also :

'Lordinges,' he seide, 'what shaft we doo ?

Rede ye that we thider goo ?'

Than seide Terry to the Emperour :

2565 On Tirri's repre-
sentation,

'The Duke you dooth grete honour,

Whan he his Citees and Castellis echoone, [p. 77]

That stronge been of lyme and stooñe,

AH deliuere at thyn owne wille

(Thanke thou owest him by reason and skille), 2570

And at thy wille his body doo.

Wende ye thider, y rede you so ;

For, if he doo as thise men haue highte,

More Worship the doo he ne mighte ;

For with strength thou getest this profre neuere, 2575

With all the power that thou kan keuer.'

'I wol,' quoth the Emperour, 'that it so bee,

the Emperor
accepted the
invitation.

Bot that y him nought see,

TiH y haue counsailled me

With my baroñs that in their hostage bee.' 2580

With that they gynne for to wende,

And of accorde speke the knightis hende.

To Ransoñe they bee come,

At Arascoun

And richely there they bee vnder-noome ;

And Guy him dresseth with all his might

2585 they were serued
very well.

WeH to serue bothe baron and knight :

Ther was yoman ne swayne noon,

Bot Guy them yiftes yaue good wooñ.

C. 2509.

C. 2527

- Whan it was nyghte, to bedde they goo,
 And erly arise withoute moo. 2590 The next morn-
 To the Chirche the Emperour is goo, ing the Emperor
 For to here his masse tho. went to church.
- His eerles and barons aboute him gan stonde,
 That were of many dyuerse londe ;
 And the Duke there was nought, 2595
 For the Emperour hym hated in his thought.
 The same daye tymely [p. 78]
 The Duke aroosse full eerly : The Duke
 Rewthfully he dighte him there
 In his sherte allone with open heere : 2600
 A stronge roope he toke thoo,
 And aboute his nekke he gan it doo.
 Than to his prisouners he is goon, asked his
 And them dooth reson oon by oon : prisoners
 ' Lordinges, barouns, y bidde you, 2605
 That ye wold prey for me now
 To our lorde, so well ye may,
 That he me foryue this same day
 His wrathe and his male-talent.'
 And all they him graunte with oon assent. 2610 which they
 Than he threwe his manteil of : promised to do.
- Many man had grete rewthe therof.
 In his sherte he stode allone : In his shirt,
 For him was made mikel mone.
 To the Emperour he gooth soo, 2615
 An Olyue boughwe in his handes twoo,
 That pees shuld beetoken betwene theim.
 All weping his wey forth he doth kenne.
 Thurgh the strete barefote he gooth
 And barehede in his sherte forsoth 2620 and bareheaded,
 With a roope aboute his swere : with a rope round
 Many man behelde him there. his neck, he went
 Erles and Dukes of grete valour towards the
 For him they preide to the Emperour : church.

C. 2539.

C. 2561.

C. 2567.

On their' knees vpon the stoon 2625

For him they besoughte euerychoon,

That he wolde haue mercy of Segwyn [p. 79]

For godd's loue and seynte Martyn.

With that is Segwyn to the Chirche come,

On his knees he felle full sone :

2630

Segyn asked the
Emperor's
mercy :

Of the Emperour' he besoughte mercy

For godd's loue and oure Lady.

'SIR EMPEROUR,' seide Segwyn,

'This daie is come ending' myn,

Bot thou haue mercy on me.

2635

he would rather
die than endure
the Emperor's
wrath any longer

At thy wille it shal bee.

No lenger y ne wolt thy wrath dryue,

While y am man a-lyue,

Bot oute of this londe y shaft goo,

And neuere ayene to come moo.

2640

Here my swerde, thou take it,

And myn hede of thou smyte,

Or what thy wille is, doo by me

(Myn owne Lorde, y wolt it so bee)

For the folie that y dude,

2645

for having killed
his nephew.

Whan y slowe thy neuiew in that stede.'

Than bespake the Emperoures soñe

To his fader and seide : 'sir, of your benesoñe,

Segwyn is a noble baroun.

The Emperor's
son seconded
Segyn's en-
treaties.

Holden he hath vs in prisoun :

2650

To vs he hath bee full kynde,

And to you hereafter¹ may bee well helping.

Bot thou foryieue him thy wrath swithe,

Of me thou shalt neuere bee blithe.'

Thañ seide the Duke Reyner full sone :

2655

'Sir Segwyn is a noble baroun.

Sithe he obeyeth him to thy wille,

[p. 80]

Foryieue him thy wrathe, and that is skille,

Of thy neuyew, that he slow by cas ;

For in his defence, by god, it was.

2660

Duke Reyner
protested that
Segyn slew the
Emperor's
nephew in his
own defence.

C. 2579.

C. 2587.

C. 2597.

C. 2607.

And if any wo^{ll} contrary that y-sey,
 Before you to preoue it my gloue y wo^{ll} ley.
 And bot if thou haue of him *mercy*,
 Euer here-after y shalbee thyn enmy.'

Than co^{me} forthe sir' Gaudemer',
 And thus to the Emperour' he spake there :
 'Sir, y loue the Duke ouere a^{ll} thingi ;

For he vs hath doo grete worshipping',
 And sworne brethern we bee two :

And thou hense forewarde him mysdoo,
 A^{ll} my people y sha^{ll} forsende,

And in-to Coloinge y sha^{ll} wende :
 Thy Castell's and Citees, that been so stronge,
 Destroye y sha^{ll} for thy wronge.

Bot thou mercy of him haue nowe,
 A^{ll} this y sha^{ll} ayenst thy prowē.'

With that co^{me} the Styward forthe :

'Sir, the Duke is moche worthe,
 And grete worship he hath vs doo

(Neuere more yet co^{me} vs vnto),
 Whan he in bataille vs hath no^{me},
 And you hath thus doo hider co^{me}.

Bot thou of him haue the rather *mercy*,
 Euere of me hereafter thou shalt failly.'

With that co^{me}th forth Guy
 Of Warrewik, the Knyght hardy :

'Sir, for godd's Loue y bidde the,

[p. 81]

On this Duke thou haue *mercy* and pitee,

And with that y sha^{ll} your man beco^{me}
 To serue the, Lorde, a^{ll} and so^{me}.'

Tirry is than forthe co^{me},
 Of Gormeyse Aubries so^{ne} :

'Sir, on this Duke ye must haue *mercy*

For loue of thise good men, that stonde you by.

Yf thou haue loste thurgh him

Sadok the hende, that was thy kyn,

2665 Gaudiner,

a sworn brother
 of the Duke's,

2670

even threatened
 to make war upon
 the Emperor if he
 should refuse to
 pardon Segyn.

2675

After him came
 the Emperor's
 Steward,

2680

2685 then Guy of
 Warwick,

2690

and even Tirri.

2695

C. 2613.

MS. fol. 121r. a. ' Sir emperour, wat hastow do ?
 C. 2633. Is þe acord made bitven 3ou to ?
 Astow þe douke Segyn y-kist,
 þe strong traitour & vnwrest ? 2720
 & hap for-3if al in loue
 Sadok deþ, þi suster sone ?
 þat þe wil dred, say me on ;
 þe misdo þai willen ichon ;
 When her wretþe and her gilt 2725
 So liztliche for-3if þou wilt,
 Hennes forward wil þe dred non,
 Schame anou3 þai wil þe don ;
 & 3if þou haddest þe douk anhong,
¹ MS. wil In þi lond men wold¹ þe dred strong, 2730
 & þan after-ward þe treytour Gij,
 þat neuer dede ous bot vilayni.

In his stede y shaH bee,
 And with aH my might serue the.
 Therfor' at an ende y beseche the,
 Foryiue him your wrathe with herte free.

2700

And bot ye wotH that doo,
 Beleue it weH withoute wördes moo.'¹

[¹ Two lines, at
 least, lost.]

So longe they haue the Emperour bede,
 That he is agreable to their rede.

At last the
 Emperor yielded
 to their entreaties,

To theim he seith with herte free :

2705

'Lordes, baroñs, herken to me.

Now ye aH haue bidden so,

For your loue y shaH thus doo,

And for sir' Guy, that is englissH,

That so good knyght and curteys is :

2710

AH my wrathe y foryiue him

For loue of the soules of my kynn,

And for y him so mylde see.

seeing Segyn so
 humble.

Vnderstonde nowe and herken to me :

For he me crieth *mercy* withoute pride,

2715

Mercy he shaH haue to his mede.'

[*A few lines lost* = C 2625—2632.]

But Duke Otoun
 blamed the
 Emperor's lenity.

- Ac now þai worþ wiþ þe priue,
 & better þan alle we.
 & topen al þis, 3if Gij wer ded, 2735
 We miȝten haue þe lesse dred.'
- C. 2645.** **W**hen Gij herd Otus speke so,
 Als a wilde bore he lepe him to :
 'Otus!' quap Gij, 'þou schalt daye,
 When þou of tresoun clepes ous baye, 2740
 Boþe Segyn & eke me :
 þou it schal abie, bi mi leute !'
 Him he smot wiþ his fest
 Amide the teþ, riȝt al in¹ earnest.
 Ac þe barouns bitvene hem goþ, 2745
 & þemperour swore his oþ,
 3if ani þer were so hardy
 þat dede oþer schame oþer vilanie,
 Bren men him scholde, oþer to-hewe,²
 Oþer al to-hewe³ at wordes fewe. 2750
 þan doþ þai crie þurch þe cuntraye,
 þat of þo wordes no man schuld saye ;
 ' & 3if þer doþ, wiþ-uten no,
 Hond oþer fot he schal for-go.'
- C. 2675.** ¶ Than seyð þemperour on þis maner 2755
 To þe douke Segyn oforn hem þer :
 'Sir douke, ichil loue þe :
 Wiif þou schalt haue bi me.
 A feir soster ich haue in mi bour
 Ichil þe 3if,' quap þemperour : 2760
 'Erneborwe hat þat may.'
 Anon he hir spoused þat day.
 þe bridale was holden wiþ game, y plizt.
 Neuer zet nas non fairer in sizt.
 He loued hir, & worþ-schiped swiþe : 2765
 To his cite he ladde hir siþe,
 He and Ernneborwe his leuedi
 þer hii wold soiornij.⁴

Turnbull p. 92,
 l. 2359.

¹ *al in* on an
 erasure.

² a letter erased
 before *hewe*.

³ *to-drawe*?

MS. 121r. b. ;
 Turnbull p. 93,
 l. 2385.

⁴ MS. *soiormij*

Guy, in wrath,

challenged Otoun;

but the Emperor,

on pain of death,

forbade the fight.

THANNE seide the Emperour anone [p. 82] 2755

To the Duke Segwyn, as ye may here echoñ :

'Sir Duke, y shañ loue the :

Wif thou shalt haue thurgh me

A faire Suster y haue in my boure :

I shañ hir yiue the to *paramoure*.'

2760

Erneborugh highte that faire may :

Erneborwe.

Anone he spoused theim that same day.

The brideale was holde with game and pley,

And therof had a ioyefull day.

He loued hir, and worshipped swithe :

2765

To Bornewik he ledde hir blithe,

He and Erneborgh his wif gentiñ

There they wolde soiourne a whiñ.

Segyn was
wedded to the
Emperor's sister,

- Anon after þe tende day
 Of her sojourn, soþe to say, 2770
- C. 2685.** ¶ Gij is to þe douke y-go,
 & at him asked leue þo :
 ‘Sir douk,’ he seyð, ‘gon ich-ille,
 In þis cuntre bileue y nille.
 In wer ich haue serued þe : 2775
 3if þou haue euer eft nede to me,
 After me þou sende sikerliche,
 & ich com to þe hastiliche.’
 ‘Sir,’ quap þe douk, ‘gramerci !
 3ete haue y nouzt serued þe, sir Gij. 2780
 Here, ich bid þe, bileue wiþ me :
 Half mine castels, & half mi cite,
 þe worþschip of Lowayn haluen-del,
 Ich it þe graunt, Gij, fair & wel.’
 Gij tok his leue ; oway went he : 2785
- C. 2700.** þe douke wepe sore, & hadde pite.
 þemperour þat was so fre,
 Wiþ him Gij þan ladde he ;
 Castels him bede, & cites,
 Gret worþschip, & riche fes, 2790
 Ac he þerof nold afo,
 For noþing þat he mizt do.
 To Almayn went ben he,
 To Espire þat riche cite.
 ¶ þemperour worþschiped Gij þe fre ; 2795
 A while wiþ him bileft he.
 To pleyn hem þai went bi riuer
 þat of wilde foule ful were ;
 To her wille an hunting hij gos,
 To chace þe hert & þe ros. 2800
 On a day as he cam fram hunting
 A dromond he seye ariueing.
 þider-ward sir Gij is y-gon,
 & gret þe marchandes euerichon.

And after the twentieth day
Of his soiournyng, the sothe to say, 2770

Guy is to the Duke goo,
And asked him leue thoo. Guy took his leave
of Segyn,

'Sir Duke,' he seide, 'goo y shaß
In-to my Contrey withoute lenger taryng at all.

In thy werre y haue serued the, 2775

And yf thou haue any thing^t to doo with me,

After me thou sende hardily,

And y shaß come right hastily.'

'Sir,' seide the duke, 'graunt mercy!

I haue it not deserued to the, sir Guy. 2780

who in vain tried
to detain him.

Abide heer, and duelle with me:

Half my castell^{is} thou shaß haue and Citee.'

Guy toke his leue, and forthe wente he: 2785

The Duke wepte sore for pitee.

The Emperour also wente his wey, [p. 83]

And Guy with him, the sothe to sey.

Castell^{is} were boden him, and Citees,

Riche worship, and grete fees, 2790

And he therof wolde noon,

For noo thing^t they kouthe doon);

to Spires.

Staying there,

Bot at their' wille an huntynge^t they goo
In euery manere Guy solace for to doo. 2800

ON A DAYE as Guy come fro dere sheting^t
By a cooste he sawe a shippe arying^t.

Thiderwardes he is goon:

Faire he grette the maryners echoon.

Guy one day,
returning from
hunting,

- MS. fol. 121v. a. 'Lordinges, whennes com 3e, 2805
 þat in þis riuer ariued be?
 Bi 3our semblant y se, y-wisse,
 þat 3e ledde gret richesse.'
 Among hem alle þer spac on,
 þat coupe speke for hem euerichon : 2810
 'Fram Costentine þe noble y-comen we be :
 Lond of peys þan seche we.
 Turnbüll p. 95, Marchandes we ben of þat lond,
 l. 2437. & out y-driuen wiþ michel wrong :
 Out of Coyne þe riche soudan, 2815
 So prout he is, & of so gret boban,
 þat wiþ .xv. heþen kinges,
 & þritti emeraus, wiþ-outen lesinges,
 ¶ In Costentyn þe noble emperour Ernis
 þai han strongliche bisett, y-wis. 2820
 Castel no cite nis him non bileued,
 þat altogider þai han to-dreued,
 & for-brant, & strued, y-wis.
 Into Costentyn flowen he is ;
 þer he werþ him o3aines his fon, 2825
 þat secheþ on him for to slon.
 þritti mile men may riden & gon,
 Ne schal men finde man non ;
 & we ben aschaped vnneþe,
 þat we no were to-hewen to deþe. 2830
 Y-comen we ben into þis cuntre :
 Fowe & griis anou3 lade we,
 Gold and siluer, & riche stones,
 þat vertu bere mani for þe nones,
 Gode clopes of sikelatoun & Alisaundrinis, 2835
 Peloure of Matre, & pu[r]per & biis,
 To 3our wille as 3e may se ;
 Swiche be þe tidinges of þat cuntre.'
 Gij answerd, 'mi frende fre,
 For 3our tidinges bliscd 3e be ! 2840

'Lordingis,' he seide, 'of whense come ye, 2805

That in this contree thus arriued bee?

By your' semblant y see, y-wis,

That ye lede grete richesse.'

Amonges theim all ther' spake oon,

That weH kouthe speke for theim, anon: 2810

'Fro Constantyn-noble come bee we,

learned from
Greek merchants

Londe of pees to seche, in verite.

Marchantis we been of that lande,

And oute driuen with stronge hande;

For of Coyne the riche sowdan

2815 that the Soudan

(Proude he is, and of grete boban),

He hath with him fiftene kynges,

And .xxx.^{ti} admirallis, withoute lesinges.

In-to Constantyn-noble the Emperour flowen is,

had besieged the
Emperor Ernis, in
Constantinople,

And they haue him beseged, y-wys. 2820

There is him lefte noon other Citee,

Bot all haue destroyed withoute pitee.

after devastating
all Greece.

Fro thense we might eskafe vnnethe, [p. 84]

Bot were weH nyghe broughte to dethe. 2830

Come we bee thus in-to this contree:

Voir' and gryns enough lede we,

They had escaped
with difficulty.

Golde and siluer and riche stones,

That vertues bereth for the nones.

Suche bee the tidingis of that contree.'

Than answerd Guy: 'my frendis free,

Guy,

God, for his name seuene,
He bring þou to gode heuene!’

a altered from c. **W**hen þe marchaundes hadde seyð as y say,
Gij bitauȝt hem god & gode day.¹

Vnto his in he is y-go, 2845

And Herhaud he cleped anon him to.

‘Herhaud, mi frende, wille we gon?

At þemperour take we leue anon.

MS. 121v. b.

Into Costentyn-noble ichil go

To help þemperour of his wo : 2850

þat wiþ þe soudan biseged is he,

So siggeþ men of þat cuntre ;

þat lond destrud & men aqueld,

& cristendom þai han michel afeld.’

Herhaud answerd, ‘y graunt it be : 2855

Miche worþschipe it worþ to þe.’

At þemperour þai toke leue to go,

& he hem graunted vnneþe þo ;

Anouȝ he bedep hem castels & tours,

Riche cites, halles, & bours. 2860

Sir Gij toke an hundred of his kniȝtes,

Strongest and best in fiȝtes,

þat he miȝt in Almayne finde,

Mest y-preised & best doinde.

*Turnbull p. 97,
l. 2459.*

Now þai ben to schippe y-went : 2865

Gode winde god haþ hem lent.

To Costentyn-noble þai ben y-come,

& in þe cite her in y-nome.

Ac when þemperour wist atte frome
þat Gij of Warwike was y-come, 2870

Tvay erls he dede after him go,

& loueliche he bad hem com him to.

& sir Gij him goþ to þemperour fre :

‘Welcome, sir Gij,’ þan seyð he.

‘Of þine help gret nede haue we. 2875

Michel ich haue herd speke of þe.

God, for his names seuen,
 Bringe you sone to good haüen.'

WHANNE the merchauntis had tolde as y you sey,
 Guy betaughte theim god and good day.

To his ynne he is goo, 2845

Heraude of Ardern he cleped him to.

by the aduice of
 Herhaud,

'Heraude,' he seide, 'woH we goon

At the Emperour to take our leue anoon?

In-to Constantyn-noble woH we goo

To helpe the Emperour oute of woo: 2850

determined to
 help the Eastern
 Emperor,

That with a Sowdan beseged is he,

So telleth me men of that contree.'

Heraude answerd, 'y graunte it so bee: 2855

Grete worship it may tourne the.'

At the Emperour he toke leue to goo,

and took leaue of
 the Western one.

And he him graunted vnnethe tho.

Than toke Guy an hundred knyghtes

Of the stalworthest and best in fightes,

That he might in Almaigne fynde,

And most preised and best doyingt.

Anoon they bee to shippe wente: [p. 85] 2865

Good wynde god hath theim sente.

To Constantyn-noble they bee come,

at Constantinople

And, whan the Emperour wiste that anoon,

That Guy of Warrewik with his compaignye

Was logged in his Citee, 2870

Two erles he did for him goo,

That he wolde come him to.

And Guy him gooth to the Emperour free:

'Welcome, sir Guy,' than seide he.

was heartily
 welcomed by the
 Emperor,

'To thy helpe grete nede haue we.

2875

Moche y haue herde speke of the.

- Mine men ben sleyn in pis tide,
 & mi lond destrud in ich a side :¹
 Al bot pis ich selue cite
 Destrud & brent hauen he. 2880
- ² originally *pai*
pai, but the
 second *pai*
 crossed out.
 Fourti þousand *pai*² slowe on a day
 Of mine men, as ich þou telle may.
 Mine men *pai* slowe, mi sone also,
 Wharfore, leue frende, y bede þe to,
 3if þou miȝt me of hem wreke, 2885
 & þe felouns out of mi lond do reke,
- ³ MS. *feyr* with
 the *i* underdotted.
 C. 2800.
 Mine feyr³ douhter þou schalt habbe,
 & half mi lond, wiþ-uten gabbe.'
 þan answerd anon sir Gij,
 'Sir,' he seyde, 'gramercij ! 2890
 & y þe sigge, bi mi leute,
 þat treweliche ichil serue þe
- Turnbull p. 98,
 l. 2515.
 MS. fol. 122r. a.
 Al þe while þat ich wiþ þe be :
 þerof, sir, þou miȝt leue me.'
 At þemperour he toke leue anon, 2895
 Vnto his in he gan to gon.
 Noyse & cri he herd in þat cite :
 He gan oxy what it miȝt be.
 He hem oxd what it were,
 & what was al þat noise pere. 2900
 So mani kniȝtes he seye to armes go,
 So mani seriaunce steye to kernels þo.
 'Sir,' quap a burieys, 'bi seyn Martin,
 It beþ þe liþer Sarrazin :
 It is þe amiral Costdram, 2905
 þe nevou of þe riche soudan.
 So strong he is, & of so gret miȝt,
 In world y wene no better kniȝt ;
 For þer nis man no kniȝt non
 þat wiþ wretþe dar loken him on. 2910
 His armes alle avenimed beþ :
 þat venim is strong so þe dep :
- C. 2824.

Thise Saresyns haue my men quelled,
 And all this londe made bare felde,
 All bot this oon Citee
 Destroyed and brent, y telle the. 2880
 Fourty they slowe vpon a day
 Of my men, the sothe to sey.
 My men they slowe and my soñe also,
 Wherfor, leef frende, y pray the to,
 That thou woldest me vpon theim wreke, 2885
 And the theeues oute of my londe reke :
 My faire doughter thou shalt haue
 With half my londe by the lawe.
 Than answerd him sir Guy,
 And seide : 'sir, graunt mercy !' 2890

who offered Guy

the hand of his
daughter.

At the Emperour he toke his leue anon,
 And to his Inne he is goon.
 Grete noyse and crye they herde in the Citee :
 Guy anone asked what that might bee.

Guy very soon

So many knyghtes he sawe to armes goo, [p. 86] learned that the
 And as many sergeant's renne to corners thoo.
 'Sir,' quoth a burgeis, 'by seynt Martyn,
 It is the wicked hooste of Sarasyn :
 It is the Admirall Cosdram, 2905 Emir Costdram,
 The neyew of the riche Sowdañ.

the strongest of
the enemies, was
before the city

There nys man ne knyght noon
 That in wrath darre loke him vpon. 2910
 His armes all venymed bee :
 That venym is deth, truly.

- ¹ MS. *is* In þis world nis¹ man þat he take miȝt
 MS. omits *ne* þat he ne² schuld dye anon riȝt.
 þat oþer day he dede ous sorwe anouȝ 2915
 Of þemperour sone þat he slouȝ,
 þat was³ so gode and stalworþ kniȝt,
 þat opou hem had ȝeuen mani fiȝt.
 In þis cite so gode kniȝt was non,
 þat with wretþe durst loke him on. 2920
- ⁴ *cheualrie* MS. Comen he is wiþ grete cheualrie,⁴
 & wiþ him þe riche king of Turkye
 Wiþ an hundred Turkes strong :
 Beþ non better in non lond.'
 ¶ & when sir Gij herd þis 2925
 þat his ost seyde to him, y-wis,
 To his felawes he seyde anon,
C. 2536. 'To armes,' he seyde, 'euerichon !
 þe Sarrazins we willen agast.
 For godes loue, smiteþ on fast !' 2930
 Hastiliche y-armed hij beþ,
 Opon her stedes as foule þai fleþ.
 Forþ þai went & on hem smite
 Wiþ her swerdes þat wil wel bite.
 Gij to þe amiral smot so, 2935
 Scheld no hauberk nas him worþ a slo :
 MS. fol. 122r. b. þurch þe body he ȝaf him wounde,
 & dede he feld him on þe grounde.
 Sir Gij his gode swerd out drouȝ,
 þat heued fram þe bodi he slouȝ. 2940
 To þemperour he it haþ y-sent,
 þat wel glad was of þat present.
 ¶ Herhaud smot þe king of Turkie
 (Was non feller into⁵ Surrie) :
 þurch þe bodi he him smot, 2945
 Ded he feld him doun fot hot.
 Wiþ þat com Tebaud prikeinde,
 In Fraunce y-bore, a kniȝt wel kinde :
- Turnbull p. 99,
 l. 2541.
³ was at end of
 line in MS.
- Turnbull p. 100,
 l. 2567.
⁵ into MS.

In the worlde nys mañ, and he hym take might,
That he ne shulde dye anone right.

Comē he is with his Chiualrye,
And with him the riche king' of Turkye
With an hundred turkes in fighte stronge :
Ther' been noon better in noo londe.'

with a great
force.

ASSONE AS Guy hath herde
What his hooste to him seide,

2925

To his felawes he seide anone,
'To armes swithe euerichone !

Guy and his men

The sarasyñs we wol agaste.

For godd's loue, smyte faste.'

2930

immediately
sallied out.

Guy to the Admirall smote so,
That shelde ne hauberk aduailed him not a sloo :

2935 Guy

Thurgh the body he gaue him a wounde,

bereft the Emir

That dede he felle anone to grounde.

Guy his swerde anone to him drowe,

That the heuede fro the body flowe.

2940 of his head,

To the Emperour he hath it sente,

which he sent to
the Emperour.

That full glad was of that presente.

Heraude smote the king' of Turkye

[p. 87]

Herhaud,

(Ther' was noon feller in all Surrye) :

Thurgh-oute the body he him smote,

2945

That dede he felle to the grounde fote hote.

With that comē Thebaude priking',

Tebaud,

In fraunce borne, a knyght full kynde :

- Wip swiche strengþe he smot Helmadan,
 Al was nouȝt worþ he hadde opan. 2950
 þurch his bodi þe launce glod ;
 Ded he fel wip-uten a-bod.
 Gauter come prikeing anon riȝt,
 Of Almayne a wel gode kniȝt.
 Heteliche he smot Redmadan 2955
C. 2856. (3e no haue herd speke of no swiche man) :
 þe bodi atvo he haþ to-deled,
 þat he fel doun in þe feld.
 Wip þat come sir Morgadour,
 þat was steward wip þemperour. 2960
 Kniȝt he was gode & hardi,
 Ac traitour he was, ful of envie.
 He smot vnto a Sarrazin,
 No halp him nouȝt his Apolin.
 Now þai smitte togider comonliche, 2965
 & fiȝt þai agin ardiliche.
 þer men miȝt se Gij smite,
 & þe Sarrazins heuedes of strike,
 & wip him Herhaud also :
 Boþe þai strengþed hem wele to do. 2970
 þe Sarrazins þai strengþed hem for to sle,
 To-hewen, & iuel to bise.
 þe Sarrazins hem ȝeld gret fiȝt,
 For strong þai ben, & of gret miȝt.
 Wip þat come Esclandar prikeinde, 2975
 A Sarrazin & of foule kinde,
 þe kinges sone of Birrie,
 Strong he was for þe maistrie.
 Dan Tebaud he felled þo,
 þurch þe bodi he dede þe launce go ; 2980
 & seþþe he slouȝ a Freyns kniȝt,
 In Bleyues he was born ariȝt.
 Romiraunt com forþ snelle,
 A Sarrazin a strong wip elle,

Turnbull p. 101,
l. 2598.

MS. 122v. a.

With suche strength he smote Elmadan,
That him aduailled noo thing he had on. 2950

Gauter' come priking anone with that, Gauter,
Of Almaigne a good knyght of astat.
He began to smyte to Amodan 2955
(Thou hast not herde of a feller man):

His body in two he hath clefted,
And dede in the felde it hath lefte.

With that come forth Morgadour: Morgadour,
Styward he was with the Emperour. 2960

Knyght he was good and hardy,
And traytour he was, and full of enuy.

He gan to smyte to a sarasyn,
That noo-thing him helped Appolyn.

Than they smyte to-gider manly, 2965 all distinguished
The bataille they begynne biggely. themselves.

There men might see Guy smyte

The sarasyns heedes of at a strike,

And with him heraude also:

Bothe they strength them well to doo. 2970

But the Saracens
rallied;

The sarasyñs them yive grete fighte,
For stronge they bee, and of grete mighte.

With that come Escladar priking, 2975 Esklandar
A Sarasyn he was of bigge making. slew Tebaud.

Romiraunt

- Y-slawe he haþ dan Guinman, 2985
 A strong kniȝt he was & an Aleman.
 Wiþ þat come forþ an amireld,
 A Sarrazin of wicked erd,
 Dan Gauter he haþ y-slawe,
 & gode Gilmin his felawe. 2990
 When Herhaud þat of-seye þo,
 In his hert him was ful wo ;
 An amiral he smot so,
 Ded he feld him an hast¹ þo,
 & mani anoþer he haþ aqueld, 2995
 & adoun feld in þe feld.
 Sone so Esclandar y-seye þis,
 To áwreke þe amiral lef him is.
 To Herhaud he smot heteliche,
 & he him mett hardiliche ; 3000
 Heteliche þai smiten togider þo,
 þat of her hors þai fellen bo.
 Seþþen þai drouȝ her brondes of stiel,
 & smiten togider hard & wel,
 To-hewe hauberk & scheldes also, 3005
 Gode bodis þai ben boþe to.
 Of her helmes þe flours gan fle,
 So heteliche togider smiten he.
 Herhaud goþ him driueand fast,
 C. 2900. His heued to smiten of on hast. 3010
 Ac so gret socour him com þer,
 An hundred Turkes & her pouer ;
 Herhaud þai gin alle asaile,
 & neye hadde slain him in þat bataile,
 No hadde Gij² þat y-seye, þat was sorij ; 3015
 Hastiliche he com him to socourey.
 His gode brond þan drouȝ he,
 þe heued of a Sarrazin he dede of fle,
 & anoþer he dede also ;
 þe þridde to deþ he dede do. 3020

¹ MS. *anhast*
 Turnbull p. 102,
 l. 2619.

² *Gij* added over
 the line.

slew Guinman.

An Emir

Thus thise sarasyñs with grete pride [p. 88]
 Many *cristen* knyghtes to deth they leye aside. 2990

slew Gauter and
Gilmin.

Whanne heraude hath that seyn,

Herhaud

Therof he was noo-thing fayn.

To Amylorde he smote so,

slew an Emir,

That dede he felle to grounde tho.

Whan Escladar sawe this,
 To awreke Amylorde leef him is.

but was violently
assailed by
Esclandar

To heraude he smote hertly,

And he him mette boldely.

3000

and others,

So egre was heraude to slee Escladar,

That, or he was any-thing war,

3010

An hundred turkes ther were come,

And heraude all-most they had nome.

Whan Guy sawe that, he was sory :

3015 but Guy came
to his aid.

Hastly he gooth him to socour truly.

His good bronde in honde helde he :

The hede of a Sarasyñ he dud of flee.

Turnbull p. 103,
l. 2645.

MS. 122v. b.
A MS. *inaïper*

² MS. *alto broken*

C. 2926.

³ MS. *alto*
dassched

Turnbull p. 104,
l. 2671.

C. 2943.

Herhaud he socourd in þat nede,
 & dede him lepe opon his stede.
 þe Sarrazins anon gun þai mete,
 Mani on þer her liif þai lete,
 Mani on þer dyed in aïper¹ side, 3025
 Ac þe Sarrazins wers gan bi-tide.
 Sir Gij & alle his feren,
 þe Griffouns þat gode weren,
 Han ouer-comen & aqueld;
 To-hewen þai leyen in the feld. 3030
 Toward her ost þai ben fleinge,
 & Gij hem after fast folweinge;
 Ar hij þe doun were ouer gon,
 Y-slawe hij ben & to-hewen ichon.
 Esclandar is oway fleinde, 3035
 Ouer þe dounes fast erninde,
 & al to-broken² his scheld is,
 His helme al to-dassched³, y-wis.
 Gij it of-þouzt when he it seye,
 þat he so lizteliche oway fleye: 3040
 ‘Esclandar,’ seyd Gij, ‘wende ozain to me,
 & forsoþe al siker þou be;
 Drede þe of no noþer þan of me,
 Ones to iusti ich oxi of þe.’
 Esclandar seyd, ‘artow Gij? 3045
 Ich þe defende sikerly.
 Bi Mahoun þat ich leue opon,
 Neuer no schal ich oway gon,
 No neuer schal y bliþe be,
 Til ich þat heued binim þe; 3050
 Bihoten ich it haue a maiden of pris,
 þe soudans douhter þat wel fair is.’
 Her steden þai turned snelle,
 & to-gider þai smiten wiþ gode wille;
 Esclandar first smot Gij 3055
 þurch þe scheld as kniþt hardi;

Heraude he socoureth weH in that nede,
And made him worthe vpon his stede.

Many were slain,

but the Saracens
had the worse.

Than Guy and heraude bothe in fere
With their felawes, that good were,
Haue discomfited and quelled
And the sarasyñs hewen in the feeld.

3030

The Saracens fled.

Guy, pursuing
them,

called upon

Esclandar, to

turn and joust
with him.

He answered that

he would have
Guy's head for
the Soudan's
daughter.

- Gij smot him anon riȝt,
 Scheld no hauberk halp him no wiȝt;
 He smot him þurch at þat chaunce
 þurch þe bodi wiþ his launce. 3060
 Esklandar fleȝe forþ a wel gode pas,
 Sir Gij of-toke him nouȝt, þerfor wo him was;
 To his felawes he is y-go,
 Riȝt to þe cite he ȝede him þo.
 þe Sarrazins were ouer-come, 3065
 þerfore þai were bliþe, all *and* some.
 þemperour of-sent Gij him to,
 & miche honour he haþ him do.
 MS. fol. 123r. a. 'Gij,' quap he, 'þou art me dere,
 þou schalt bileue wiþ me here: 3070
 Mi feir douhter, þat is of pris,
 Ichil þe ȝiue to spouse y-wis;
 Turnbull, p. 105, 1. 2697. þou schalt ben emperour after me,
 þou art a kniȝt of gret bounte.
 Al þo þat ben to me serueinde, 3075
 Ichil þai be to þe boweinde.'
 'Gramerci,' seyð sir Gij anon;
 'A fair ȝift is þis now on.'
 þe steward come forþ bliue,
 More treytour nas non oliue; 3080
 His name was hoten Morgadour,
 God ȝif him euel auentour!
 Toward Gij he bar gret¹ ond,
 & seþþe he died þurch his hond.
 Quap Morgadour, 'sir, þat wil wele be, 3085
 For Gij is curteys, gentil, & fre;
 When he schal þi douhter spousy,
 Riȝt is þat we him onoury.'
 Ac what so he seyð bifor Gij þo,
 C. 2972. ȝif he may, to deþ he wille him do. 3090
 E
 Esklandar went oway fleinde,
 Toward her ost fast prikeinde;

¹ a dot over the *t*
 in *gret*.

After a
fierce combat,

Esclandar fled
with a lance
through his body.

Guy and his
fellows returned
to the city.

Thus they thanked god all and some,
That the Sarasyñs were ouere-come.

3065

All were blithe.

The Emperor

again offered
Guy his daughter,

and promised to
make him his
successor.

But his steward,

Morgadour,

was envious at
that,

and secretly

plotted mischief
against Guy.

Esclandar,

- purch þe bodi he bar a trounsoun,
 Wip boþe honden he held him to þe¹ arsoun. 3095
 Boþe bifore & eke bihinde,
 þe blod gan out fast winde,
 His helme in þe on half honginde,
 & his visage al bledeinde.
 Turnbull, p. 106, His scheld to held hadde he no miȝt,
 l. 2723. He drad him to dye anon riȝt. 3100
 To þe soudans pauloun he come,
 þe soudan him bi-knewe anon :
 ‘Esclandar, when comestow ?’ seyð he ;
 ‘In strong fiȝt þou hast y-be.
 Were þou alon at þe cite ? 3105
 Say me who haþ þus wounded þe ?’
 ‘Sir,’ quap he, ‘ichil þe telle
 Of hard tidinges wel snelle :
 Y-lorn þou hast þe amiral Cosdram²
 þat leuest þe was of ani man, 3110
 & þe king of Turkie þou hast forgon,
 Of hem no tit þe neuer help non.
 MS. fol. 123r. b. & alle þe best men y-bore
 Bifor þe cite þou hast forlore.’
 þan answerd þe riche soudan, 3115
 þat hadde no gamen of þan :
 ‘Him is þan sum socour y-come,
 Whar-purch mi Turkes be me binome ?’
 ‘Sir,’ quapþe Esclandar, ‘y-wis,
 An onwrast gome y-comen þer is ; 3120
C. 2300. Socour he haþ gret & beld,
 In þe world nis swiche a scheld³ ;
 Gij of Warwike his name it is,
 Sterner þan ani lyoun, y-wis.
 Turnbull, p. 107, His strokes no may noman dreye,
 l. 2749. þat he ne most dye on hye. 3125
 Wip him he haþ an hundred kniȝtes
 Of Almayne, þe best in fiȝtes ;

all bloody,

came to the
Soudan

with the bad
news

of their losses,

and told of

Guy's valour.

þurch þe bodi þus me he smot,
Dede ich am, wele y wot.' 3130

¶ þan swore a gret op þe soudan
Bi Mahoun þat he leued opan,
þat neuer glad no worþ he
What he haue y-nome þat cite ;
For asayle he it wille do 3135
Ar þe þridde day be ago.

¹ So MS. for *herd*
or *therd* ?

Anon a spie it herd¹ þis,
þat to Gij it nold for-hele y-wis.
Sone he com to þe cite ;
Al þis to Gij þan teld he, 3140
þat þe soudan wiþ his men elle
þe cite wil aseyle snelle.
Ac þemperour wist þer-of nouȝt
þat so strong tiding þer were y-brouȝt.
Ac when he wist þe soþe herof, 3145

C. 3020. Ernist him þouȝt, & no scof.

¶ þemperour made him bliþe þo
þat ouer-comen weren his fo,
& Gij to þemperour is y-go,
& swiþe feyr he gret him þo. 3150

Turnbull, p. 108,
l. 2775.

'Sir,' quap he, 'be bliþe & glad ;
Gode tidinges me haþ ben seyð.'
þemperour of-sent his foules þo,
Oscuriis, faucouns, & ierfaukes also ;
Gon he wil to þe riuier, 3155
Him to solas & play þer.

MS. fol. 123v. a.

Sepþe he of-sent of his Gregeys,
þat gode weren & curteys.
To þe riuier þai ben y-gon
Wher foules were mani on. 3160
Wiþ þat come forþ sir Morgadour,
þat steward was wiþ þemperour,
& seyð to Gij, 'mi frende dære,
Y þe loue in gode manere.'

The Soudan swore
a great oath to
take Con-
stantinople.

A spy told this to
Guy,

But the Emperor
as yet knew it not.

THE EMPEROUR was full gladde tho
That ouere-come thus was his foo.

The Emperor

Goo he wold to the Ryuere,
To pley him and to solace there.
The Emperour sente for [his fowlis] thoo, [p. 89]
Ostreyes and faukons, girfaukes also.

went a-hawking.

Sethe he sente for his knyghtes,
That good were and curteys.
To Ryuer they been goon
Ah, bot Guy is lefte at hoom.
Tho come to him Morgadour',
That Styward was with the Emperour.
To Guy he seide : ' my frende dere,
With herte y loue the in good manere.

Thereafter

3160

Morgadour,

feigning friend-
ship for Guy,

- Ac alle þat he seyð, Gij to bitraye, 3165
 þat was wele sen in his last daye.
 Non no may so wele tresoun do
 So may he þat his trust is to.
 Ȝete seyð to him Morgadour,
 ‘Castels ich haue, & mani feir tour, 3170
 Riche cites, & ful strong,
 To þine wille þou hem afong ;
C. 3038. Michel y desire þi loue to haue.
 Go we togider wiþ game & plawe :
 Into þe chaumber go we baye, 3175
 Among þe maidens for to playe ;
 At tables to pleye, & at ches ;
 Wele we may don it y-wis
 Bifor þi leman Clarice so fre,
 þemperours douhter briȝt of ble. 3180
 & lete we þemperour to wode go,
 To chace þe hert & þe ro.’
 ‘**S**ir,’ quap Gij, ‘wille we go ?
 When þou it wilt, it schal be do.’
 Into þe chaumber þai ȝede þo 3185
 Hond in hond y-fere bo.
 To þe mayden þai come wel sket,
 þat curteysliche hem haþ y-gret.
 ‘Sir Gij,’ sche seyð, ‘welcome þou be !
 Cum sitt & pleye þe here wiþ me.’ 3190
C. 3050. He toke þe maiden & hir kiste :
 þat of-pouȝt þe steward vnwreste.
 He hir hadde loued mani a day,
 & wende haue spoused þat feir may.
 þe cheker þai oxy & þe meyne ; 3195
 Bifor þe maiden þan pleyen he.
 Y-sett þai han þe first game,
 þe steward it les, bi godes name.
 Seppe þai han anoþer y-gonne,
 Anon it haþ Gij y-wonne, 3200

invited him

Moche y desire thy loue to haue,
And therof hertly y the craue :
And in-to the Chambre lete vs goo,
Amonges the maydeñs some sportes to doo

3175 to have some
pastime in the
chamber

Before thy lemman, Clarice the free,
Themperours doughter of bright blee,
Whiles the Emperour is to wode goo,
To chace the herte and the Roo.'

3180 of the Emperor's
daughter.

Guy,

In-to the Chambre they wente thoo
Honde in honde bothe twoo.
To the maide they come withoute lette,
That curteisly theim hath grette.
'Sir' Guy,' she seide, 'welcome thou bee !
Is it thy wille, come sitte by me.'
He toke that mayde and hir kiste :
That forthoughte the Styward in his breste ;
For he hir had loued many a daye,
Wenyng' to haue spoused that faire maye.
Than at Chequer with the meyne
Before that maide pleyden they.
The first game they haue sette,
And the Styward it loste withoute lette.
Than another anone they haue begonне,
And that also hath Guy wonне,

3185

having been
tenderly wel-
comed by the
maiden,

3190

3195 played at chess
with the steward,

[p. 90]

and won

3200 several games.

MS. fol. 123v. b.

& þe þridde ful hastiliche.
þe steward was sori sikerliche ;

Turnbull, p. 110,
l. 2827.

Al mody he ros vp þo :

Wroþ & sori he was bo.

'Gij,' quap he, 'bi-leue þou here,

3205

þiself & Clarice, þi pleye-fere,

Al what ich come now son o3e.'

'Anon,' seyd Gij, 'it schal so be.'

Out him went Morgadour,

At his in he tok a chasour,

3210

To þemperour he goþ ri3t.

When þemperour hadde of him si3t,

O3aines him he is y-gon,

& tidinges he o3ed him anon.

C. 3066. 'Now forþ, sir steward,' he sede,

3215

'Comestow for gode or for qued ?

Whi comestow so prikiinge ?

Tel it me wiþ-outen lesinge.

3if þou of Sarrazins hast herd ou3t,

Tel it me ; for-hele it nou3t.'

3220

'S'ir,' quap he, 'y schal þe telle :

þi schame forhele y nille.

An soudour þou hast wiþ þe,

& wil þat þou y-schent be.

þi douhter, þat so feir is,

3225

Forlay he hap, for-soþe y-wis.

Into hir bour wiþ strengþe he 3ede,

& bi þi douhter his wille he dede.'

Turnbull, p. 111,
l. 2858.

3if þou ne me leuest, hom þou fare,

3ete þou schalt him finde þare.

3230

þer þou mi3t him finde, y-wis,

C3080

& þi douhter clippe & kisse.

þerfore y com þe to say,

For þi schame forhele y no may.

3if þou him finde in þat stede,

3235

Into þi prisoun þou him lede,

And the Styward v̄p roosse thoc :

Wrothe and angry he was also.

'Guy,' quoth he, 'y leue the here,

Thy self and Clarice pley in fere,

TiH that y com̄e ayene.'

'It shalbee doo,' quoth Guy, 'certē.'

Oute wente him Morgadour',

And at the stable he toke a chasour',

And to the Emperour he gooth right.

And, whan the Emperour had of him sight :

The steward
left him,

3205

promising to
return soon ;

3210

but he went
to the Emperor

'Why com̄est thou so yerne priking'?

Telle me withoute lesyng'.

Yf thou of the Sarasyns here aught,

Telle it me and concele naught.'

'**S**IR,' quoth he, 'y shaft the telle :

Thy shame noo lenger couere y nelle.

A Souldiour thou hast with the,

That thinketh for to shende the.

Thy doughter, that so faire is,

He hath leyn by, ywis.

In-to hir' boure with strength he yede :

By thy doughter his wille he dede.

And thou beleue me not, hoom thou fare,

And to-geder thou shalt fynde theim there.'

3220

to accuse Guy

3225

of having dis-
honoured the
princess,

3230

counselling that
he should be
punished

- & in þi court þou deme him do ;
 For treitour he is, y telle þe to :
 þe more adouted þou schalt be
 Of alle þi regne, y telle þe. 3240
 þer-fore ne wonde þou no-þing
 Nouȝt for him no his helping ;
 After-ward þat he demed is,
 & þi court of þat treytour deliuerd is,
 MS. fol. 124r. a. Into Almayne ichil gon 3245
 To þemperour Reyner anon ;
 Socour fram him ichil bringe,
 & deliuer þi lond, wiþouten lesinge,
 Of alle þine dedeliche fon,
 þat þine men haue sleyn ichon.' 3250
 'W^{ho} is þat ?' þemperour sede.
 'Gij of Warwike, so god me rede !
 þou do him nim, & binde fast,
 & in þi prisoun þou do him cast.'
 Quaþ þemperour, 'lat now be, 3255
 No speke nouȝt so of him to me :
 Oȝaines me misdo he nold
 Nouȝt for tventi somers of gold,
 C. 3100. No for to ben al to-hewe :
 So gode a kniȝt he is & trewe. 3260
 & ȝif he is þer-in, wele be it so :
 Wiþ hir his wille he may do ;
 For mi douhter ichim bi-hote habbe,
 Nil ich nouȝt of couenant gabbe.'
 ¶ When þe steward him haþ bi-þouȝt 3265
 þat þemperour nold here him nouȝt,
 Hom to his in he is y-go,
 & aliȝt of his palfrey þo.
 Anon in-to chaumber he ȝede,
 & to Gij of Warwike he sede, 3270
 'Gij, þou art ful wele wiþ me,
 þerfore ich-il kipe it þe :

as a traitor.

'Who is that?' the *Emperour* seide.

The Emperor

'Guy,' quoth he, and gan vpbreide.

'Anone thou him take, and bynde faste, [p. 91]

And in thy prison thou doo him kaste.'

Quoth the *Emperour*: 'lete this bee;

3255 refused to believe

For so shuld thou not speke of him to me.

the story.

Yf he haue assentted therto,

With hir his wille for to doo,

She is his, and him hir yiuen y haue,

Me to socour, helpe, and saue.'

Whan the *Styward* vnderstode in his thoughte

3265 The steward,

That the *Emperour* herde it noughte,

Weth sone him forthoughte thoo,

And home ayene he gan goo.

having failed in
this plot,

Anone in-to the *Chambre* he yede,

And to Guy thise wordes he seide :

3270 returned to Guy,

To þemperour y-teld it is,

Bi þe lord seyn Denis,

¹ *in* added over
the line.

þat wiþ strengþe þou com in¹ to his bour

3275

& has forleyн his douhter wiþ desonour.

& 3if he þe may ouer-go,

He wil þe bren oþer slo.

& ich hot þe þat þou hennes fle,

3280

þat he nouȝt of-take þe.'

C. 3129. 'Bi god,' quap Giȝ, 'þat were wrong,
Turnbull, p. 113,
l. 2905.

þat y schold here mi deȝ afong

3285

For þing þat ich haue gilt non,

No neuer þouȝt it to don.

An arnemorwe, when he out ȝede,

Miche he me o loue bede ;

Hou schuld ich euer siker be

Of ani bi-hest men hotes me ?

3290

MS. fol. 124r. b.

For þemperour me seyð þo,

And trewelich me bihete þerto,

þat he me wold gret worþschipe,

& now he me wil sle wiþ schenscipe

For þe speche of a losanger,

3295

& of a feloun pautener.'

Out of þe chaumber he is y-go :

Sori & dreri he was þo.

To his in he ȝede swiþe,

And cleped his felawes bliue.

3300

'Lordinges,' he seyð, 'to armes snelle !

Here wil we no longer duelle :

To þemperour y-wraid we beȝ,

Alle he wil don ous to þe deȝ.

Bi þe treuþe y schal our lord ȝeld,

3305

þat heuen and erþe haueȝ in weld,

C. 3153. Er þan we be nomen & ded,

So mani schal dye of her ferred,

'Guy, to the Emperour tolde it is,
 By the Lorde sainte Denys,
 That with strenght̃ tho[u] come in-to his boure, 3275
 And hast defouled his doughter with dishonour.
 And if he may the come to,
 Brenne he wol the or fordoo,
 And that shuld fult̃ sore greue me;
 Wherfor y counsaile, thou hense flee, 3280
 Leste he take greuously the,
 Yf thou befounde in this Citce.'
 'A LLAS,' QUOTH Guy, 'that were wronge,
 And y shuld here deth fonge
 For thing that y gilte haue noon, 3285
 Ne neuere thoughte it to doon.
 To day, before he oute yede,
 Gretly he me loued, as he seide.'

and advised him
 to flee from the
 Emperor, who in
 consequence of a
 calumny was
 resolved to slay
 him.

Guy, filled with
 indignation,

Oute of the Chambre he is goo : [p. 92]

Sory and heuy he was thoo.

To his Inne he yede, y you telle,

And cleped to him his felawes all.

'Lordingis,' he seide, 'arme we vs at this tyde ;

For here noo lenger we wol abide.

To the Emperour tolde it is,

So that he wol vs slee, withoute mys.

went to
 tell the news to
 his fellows.

And, or we bee take or dede,

Many of them shuld dey to their mede.'

Turnbull, p. 114,
l. 2931.

þat it worþ abouȝt wel strong
þat ich am bi-wrayd wrong !' 3310
To armes þai went wiþ þat ichon ;
Out of þe cite þai ben y-gon,
& went toward þe heþen men,
Wiþ þem to holden & to ben,
To help þe heþen men ichon. 3315
Wiþ þat com þemperour anon :
Fram þe riuer he come rideinge,
& wiþ his folk fast prikeinge ;
Feir weder it was, & miri also,
þe briȝt armes he seye þo. 3320
¶ þemperour hem seye, & knewe Gij,
For he come hem swiþe neye.
At an herhaud þan asked he,
'This armed folk, what may þis be ?'
'Sir,' quap he, 'it is Gij, 3325
þat in wretþe fram þe wil parti ;
Vnto þe soudan he wil fare,
& wirche þe sorwe & michel care
þurch wraying þat teld him is :
Wele y wot þat soþe it nis. 3330
Wele it semeþ þat wroþ is he ;
Al armed on his stede ich him se.'

c. 3175.

MS. fol. 124v. a.
Turnbull, p. 115,
l. 2957.

When þemperour herd þis,
Alle droupeninde he was y-wis,
He gan to prike, & þat anon : 3335
As hauk þat fleyþe his hors gan gon.
After Gij loude he gradde þo :
'Abide & speke me now to !
For godes loue lete now be ;
Whi wiltow, sir, go fro me ? 3340
Ȝif ich ouȝt haue agilt to þe,
For godes loue þou say it me ;
Be it in dede oþer in speche
That ani þe han agilt, y þe biseche,

To armes with that they wente echoon),
 And oute of the Citee they bee goon).
 They wente toward the hethen meñ,
 As with them to holde and to been).

They armed
 themselves,
 and left the city,
 to go over to the
 heathen.

WITH THAT comē the Emperour¹ riding:
 Fro the Ryuer he was comyng¹.

Faire weder it was, and mery day also,
 The brighte armes he sawe thoo.
 Whan the Emperour them sey,
 He hyed fast, till he comē them ney.
 Of an heraude than asked he,
 Thise armed knightes what they bee.
 'Sir,' quoth he, 'it is Guy,
 That in wrath fro the woñ departi,² truly.
 To the Sowdan he woñ nowe fare,
 And werke the moche sorowe and kare.'

But in their way,
 3320

they met the
 Emperor,

who, astonished,

3325

Whanne the Emperour herde this,
 All mournyng he was, y-wys.
 He gynneth to prike, and that anone,
 His hors as fast, as he might goon).

3335 rode after Guy,

After Guy he cleped thoo : [p. 93]

'Sir Guy,' he seide, 'noo farther' thou goo.

and asked

For goddis loue lete nowe bee,

And abide stille with me.

3340

And if y haue ought offended the,

what he had to
 complain of,

¹ Empererous MS.

² *departi* altered from *departe* MS.

To þi wille it schal amended be, 3345

& topon al oper y loue þe.

Wele ich wene þat þe soudan, y-wis,

To whom al Percie atended is,

After þe haþ sent : ich vnderstond so.

He þe schal habbe, & y forgo. 3350

Gold & siluer he may ȝiue þe,

& fesse þe wiþ mani a riche cite ;

þerfore þou wilt wiþ him be,

& strongliche holden oȝaines me.'

C. 3200. ' Sir,' quap sir Gij to þemperour, 3355

' No was ich neuer þi traitour,

And ȝif god wil, y nil nouȝt be,

þerwhiles þe lif is in me.

Me was y-teld biforn now riȝt

Of on þat is þi priue kniȝt, 3360

Turnbull, p. 116,
l. 2983.

þat þou no hadest to don wiþ mi seruise,

& þat y þe serue wiþ feyntise ;

And þat ich was biwrayd to þe

(For þi nold ich no longer here be),

And þat þou wost do me to-hewe, 3365

& mine barouns, þat ben so trewe.

For þi y þouȝt þat y go scholde

To hem þat mi seruise ȝeld me wold ;

Ac for al Damas & þat cuntre 3370

Nold ich haue holden oȝaines te.'

¶ þemperour þan him nome

Bitvene his armes, & seyð anon,

' Nay, sir Gij,' he seyð, ' bi seyn Denis,

It no was nouȝt so, y-wis.

Mi dere frende Gij, oȝain þou go 3375

(Lordinges, barouns, biddeþ him so) ;

For to þine wille it is alle,

Alle þat min is, and ben schal.

MS. fol. 124v. b.

Ac biwrayed þou war to me,

& þerfore haue he maugre ! 3380

At thy wille it amended shalbee.'

or if he was
going over to the
Sultan,

to be made a rich
man.

'Sir,' quoth Guy to the Emperour,
'Was y neuere yet traytour',
Ne, if god wolȝ, noon wolbee,
Whiles the lif is with-in me.
Me was tolde before nowe right
Of oon that is thy priue knyght,

3355 Guy answered

that he had
been told
3360

that the Emperor
made light of his
service.

That thou woldest me aȝ to-hewe,
And my baroȝs, that bee so trewe.
Therfor y thoughte that y serue wolde
Suche oon that my seruyse yelde sholde.'

3365

The Emperor
embraced him,

'My dere frende Guy, ayene thou goo
(Lordingis, baroȝs, bidde him also);
For at thy wille it is aȝ,
Aȝ that myn is, and bee shaȝ,'

and begged him
not to believe it.
3375

3380

Neuer eft worþ non loued of me
 þat ouȝt sigge bot gode of þe.
 þemperour þan to Gij seyð,
 ‘þi wille þou do bi þat mayde.’
 Sir Gij kist þemperour þo, 3385
 & to þe cite þai ben y-go.

Turnbull, p. 117,
 l. 3009.
 1 or *Bitrayd*, a
 being altered
 from *e*?

þo wist wele Gij bi þan,
 Bitreyd¹ him hadde his foman;
 Ac no semblaunt þerof he no made,

C. 3222. No no þing to him seyde. 3390

A n armorwe erliche
 þemperour aros, sikerliche;
 Anon he seyð to Gij his speche:
 ‘Herken to me, y þe biseche.
 In þis morning anon 3395

We worþ aseyled of our fon,
 Of Sarrazins þat misbileued be;
 Alle for soþe y telle it to þe.
 þe soudan himselue wil þer be.
 A spie for soþe teld it me, 3400

þat hij þe cite wil asayli,
 & þat hij þennes nil parti,
 Al fort he haue nome þis cite,
 Or þat it destrued be.’
 þemperour seyð, ‘sir Gij þe fre, 3405
 Als so þou wilt it schal be.

þe cite alle op þe y do
 Wiþ Cristes blisceing þer-to.
 Ȝif hij ous seyl we schul ous were;
 þe cite is strong, þai mow it nouȝt dere.’ 3410

Gij þat constable cleped him to,
 þat gode kniȝt was, & wise also:
 Tristor he hete wiþ þe berd blowe,
 Lord & douke of Almayne, y trowe.
 ‘Sir Tristor,’ he seyð, ‘listen to me: 3415
 Aseyled we worþ, siker þou be.

Turnbull, p. 118,
 l. 3035.

Also the Emperour to Guy seide,
 'Thy wille to doo by that maide.'

Guy kiste the Emperour tho,
 And ayene to the Citee they been) goo.
 Tho wiste Guy weft by than),
 Betrayed him had his fooman).

3385

Guy knew then
 who had betrayed
 him.

On morowe, fuH sikirly,
 The Emperour aroosse eerly.
 To him seide Guy this speche :
 'Herken) to me, sir, y the beseche.
 In this mornying' anoon
 Assailed we shalbee of our' foon),

Next morning

[p. 94] 3395

the Emperor
 was informed

of the new assault
 intended by the
 Saracens.

And the Sowdan) him-self wofH there bee ;
 For a spye it tolde me,
 That this Citee he wofH assaille,
 And neuere thense departe, withoute faille,
 Tiff he haue take the Citee,
 Or that it discomfited bee.'

3400

The Emperour seide : 'sir Guy the free,
 As thou wolt so shaH it bee.
 AH the cure vpon) the y doo
 With cristes blissing' and myn therto.'

3405

The Emperor
 said that all
 should be done
 at Guy's will.

Guy the Constable cleped him to,
 That good knyght was, and wise also :
 Trystour he highte with berde bolde,
 Lorde and duke of Samary holde.
 'Sir Tristour,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me :
 Assailed we shalbee, y telle the.

Guy consulted
 with the
 constable,
 Tristor,

3415

- þer-of þou most birede þe,
 3if we wille were þis cite,
 Oþer we wille ozain hem te,
 At papes that destrued be, 3420
 & mete we hem þer on þe doune,
 Acumbre hem & legge hem doune.
 MS. fol. 125r. a. 'Sir,' anon seyð the *constable*,
 C. 3254. 'þis ich speche schal be stable.
 Do þan grede þurch þe cite 3425
 þat alle redy armed be,
 Alle þat armes may welde,
 And who so þat feyneþ for couward be helde.'
 Bi þe morwe þai ben armed wel,
 Bi tale .xx. thousand hauberks of stiel, 3430
 Out of þe cite þai ben y-go
 Wiþ gret noise & din also.
 'Lordinges,' quap Gij, 'herkenep to me
 3e þat here asembled be,
 Of 3our kinde þat is y-slawe, 3435
 Of edwite & of missawe,
 þat ous is don, thenke we þer-on,
 & baldeliche aseyl we our fon ;
 Turnbull, p. 119, For Sarrazins ous aseyle wille,
 I. 3061. Alle for soþe y 3ou telle. 3440
 We wil hem mete wiþ spere & scheld
 At þe narwe pape bi-tven þe held.
 Now biþenkeþ 3ou wele to don,
 & awreke 3our lond of 3our fon.
 Of 3our londes & 3our citez, 3445
 þat destrud & wasted beþ,
 3ou to awreke bi-þenkeþ 3ou,
 & strongliche aseyleþ hem now.
 Bot 3e were 3ou wele & bliue,
 & hij mow 3ou of þe feldes driue, 3450
 Alle we ben ded oþer nome,
 & in þraldome euer more wone.

Therfor' thou must aduise the, how to meet
the Saracens.
 How we may best kepe this Citee,
 Or we shaſt ayenst theim goo,
 And kepe theim by patthes to and fro : 3420
 Mete we may theim on the Downe,
 And theim accombre and ley to grounde.'
 'Sir,' seide the Constable,
 'Al thy speche y holde it auayleable.
 Doo than crye thurgh the Citee 3425
 That all men redy armed bee,
 Al that armes may welde,
 And bestirre theim with spere and shelde.'
 Anone they been all armed wele, [p. 95] Next morning
 Twenty thousand, in hauberkis of stele, 3430
 And oute of the Citee they bee goo
 With grete noyse and booste also.
 'Lordinges,' quoth Guy, 'herken to me
 Ye that here assembled bee :
 The despite that they to you haue doon, 3435
 For goddis loue, nowe thinke thereon,
 And assaille theim with good wille ;
 For, forsothe, y shaſt you telle,
 The right is oure : bee not aferde,
 Let eche of vs kepe his herde, 3440
 And we wol mete theim with spere and shelde
 In narowe patthes by the feelde.'

and not let the

Saracens destroy
them.

¹ MS. *hen*

For þi mete we wiþ hem¹ sone,
& strengþe ous alle wele to done ;

C. 3276.

& ich me self wil wiþ 3ou go ;

3455

Y nil 3ou feyle neuer mo.'

Wele spekeþ now Sir Gij,

& alle þai siggeþ, 'gramerci !'

To þe pas of þe hulles þai ben y-come,

& þe Sarrazins han vnder-nome,

3460

& seye þe cuntres & þe feld

Wiþ briȝt brini *and* wiþ scheld.

Þe soudan cleped after Helman,
þat deined fle for no man ;

Turnbull, p. 120,
l. 3087.

He was coraious & gode kniȝt,

3465

& michel adouted in euerich fiȝt.

MS. fol. 125r. b.

'Sir king,' quap he, 'come to me.

Wiþ .xx. þousende Turkes, ich hot þe,

The Cristen 3e schul aseyle anon.

Loke 3e nim hem oþer slen ichon ;

3470

Opon 3on hulle þai ben, lo ;

Gret harm þai han ous y-do.'

þe king forþ went wiþ his men ichon,

Wiþ strengþe þe helde þai vnder-nome ;

Wiþ strengþe þai wene þe slade ouer-go ;

3475

Ac gret combraunce hem com furst to.

C. 3300. At þe entring of þe pas Gij² gan to grede,

² added over the
line in another
hand.

'Helpeþ, lordinges, alle our ferrede !

Biþenkeþ 3ou to winnen wele.

& hij ozaines 3ou vndernim þe hille,

3480

Yuel ous worþ þan bi-go,

³ MS. *onþenke*.

Bot god ous on þenke³ þat al may do ;

⁴ *ne* on an erasure.

þai ben bi-neþen⁴ & we aboue.

Amidde þe pas þai ben to-gider come,

& asaileþ hem smerteliche ;

3485

& to-gider we go now commonliche :

þroweþ wiþ stones, *and* bowes scheteinge,

Launces, swerdes, & dartes kerueinge,

AH they sey : 'graunt mercy !

WeH speketh nowe sir' Guy.'

To the patthes they bee cõme :

The Sarasyns they haue vndernõme. 3460

They sawe the Contrees, fryth and felde

With brighte helmés, spere and shelde.

THE SOWDAN cleped of Tyre Elmadan) :

The Soudan first
sent Helman

He ne wolde flee for noo man) ;

He was corageous and good knyght, 3465

And moche he was dredde in fight.

'Elmadan,' he seide, 'cõme with me.

With twenty thousand knightis, y bidde the,

with 20,000 Turks

The *cristen*) ye shaft assaille anone.

Loke that ye take them echone.' 3470

against the city.

At the entre of the patthes Guy gan to ryde,

And the Sarasyns deth sore he appliede.

To his felawes he spake tho : [p. 96]

'Lordinges,' he seide, 'bere you weH ayenst *your* foo.

Guy exhorted his
men to defend
their position on
a hill,

They bee benethe and we aboue.

Lete vs vpon) theim smyte, for goddis loue.'

To theim they launceth egirly, 3485

And they to theim greuously.

- Smiten wip swerdes & speres y-grounde,
 Scheten wip piles & 3if hem den wounde.' 3490
 Turnbull, p. 121, 1. 3113. Mani Sarrazin per y-slave is ;
 per den Gij as pe riht wise.
 Into pe narwe hij come, hem to lett,
 Bi hundredes foure¹ pai aseyl hem sket ;
¹ Read *Bihinde* and *bifore*. Bi hundred & bi pousende,² 3495
² originally *thousinde*, it seems. pai ben pe Sarrazins quellinde.
 Gij smot on his side & on pat :
 Nas per non pat his dint sat.
³ on added over the line. ¶ Ermine he smot on³ purch pe scheld ;
 Almost he feld him in pe feld. 3500
 pan come Außer ouer puert,
 A Sarrazin modi of hert :
⁴ *Herhaud* ? Ermine⁴ smot him on pe helme an heyze,⁵
⁵ *heyze* on an erasure, the last e being indistinct. pat he cleue him to pe ten ;
 Al ded he made him on pe grounde to lie. 3505
 Wip pat come pe king of Nubie ;
 Toward Herhaud he come prikeinde,
 & Gij him was ozain cominde.
 Wip grete strengpe sir Gij him smot
 pat he feld him anon fot hot. 3510
 MS, fol. 125v. a. When pe douke of Tire pat y-seþ,
 His men dye on so reweliche den
 (An hond he held a dart kerueinde,
 pe Cristen per-wip preteninde),
 He forþ zede, & smot a kniht, 3515
 pat ded he feld him anon riht.
 Turnbull, p. 122, 1. 3139. When Gij o Warwike pat y-seye,
 biderward he drouz him swipe neye :
 A gode dart on hond he bar,
 & to him he launced heteliche par. 3520
 per-wip he smot Ebban pe king,
 pat ded he fel wipouten letting.
 pe Sarrazines hij to-heweþ & quelleþ,
 Bi pe doun hij gredeþ & zelleþ.

Many a sarasyn there sleyn is ;
 There doth Guy as the wise, y-wis.

which they did

successfully.

Guy smote down

Than come forth the king of Nubye,
 A stronge knyght and a manly :
 Toward heraude he come priking',
 And Guy him sawe wel comyng'.
 With so grete strength to him he smote,
 That dede he felled him, god it wote.

3505

the king of Nubia,

3510

and the duke of
 Tyre,

and others.

- C. 3331.** **W**hen þe soudan seye his folk dye, 3525
 Bi ten, bi tvelue, in þe waye,
 He cleped to him þe king of Nubye,
 þat was ful of felonie.
 'Sir king,' he seyde, 'sest tow nouȝt
 Hou mine men ben to deþ y-brouȝt? 3530
 Descumfit & y-slawe hij beþ,
 þe bodis ded wele ȝe seþ.
 þis Cristen our men to deþ doþ;
 Ac bi Cariot y swere mi noþ,
 & bi Apolyn þe grete, 3535
 Bi Ternagaunt, & bi Mahoun þe swete,
 Bot we of hem be wreken swiþe,
 No worþ y neuer glad no bliþe,
 Bot we hem aseyle biginne,
 & þe hille wiþ strengþe awinne. 3540
 An hundred we ben oȝain hem on,
C. 3346. & al we schul hem nimen anon.'
 þe helden þai nineþ about strongliche,
 & þe Cristen aseyl stalworþliche
 At þe brode pape & narwe also; 3545
 þe Gregeys wele werd hem þo.
 On þe Cristen þai gun smite,
 þe Sarrazins, boþe miche & lite,
 & our men hem werd wel
 Wiþ scharpe speres & grounden¹ stiel: 3550
 Wiþ axes & swerdes y-grounde,
 Wiþ gisarmes þai ȝif deþes wounde.
 ¶ þe soudan forþwiþ alder-farst
 On þe Cristen smot wel fast;
 On heye on helmes he hem smot 3555
 Wiþ his fauchon þat wele bot.
 Toȝaines Gij he smot þo,
 & seyde 'war, ich-il þe slo!'
 Gij he smot so ouer þuert,
 þat he was sumdel y-hert; 3560

Turnbull, p. 123,
l. 3165.

¹ the *r* added
over the line.

MS. fol. 125v. b.

Whan the Sowdan sawe his folke so dey, 3525

By ten, by twelue lye in the wey,

He cleped the kyng of Ermony, The Soudan sent

That was full of felonye. the king of Nubia

'King,' he seide, 'ne seest thou nought

How my men to deth bee brought? 3530 against them,

Bot we on theim bee awreke swithe,

Ne shaft y neuere bee gladde nor blithe.

Wof we theim assaille and fresshly begynne,

And the hylle of theim with strength wynne? 3540 to take the hill.

An hundred we bee ayenst oon;

AH we shuf take anoon.

The Greeks
defend the hill

Vpon the *cristen* they gan smyte,

The Sarasyns, bothe moche and lyte,

And the *cristen* defended theim weH

With sharpe wepen grounde with stech. 3550 desperately.

The Sowdan come than with aH haste, [p. 97]

And at the *cristen* he smote full faste.

The Soudan and
Guy

Ayenst Guy he ganne goo,

And seide: 'yelde the, traytour, y shaft the sloo.'

To Guy he smote with grete course,

That him was some dele the worse; 3560

met in mortal
fight.

Ac Gij wiþ strengþe to him smot
 Wiþ his swerd þat wele bot.
 Wel strong was þat ich fiȝt,
 Ac þe soudan wered him wiþ miȝt.
 Wharto schuld ich ȝou telle more ? 3565
 Þe Sarrazins ouer-comen wore :

C. 3355. Wele haþ Gij don þat day,
 As gode kniȝt & verray.

Turnbull, p. 124,
 l. 3191.

At a pas he houed riȝt,
 As a kniȝt of gret miȝt ; 3570
 A gisarme he bar kerueinde,
 He smot bifore & bi-hinde.
 Þe Sarrazins so he agast,
 Al þat he smot to grounde he cast.

His scheld he hadde forlore,
 To-hewe it lay hiȝ fet bifore.
 So mani Sarrazin he slouȝ þat day,
 þat ich on oþer ded lay ; 3580
 So mani to ded þer he dede,
 þat þe hepe lay to his girdel stede.

C. 3369. ¶ Who so seye þan Herhaud fiȝt,
 Of a gode kniȝt ȝelp he miȝt.
 A damsax he bar on his hond : 3585

Al þat he rauȝt to grounde he wond ;
 Sarrazins he slouȝ mo þan sexti,
 & Gij an hundred & fourti.
 Herhaud þat day so sore swong,
 þat þurch his mouþe þe fom it sprong ; 3590

¹ MS. *alto hewe*

Al to-hewe ¹ was his helme,
 þe blod ran out als a welme.
 What schuld y make tale muche ?
 þe Sarrazins þai slowen strongliche ;
 Ac euer he was gode, apliȝt, 3595
 Gij of Warwike michel of miȝt,

And Guy with strength to him smote
With his swerde that full harde bote.

Guy did well.

To a place he wente, and houted there :

A Gesharme in his honde he did bere.
The Sarasyñs so there he agaste :
Añ that he smote to grounde felle faste.
So faste the sarasyns him leyde vpon),
That his horse they slowe he sate vpon).
His shelde also he hath lore :
To-hewe it laye his fete before.

He fought amid

3575

So many sarasyns he to deth dede,
That they ley on hepe to his girdeñ stede.
Who that had seen) heraude than) fighte,
Of a good knyght he speke myghte.
A deuonyssh axe he bare in his honde :
Añ that he raughte to grounde wende.

a heap of the
dead.

Herhaud also

3585

did prodigies.

Heraude so sore that daye swanke,
That thurgh his mouthe the fome sanke.

3590

And he that was so good a knyght,
Guy of Warrewik of grete myght,

3595

Guy did most.

Turnbull, p. 125,
l. 3217.

More dede þan ani oþer :

His stroke was heui so a foþer.

Gij and his feren also

Als lyouns þai fouȝten þo,

3600

MS. fol. 126r. a.

& the Gregeys forþ wiþ hem,

C. 3382. þai wered hem as douhti men.

Weynes & cartes þai han y-nome

Mo þan fiften þousende atte frome.

Y-ioined hij han þe gret piles,

3605

Ginnes þai made on selcouþe wise,

Sum piles scharpe kerueinde,

Al aboute so mani stondinde,

þat ich ne can þe noumbre telle,

Noiþer in rime no in spelle.

3610

þer nas man þat þer neye come,

þat he ne was to-corwen anon.

So griseliche be þe engins,

For to sle þe Sarrazines,

In ich half y-sett arawe,

3615

¹ r added over
the line.

Scharpe soules doun of þe hulle y-drawe.¹

þer-mid þai hewe þe gret stonis,

Bi-hewe quarre for þe nonis,

So gret so tventie men miȝt drawe,

To slen hem of þe heþen lawe.

3620

Swiche a þousende for-smiten þai be,

þat neuer after schullen y-the ;

Turnbull, p. 126,
l. 3243.

Wel iuel hem is bifallen þare,

C. 3404. Ded þai ben wiþ sorwe & care.

Wharto schuld ich tale telle ?

3625

þe soudan lepe on hors ful snelle.

Gret onde he hadde to Gyoun,

& to Herhaud, his compaynoun,

For hij han slawe so fel of his.

He sat on an hors of priȝs,

3630

Wiþ gret hete he smot to Gij,

Opon his helme, sikerly,

Euere smote to oon and other':
 His strokes were heuy as a vother'.
 And Guyes felowes also
 As lyons they foughte thoo,
 And their' souldiers with theim
 Defended theim as men.

His companions

3600

[p. 98]

and the Greeks
 also acted like
 doughty men.

They constructed
 engines

to slay the
 Saracens,

of whom thou-
 sands perished.

With that come ayene the Sowdan,
 And with him many an hethen man.
 He bare grete hatrede to Guyoun,
 And to heraude, his compaignyon.
 Guy was ware of his comyng':
 To horse he lepe withoute letting'.
 So harde the sowdan smote to Guy
 Vpon the helme, sikirly,

3625

The Soudan

3630

smote Guy,

- þat he feld þat o quarter.
 To Gij he seyð a bismer :
 ‘Y-sestow, lord? bi Apolin, 3635
 þat was a strok of a Sarrazin !’
 Gij to þe soudan smot þo,
 His helme no was *him* worþ a slo :
 Resares euen forþ þe breyn
 Helme & fesse he carf wiþ meyn. 3640
 þan he seyð to *him* a bismer :
 ‘Mahoun halp þe litel þer !
 Bodi & soule no nouzt þer-of
 No is nouzt worþ a lekes clof.
 MS. fol. 126r. b. Hou so it go of mi wounde, 3645
 Of Mahoun þou hast litel help y-founde.
 Er þou scorndest me,
 Of mi wounde þou madest þi gle :
 Turnbull, p. 127,
 l. 3269. Leche gode schal ich haue,
 þat mi wounde schal to hele drawe ; 3650
 þou hast a croun schauen to þe bon ;
 Tomerwe þou miȝt sing anon.
 Wele þou þouȝtest to ben a prest,
 When þou of swiche a bischop order berst !’
 Now biginneþ þat gret fiȝt ; 3655
 Bi þre, bi four, adoun riȝt,
 þe Sarrazins ben ouer-come,
C. 3405. Oway fleinde þai ben some.
 þe niȝt comeþ, þe day is go,
 þe Sarrazins han ful michel wo ; 3660
 For so mani y-slawe þer be
 (So seyð þe folk of þat cuntre),
 þat men miȝt wade ouer þe scho hem
 In þe blod þat of hem kem.
 So miche folk þer was y-slawe þo, 3665
 þat fiȝtene forlong men miȝt go,
 þat þei he kept him neuer so,
 He most nedes opon men go,

That of his creest he felled a quarter,
 And to Guy he seide in a busemer':
 'What seist thou, lording? by Appolyn,
 That was a stroke of a Sarasyn.'
 And Guy to the Sowdan smote so,
 That his helme auailed him not a sloo:
 Streight euen forth to the brayne
 Helme and flesshe he karf with mayne.
 And tho he seide in a busemer':
 'Mahounde helped the liteH there.

3635 and twitted him
 of the wound,

3640 but Guy bettered
 the blow,

How so it fare of my wounde,
 In Mahounde thou hast liteH helpe founde.
 Right nowe thou scorned me,
 And of my wounde thou madest thy glee:
 Lechyng good shaft y haue,
 That shaft my wounde hele and saue;
 And thou hast a crowne shorne to the boon:
 Now thou may synge masse before noon.
 Thou maist bee nowe Mahound's preest,
 Whan [thou] suche a bisshopp's hode werest.'

3645

3650

and the reproach
 also.

Thanne were the Sarasyns ouerecome, [p. 99]
 Away fleyng they wente some.

The Saracens are
 vanquished.

When night came,

So many sarasyns sleyn there bee,
 That fiftene forlange men might see
 Men wade aboue the hemme of their shoon
 In the blode that of them coom.
 So moche slaughter in eche side was thoo,
 That .xv. myles men must goo

3665 the dead bodies
 covered 15
 furlongs.

- Oper on fot, oper on hond,
 Oper opon arm coruen wiþ brond. 3670
 ¶ Wiþ þat come an amiral prikeinge,
 Newe dubbed he was, wiþ-uten lesing ;
 To þe soudan he is y-come,
 þurch þe bodi he haþ woundes some.
 'Sir,' he seyð, 'hennes we go : 3675
 No sestow al our folk slo ?
 Bi þousendes þou sest hem to deþ ligge ;
 Our godes ous hateþ, for soþe to sigge.
 þou sest Mahoun ne Apolin
 Be nouȝt worþ þe brestel of a swin. 3680
 Anon riȝtes wiþdrawe þou þe,
 & to þi pailoun þou fle ;
 Alle þe wounded þou do wiþ þe lede ;
 ȝete þai may þe help & rede.
 þi rereban þou do of-sende ; 3685
 To awreke [þe] þou haue in mende.'
 Anon þai hem wiþdrawe and ben ouer-come ;
 Sori þai ben alle & some.
 MS. fol. 126v. a. þe soudan dede biforn him bring
 Alle his godes, wiþouten lesing : 3690
 Toward hem he is wel wroþ,
 Do he wil hem harm & loþ :
 'A ȝe¹ fals godes vnwreste !
 Sone ȝou tit a liþer² feste.
 Oȝain ous ȝe ben of wicked mode : 3695
 Schame ȝe don ous & no gode.
 ȝe don ous alder-werst to speðe
 When þat we han mest nede.
 Fy, fy,' he seyð, 'on [þe], Apolin !
 þou schalt haue wel iuel fin, 3700
 & þou, Ternagaunt, also :
 Michel schame schal com ȝou to ;
 & þou, Mahoun, her alder lord,
 þou nart nouȝt worþ a tord !

Turnbull, p. 128,
l. 3295.

¹ ȝe on an
erasure.
² MS. *alither*

Turnbull. p. 129,
l. 3321.

Either vp fote, or vp honde,
Or vp man sleyn with bronde.

An Emir, himself
wounded, came
riding to the
Soudan,

and advised him
to withdraw to
his pavilion.

This done,

THOO DUDE the Soudan before hym bringe
AH his godd'is, withoute lesyng :

3690 the Soudan
ordered his gods
to be brought.

Toward them he was full wrothe.

Euery dele he to-rende his clothe,

And seide : 'ye false godd'is vntruste,

Shame ye doo vs and grete bruste.

Ayenst vs ye bee of wikked moode :

3695

Sorowe ye doo vs, and noo goode.

Whan we haue to you moste nede,

Than doo ye vs worste spede.

Fye, fye on the, thou Appolyn !

Thou shalt haue a full euyt fyn,

3700

And thou, Termagant, also :

Moche sorowe come the to ;

And thou, Mahound, their' aller' Lorde,

Thou art not worthe a mouse torde !

He reproached
them with
ingratitude,

þer-fore þou it schalt abigge 3705
 Wiþ staues gret opon þi rigge.'

So he gan his godes to cloute,
 þat þe erþe dined aboute. 3710

Her armes & legges he to-tizt,
 & cleped hem wroches anon rizt :
 'Godenes in þou nas neuer y-founde,
 No more miȝt þan in an hounde.'

Bi þe fet he hem out drouȝ, 3715
 And dede hem schame rizt anouȝ.

Gij dede clepe her cheueteyn
 Wiþ gode will & hert feyn :

C. 3450. 'Lordinges,' he seyð, 'god y-þonked be !

Feir grace so habbe we, 3720

þat þe Sarrazins ben ouercome.
 Wende we to þe cite atte frome.'

& when þai ben comen oȝen,
 To þemperour welcom þai ben,
 & nameliche Gij, þe gode kniȝt, 3725

Mest was worþschiped in þat fiȝt.

¶ When þat y-seye Morgadour,
 þat steward was wiþ þemperour,

þat Giȝ biwreyed vnwrastliche,
 þat þemperour loued so miche, 3730

He bigan for to asay

Hou he miȝt Gij bi-tray.

O felonie he haȝ him bi-þouȝt ;

Of swiche no haue ȝe herd nouȝt :

Turnbull, p. 130,
 l. 3347.

MS. fol. 126v. b.

He þouȝt in his wille þo, 3735

þat Giȝ o message schuld go.

In swiche þouȝt & swiche wille

An while he held him stille ;

Anon he went to þemperour,

& seyð, 'sir, par amour, 3740

- Therfor' thou shalt it abigge 3705
 With harde strokes vpon thy rigge.'
 He toke a good hawthorne, that by him dud ligge, [p. 100]
 And beleide his godd's wombe and Rigge.
 So he beganne his godd's cloute, clouded them,
 That grounde deoned all aboute. 3710
 Their armes and legges he all to-twighte,
 And cleped them wrecches of vnmyghte : broke their legs
 'In you was neuere goodnesse founde, and arms,
 Ne nomore might than in an hounde.'
 By the fete he theim oute drowe, 3715 and cast them
 And did them shame enowe. out.
 GUY cleped to him his chiefenteyn,
 With good wille to him gan seyn : Guy
 'Lorde god, thanked he bee ! and his men
 A Faire grace nowe haue we, 3720
 That the sarasyns bee thus ouerecome.
 Wende we to the Citee nowe sone.'
 Whan they to the Cytee were come ayene,
 To the Emperour welcome they been,
 And namely Guy, the good knyght, 3725 He was welcomed
 Most was worshipped, and that was right. and worshipped
 Whan that sawe Morgadour, Only Morgadour
 That Styward was with the Emperour,
 That Guy was come home thoo,
 And that the Emperour loued him so, 3730
 Than he bethoughte him, the sothe to sey,
 How he might Guy best betraye.
 On felonye he bethoughte thoo,

That Guy shulde on message goo.

- Thanne he seide to the Emperour : [p. 101]
 'Sir,' quoth he, 'paramour', 3740 He advised the
 Emperor

þe soudan haþ his folk y-sent : 3745
 Into al peyni his sond is sent.
 þer nis noȝer ȝing no eld
 þat armes may bere & wepen weld,
 Alle he is haueþ of-sent,
 þe to bisege verrament. 3750
 ¶ To him þou þi sond sende,
 Alle þi wille, word & ende.'

'Who,' he seyð, 'durst þider wende ?' 3755
 'Sir Gij, a kniȝt hardi & hende
 Of þine house, & þat y plight :
 Gij of Warwike of gret miȝt,
 Herhaud of Arderne, þat oþer best :
 On hem tveye ȝe mow ȝou trest. 3760

Turnbull, p. 131,
 l. 3373.

C. 3500.

To þe soudan þou sende þine kniȝtes bold,
 & say þou wilt wiþ him a day hold
 Of acord in swiche manere.'
 'Sir steward,' seyð þemperere,
 'Toward Gij þou berst iuel wille : 3765
 He no schal nouȝt go ; þerof be stille.
 Ac mine barouns ichil of-sende,
 & wite who wille þider wende.'

His barouns he haþ of-sent :
 Ouer alle his lond þai ben y-went, 3770
 þat þai schuld to þemperour wende.
 To hem he seyð, 'mi leue frende,
 Ich wold sende to the soudan,
 ȝif ich wist euer bi wham.
 To him to sende ich am in wille, 3775
 Wiþ him to acord loude oþer stille,

Yf thy wille bee, herken me :
 Good counsaile y shaH yive the.'
 'Now lete see,' quoth the Emperour.
 'Vnderstonde me,' quoth Morgadour.
 'The sowdan hath for his folke sente : 3745
 In-to aH paynym the sonde is wente.

So moche folke he hath for-sente,
 The to besege verament. 3750
 To him, y rede, thou sende thy sonde
 In sauacion of the and aH thy londe,
 That loue and pees bee betwene you two,
 Til aH this rancour bee a-goo.'
 'Who durste,' quoth the Emperour, 'thider wende ?
 'Sir, a good knyght hardy and henle
 Of thy house, y the aplighte,
 Guy of Warrewik of grete mighte,
 And heraude, that other the beste :
 In them two thou may weH truste.' 3760

to send a
 messenger to the
 Soudan,

naming Guy and
 Herhaud.

The Emperour seide : 'Morgadour, bee stille : 3765
 Toward Guy thou hast euyl wille.
 He ne shaH on suche message wende,
 Bot for my baroñs y shaH sende.'

The Emperour,
 with some doubt,
 assented,

HIS BAROUNS tho he dud for-sende :
 Ouere all his londe his sonde gan wende,
 That they shuld to the Emperour come.
 To them he seide : 'my frendes aH and some,
 I shulde sende to the Sowdan,
 Yf y wiste euere by wham).
 With him to accorde y am in wille, [p. 102] 3775
 Yf that ye woH assente thertille,

and assembled his
 barons

3if ani of 3ou so hardi were,
 þat to him þe message bere.
 When þemperour had seyð his resoun,
 þer nas noiþer kniȝt no baroun 3780
 þat him a word answerd þo :
 Nas þer non þe message durst do.
 ¶ A baroun of þe benche aros :
 Sir Tristor his name was.

MS. fol. 127r. a.

C. 3555.

‘ Sir emperour, vnder-stond me, 3785
 For leyer no schal ich holden be ;

Turnbull, p. 132,
l. 3399.

For ich it sigge for gret loue,
 & þine worþschipe to held aboue :
 Fif thousande siþe haue he maugre
 þat þe conseyll 3af to þe ! 3790

For he þe loueþ riȝt nouȝt
 þat in þat wille þe haþ y-brouȝt,
 þat þou to him ȝelde scholdest,
 Bot¹ þou þi sonde sende woldest.

¹ þat?

No þenkestow nouȝt of þat baroun 3795

þat was of so gret renoun,
 Hou þou sendest him to ?
 Oȝain no come he neuer mo.
 He þe sent þe heued wiþ-outen more,
 No durst neuer eft non com þore ; 3800
 In þe world is kniȝt non
 þat þe message durst don.

C. 3565. For arwe no sigge ich it no-wiȝt :

3if in min armes were so gret miȝt
 Also ich hadde, & as ȝong were 3805

As ich was hennes an hundred ȝere,
 þis ich message don ich wold,
 For drede of deþ lete y nold.
 Ac icham now a neld man,
 Alle mine miȝtes ben now gan ; 3810
 It is now gon mo þan fifti ȝer
 þat ich on rigge hauberk ber.

Yf any of you so hardy were,
That durste from vs our' message bere.'
Whan the Emperour had seide his reeson,
Ther was neither knyght nor baron
That oon worde him answerd,
Bot as dome men sate aȝ aferde.

to ask who
would take the
message.

3780

Sir Tristor

opposed

the Emperor's
proposal,for no former
messenger
had ever returned.He said it not
for cowardice,

Turnbull, p. 133,
l. 3425.

¹ *fich*, but the *f*
underdotted.

Ich¹ 3ou sigge for sope y-wis,
To lese a good man gret harm it is,
For 3if he ani sendeþ þider,
His heued him schal comen hider.
Now ich haue mi wille y-sede;
Now 3iue anoþer better rede.'

3815

When Tristor hadde y-seyd þis,
Wip-uten ani oþer abod y-wis,
þer nas nouzt on, litel no miche,
þat durst speke sikerliche.
Gij of Warwike vp arist:

3820

² *þhus* originally,
but the *s* under-
dotted.

'Sir emperour, bi mi lord Iesu² Crist,
þis message ichil afo,
& it þurch godes help do.'
Seyd þemperour, 'þat schaltow nouzt:

3825

MS. fol. 127r. b.

³ MS. *ichit*

þider to go haue þou no þouzt;
Ich it³ dede mine men to fond,
To whom ich miȝt trust in mi lond.'
þan answerd Gij wel snelle,
'For sope, sir, leten y nille,
þat ich þe message wil do,

3830

C. 3600. To dye er ich þennes go.'

Wip þat he went out of þe halle.
þe Gregeys siked among hem alle,
'God! what Gij is noble baroun!

3835

Turnbull, p. 134,
l. 3451.

Iesu, þat suffred passioun,
Saue him fram cumberment,
& him oȝain bring in sauement.'
Gij cam to his in in a stounde,
His felawes droupeing he founde.
'Lordinges,' he seyde, 'hou is it now?
Almiȝti god y bi-teche 3ou.'

3840

'Sir,' quap Herhaud, 'ich-il go
Bi þine wille wip þe also.'
Gij answerd, 'so no schal it be.
Icham y-go: biddeþ for me.'

3845

but to spare a
good man.

When he finished

And ther' was noon, litiH ne moche,
That oon' worde spake sikirliche.

GUYE of Warrewik than vpryste :
'Sir Emperour, by my lorde Criste,
This message,' quoth he thoo,
'With goddis helpe y shaH it weH doo.'
The Emperour seide : 'that shalt thou nought :
Thider' goo haue thou noo thought.'

Guy

3825 offered to go.

Thanne answerd Guy, as y you telle :
'By god, sir, y it leue nelle,
Bot y woH this message doo,
To dye or y thense goo.'

With that he toke his leue of theim aH,
And wente him forthe oute of the haH.

For him they bidde, knyght and baron,
To god, that suffred passion,

Shuld saue him fro combringe,

And him ayene sauf bringe.

Guy come to his ynne in a stounde,
His felawes he hath aH drowping founde.

'What, lording's,' he seide, 'how is it nowe ?

AH-mighti god y betече you.'

'Sir,' quoth heraude, 'y shaH with the goo ; [p. 103] 3845
For, yf thou dye, y shaH also.'

Guy answerd : 'so may it not bee.

I shaH goo : pray thou for me.'

How the Greeks
sighed
while admiring
Guy.

3835

3840

Guy's fellows

wished to
accompany him,

but he would go
alone.

- He oxed his armes hastiliche,
 And men es him brouzt sikerliche. 3850
 Hosen of iren he hap on drawe,
 Non better¹ nar bi þo dawe.
 In a strong hauberk he gan him schrede,
 Who so it wered, þe ded no þurt him drede.
 An helme he hap on him don : 3855
 Better no wered neuer kniȝt non ;
 The sercle² of gold þer-on was wrouȝt,
 For half a cite no worþ it bouȝt :
 So mani stones þer-in were,
 þat were of vertu swiȝe dere. 3860
 Seȝþe he gert him wiȝ a brond
 þat was y-made in eluene lond.
 His scheld about his nek he tok,
 On hors he lepe wiȝ-ouȝten stirop,
 On hond he nam a spere kerueinde, 3865
 Out of þe cite he was rideinde.
 Alle þat weren of þat cite
 For him wel sori weren he ;
 No wene þai neuer his ȝain-cominge,
 Alle þai wene þer his endinge. 3870
- C. 3635.** Now is Gij in þe riȝt way
 Toward þe Sarrazins, y say,
 Wele y-armed on his stede,
 A launce he bar gode at nede.
 Smerteliche he dede him in þe ways, 3875
 Ouer þe dounes & þe valeys
 To the Sarrazins y-comen he is,
 & her paulouns he seȝ y-wis.
 A real pauloun he þer seye
 Wiȝ an eren of gold an heye. 3880
 þat was þe soudans³ pauloun :
 Haue he Cristes malisoun !
 In-to þe pauloun Gij him wond,
 & an hast þer he fond

¹ *better*, but the first *r* underdotted.

² the *r* added over the line.

Turnbull, p. 135, l. 3477.

MS. fol. 127v. a.

³ *soudanes*, but the *s* underdotted.

His armes he asked hastely,
And men them broughte gentilly.

3850

He armed himself,

Than he girde him with his bronde,
That was made in eluyssh londe.
A sheelde aboute his swere he toke,
To horse he leepe withoute stirope,
In his hande he bare his spere-keruyngt,
And oute of the Citee he wente rydingt.
AlH the folke of the Citee
For him wepte for pitee,
And preysde hertly for his gayne-comyng,
And that the sowdan shuld haue euyl endingt.

3865

leapt on his horse,

and left the city,

amid universal
lamentation.

3870

NOWE IS Guy in the wey
Towardis the sarasyns, as y you sey,
WeH armed vpon his stede,
A launce he bare fuH good at nede.

So nyghie the sarasyns come he is,
That he their paulyon sawe y-wis.
To the Sowdañs paulyon he gan aspie
With an heron of golde standing on highe.

3880

By a golden eagle
he knew the
Soudan's pavilion.

In-to that paulyon Guy is went
On horsebak, y telle you, verament.

Alle atte mete þat þer was, 3885

& nouȝt michel noise þer nas.

At þe heye bord eten kinges ten,

þat alle were Gyes fomen.

þan seyð Gij þe Englisse, 3890
 & Vnderstond to mi speche :

Turnbull, p. 136,
 l. 3503.

þilke lord þat woneþ an heye,

þat al þing walt fer & neye,

& in þe rode lete him pini,

¹ *sauēi*, but the *e*
 underdotted.

Al cristen men to sauī,¹

& in þe se made þe sturioun, 3895

So ȝif ȝou alle his malisoun,

& alle þilk þat ich here se,

þat mis-bileued men be ;

& þe at þe first, sir soudan,

Cristes wreche þe come opan ! 3900

Yuel fure breninde fast þe opon,

& cleue þi brest down to þi ton !

² *l* added over the
 line with another
 ink.

For icham Gij ȝe mow wel² se,

Yuel mot ȝe alle y-the !

Vnder-stond, treitour, mi resoun : 3905

Haue þou Cristes malisoun,

& alle þilke forþ mitt te,

³ *r* added over the
 line (with another
 ink?).

þat ich her³ about þe se.

þe heye god þat is ful of miȝt

Binim ȝou ȝour limes & ȝour siȝt ! 3910

Bi me þe sent word þemperour Garioun,

C. 3660. þat miȝti men haþ in his bandoun,

þurch wham þou art y-brouȝt to schond,

& hotep þe wende out of his lond,

For here has tow no riȝt. 3915

Finde a Sarrazin oper a kniȝt,

& he schal anoper finde,

MS. fol. 127v. b.
 Turnbull, p. 137,
 l. 3529.

þat schal deray[ne] his riȝt kinde.

Y schal wiþ þe glotoun fiȝt ;

& ȝif þine haue þe more miȝt, 3920

The Sowdan at mete was there :

Of Guy ne was he not ware.

With the Sowdan ete kyng's teñ :

A faire sighte it was to keñ.

And Guy on horsbak sate there, [p. 104]

To theim he spake in this manere :

' Now that god that duelleth on highe,

That all thing socoureth farre and nyghe,

And on the Rode suffred passion,

3885 He found the
Soudan at table

with ten kings,

all foes of Guy.

3890

After an

Yiue you all his malison ;

imprecation
on all

And the first, sir Sowdan,

Cristes curse come the vpon !

3900 believers in

Vnderstonde, traitour, to my reeson :

I am the Emperours garson,

3905 Mahoun,

That by me hath sente his sonde,

And biddeth the to goo oute of his londe.

he delivered his
message,

& ouer-comeþ our champioun,
 Mi lord þe schal ȝiue ransoun,
 & als his lord serue wille
 Euer more, & þat is skille.
 & ȝif it so bitide þat our kniȝt
 3925
 Ouer-come ȝour in feld in fiȝt,
 Hastiliche þan, y rede þe,
 Out of þis lond þat þou fle.

þer-of þou take a day :
 On mi lordes word, y þe say,
 3930
 To þi pauloun ich am y-come,
 To do þe bateyle atte frome.

Onswere me wiþ-outen lesing,
 What word y schal mi lord bring.'

C. 3683.

¹ added at the end
 of the line.

Quap þe soudan, 'wheennes artow,
 3935
 Into mi court¹ comen art now,

& misseyst me so schameliche,
 & þretest me so dedeliche ?'
 Gij answerd, 'ich-il þe telle :
 Mi name for-hele y nille.
 3940
 Gij of Warwike mi name is ;
 In þat cuntre y was born y-wis.'

Turnbull, p. 138,
 l. 3555.

þe soudan answerd þo :
 'Artow Gij, so mot þou go,
 þou slouȝ mi nevou Cosdram :
 3945
 His heued þou smot þe bodi fram ;
 þou it schalt abigge, bi Apolin !

C. 3700.

Today is comen ending þin !'
 He hete anon þat Gij wer nome
 & y-cast in his prisoun,
 3950
 Fort þe cloþ ben y-drawe,
 & þan reweliche ben y-slawe.
 Gij drouȝ out his swerd anon,
 & priked his stede wel gode won.
 Bi seyn Denis he gan to swere,
 3955
 ȝif ani man so hardi were,

Therfor' to thy pauylon y am coñe,

To warne the to bee hense anone.

Answer' me nowe to this asking',

What worde y shaH to my lorde bringe.'

QUOTH the Sowdan: 'what art thou,
That in-to my courte art coñe nowe,

And mysseist me so shamefully

And thretnest me so dedely?'

Guy answerd: 'y shaH the telle:

My name to couere for the y nelle.

Guy of Warrewik my name is;

In the contree there y was borñe, ywis.'

The sowdan answerd thoo:

'Art thou Guy, that seist soo,

Thou slowe my neyeyu Cosdram:

His hede thou smote the body frañ.'

and demanded an
answer.

3935 The Soudan asked
his name.

3940

He told it.

The Soudan

3945

Anone he bade that Guy were noñ

And kaste in his depe prison,

Tylle the borde were withdrawe,

And than shamefully to bee slawe.

GUYE drowe his swerde anoñe:

The sarasyns fast aboute him gan gooñ.

By seynt Denys Guy gan swere,

And if any so hardy were

commanded Guy
to be seized and
slain.

3950

[p. 105]

3955 But Guy

þat him neyzed wiþ schond,
He schuld dye þurch his hond.

¹ MS. *alyoun*.

MS. fol. 128r. a.

Bifor þe soudan com Gyoun,
& him biheld als a lyoun,¹ 3960

& seyð, 'soudan, þou schalt abigge :
þine heued þou schalt forgon, y sigge.'

Opon þe cheyer þer he sat

Gij toke him bi þe top wiþ þat,

& þat heued he dede of fle 3965

Opon þe bord of appel tre.

C. 3713.

þe heued he toke in his hond,

& in his lappe he it wond.

Turnbull, p. 139,
l. 3581.

Wel hastiliche he went *him*, y-wis,

Of þe Sarrazins adrede he is. 3970

An hundred heuedes he dede of fien

Of þilke þat him stode ozen.

Wiþ him he forþ þat heued bar, 3975

Maugre alle þat þer war.

þurch þat ost he rode smartliche,

His hors him bar hastiliche.

þer miȝt men se þe Sarrazin

Bi on & on wende to Apolin. 3980

Wel fast after him þai come,

& alle þai wold han him nome.

Gij to aseilen þai wer ȝep ;

Vnarmed were þe most hep.

Gij drouȝ him toward an hulle, 3985

þe Sarrazins him driuen snelle :

² *bi* on an erasure.

Boþe bi² hundred & þousende

Him go þe Sarrazins driueinde.

On ich half þai smiten him to,

& he oȝain to hem also : 3990

Neuer no was an-lepy kniȝt

þat so mani stond miȝt.

To come to him with any shonde,
 He shuld him slee with his honde;
 And priked his stede amonge the route : advancing
 All the sarasyns of him had doubte. 3960

To the sowdan he come with that.
 In his cheire, wherin he sat,
 To him he smote than anoon, 3965 struck off the
 That the hede vpon the borde felle down. Soudan's head,
 The hede Guy toke vp with his honde,
 And in a clothe he it wonde.

Hastly the sarasyns route
 Besette Guy all aboute. 3970 and rode away
 with it.

To Iesu crist he cryde euere vpon.
 The sarasyns to him resorted echoon.
 An hundred hedes he dud of fleen
 Of tho that stode him ayeñe,
 And with strength that hede forth bare, 3975
 Maugre theim all that were there.
 Thurghe the hooste he rode smertly,
 His horse him bare full swiftly.

He was pursued
 by the Saracens,

of whom he slew
 many.

Bot god nim of him zeme,
His liif it is michel awene.

C. 3731.

Turnbull, p. 140,
l. 3607.

Listeneþ now & sitteþ stille :
Of Herhaud ich zou telle wille,
þat of swoning no may him duelle.
For his lord Gij, y zou telle,
So michel sorwe him was an,
þat telle no miȝt he it noman.
Euerich man is swiþe wo

4000

¹ MS. *agode*

When he schal a gode¹ frende for-go :
So was Herhaud for his lord fre ;
No wende he him neuer more y-se.

4005

² *r* in *her* added
over the line.

³ *he* omitted in
MS.

MS. fol. 128r. b.

þan bigan his sorweinge,
His her² he³ tar, his honden gan wring.

‘ Allas ! ’ he seyð, ‘ sir Gij !

Now ich wot wele siker-lye

4010

þat y no schal þe neuer y-se ;

Allas ! for sorwe wo is me ! ’

For grete sorwe þat he hedde

He fel adoun on his bedde,

þer he is y-falle on slepe,

4015

As a man weri of wepe.

A sweuen him mett wel ferly,

þat he seye his lord sir Gij

On his stede swiþe cominge,

& on his hond his swerd kerueing ;

4020

Aseyled he was wiþ wolues & bere :

C. 3750.

Turnbull, p. 141,
l. 3633.

Vnneþe he miȝt him fram hem were.

Alle þai hadde to-broken his scheld,

& his brini to-rent manifeld.

Vnneþe he miȝt him were,

4025

So þai gun on him to tere.

Wiþ þat is Herhaud awaked,

& of his sweuen gret sorwe maked,

Bot god him kepte alweys, as it dooth seme,
 Or ellis his lif he had loste, as men wene ;
 For on euery behalue they smote him to, 3995
 And he to them did also.

LESTENETH nowe and sitte stille, [p. 106]
 Lordingis, and it bee youre wille.
 Of heraude nowe y shaft you telle,
 That of sorowyng' may not duelle. 4000

Meanwhile,
 Herhaud,

Euery man is full woo
 Whan he shaft a good frende forgoo :
 So was heraude for his lorde free ; 4005
 For he wende neuere him more see. was very anxious
 about his lord.

In his sorrow

He felle in swowe vpon his bedde
 Thurgh grete sorowe that he hadde,
 And thurgh that falle aslepe, 4015
 As a man that is very of wepe. he fell asleep,
 A dreme he had merueillously,
 That he sawe his lorde Guy
 Vpon his stede swithe comyng',
 And in his honde his swerde keruyng',

and saw in a
 dreame Guy

And was assailed with wolues and beer' : 4020
 Vnnethe he might fro them eskafe there.
 Aft to-cratched they had his sheelde,
 That pecemele it fleigh in the feelde.

assailed by
 wolves and bears.

and in great
 danger.

Withat is heraude of his slepe awaked,
 And anone grete sorowe maked,

As soon as he
 awoke,

& seyð anon to alle his *compeynie*,
 ‘Felawes, wil we ous armi? 4030
 Gij to help we ouzt to spede;
 For to help he haþ gret nede,
 Wele ich wot bi mi sweuen.
 Now help ous god þat is in heuen!’
 Y-armed þai ben sone anon, 4035
 & on hors þai lopen ichon,
 & wendeþ forþ wiþ gode wille
 Ouer þe dounes & þe dales snelle.
 Wiþ alle her miȝt þai heye fast
 For to socour Gij on hast. 4040
 þe Sarrazins þai gun þretni,
 & made gret sorwe for Gij.
 þai seyð alle þat þer were,
 Hem dred þai him seye neuere;
 Oþer ded he was oþer y-nome, 4045
 For him þai were sori alle & some.
 Sone þai neyȝed toward þat ost,
 Of Sarrazins þai herd gret bost;
 Of hem was wrin al þe feld,
 On hors þai were wiþ spere & scheld, 4050
 þat euerichon þai þretten Gij:
 Him to slen þai han gret envie.
 Amonges hem þai seye Gyoun
 þat him wered als a lyoun.¹
 On ich half þai him aseyle, 4055
 & he him werþ wiþ-uten feyle.
 Bi þe reynes þai ben him neye niminge,
 Ac he him werþ wiþ swerd kerueing;
 Mani he smot of fot & fest;
 He hadde al nede, la, wite Crist! 4060
 Now þai bigin to prike swiþe,
 To socour Gij þai han gret hye.
 Herhaud him smot a Sarrazin,
 þat litel him halp his Apolin.

Turnbull, p. 142,
l. 3659.

MS. fol. 128v. a.

¹ MS. *alyoun*.

C. 3780.

And cride anone to his companye :

'Felawes, anone doo you army,

4030

And Guy to helpe anone we spede ;

For of helpe he hath grete nede :

WeH y it wote by my sweueñ.

Now helpe us god that is in heueñ !'

AH armed they were anoon,

[p. 107] 4035 his fellows,
at his command,

And wente to horse euerychoon,

rode armed

And with aH their' might they hie faste

For to socour' Guy in haste.

4040

toward the
Soudan's camp.

Sone they behelde toward a cooste :

On approaching it

Of the Sarasyns they herde grete booste.

AH fuH sore they thretned Guy :

Him to slee fast hasted they.

Amonge theim they sawe Guyoun

That defended him strongly as a lyon.

On euery behalve they did him assaille,

That by the brideH they toke saunz faille.

they saw Guy
chased by his
pursuers,

4055

who were grasp-
ing at his reins.

Tho gan heraude fast spede

To socour' Guy ; for it was nede.

First he smote to a sarasyn,

That litiH helped him Appolyn.

But now Herhand
and his fellows

- þai smiten togider & fast þrung, 4065
 þai corwen þurch liuer & þurch lunge ;
 þe Sarrazins þai teche an iuel play,
 Euerich on oper y-slawe lay.
 Herhaud is ful wele bifalle,
 He socourþe Gij wiþ his felawes alle. 4070
 Amonges hem was gret gladn-esse :
 þe most hepe¹ wepen for blis ;
 þai kisten Gij alle for blis,
 & þonked god ful ȝern, y-wis.
 ¶ þe Sarrazins wenten alle oȝen, 4075
 Sori & dreri alle þai ben.
 Turnbull, p. 143, þai token her lordes bodi þere,
 1. 3685. As sori wreches oway it bere ;
 To Ascone þai ben þer-wiþ y-come,
 Y-schent þai ben alle & some. 4080
 Gij, & Herhaud, & her meyne
 Glad & bliþe alle ben he.
 C. 3800. þat heued þai han on a spere y-sett
 (þer miȝt men se þat Gij was wel net),
 Bifore him bere þat it hap y-do. 4085
 Mani on pelt her finger þer-to.
 Into þe cite þai gun it bring,
 For ioie þai gun þe belles ring.
 Sir Gij to þemperour y-comen is,
 þe heued he him ȝalt, y-wis : 4090
 þemperour gret þanke him can,
 & in þat cite he doþ make onan
 A pilier of gray marbel ston :
 þat heued he sett anon þer-on.
 In swiche wise deuised it was, 4095
 þat it was biwreyen in bras,
 MS. fol. 128v. b. Whar-purch þat oper miȝt ben war
 C. 3832. To come wiþ ani ost more þar.
 þan Gij hadde y-don so
 þemperour cleped Gij him to : 4100

They smyte faste and to-geder thronge,
 That forkoruen been guttes, lyuer, and longe.
 So at laste, as god yaue theim grace,
 The sarasyns with shame discomfited was,

4065 rushed to the
 rescue,

and "taught the
 Saracens an evil
 play."

And Guy rescowed with grete gladnesse :
 All thanked god of their prowesse.

Great was their
 joy.

The sarasyns with-drowe theim anon
 Sory and woofull euerychoon,
 And toke their lord's body there,
 As sory wrecches with theim it bere.

4075 The Saracens
 retreated.

THOO GUYE and heraude and their meyne
 Thanked god fast of their fair iourne.
 The hede on a spere they haue doo, [p. 108]
 And ryde faste to the Citee thoo.

Guy and his
 fellows

entered the city,

Whan they of the Citee wiste of his comynge
 For ioye they ganne all the belles ryng.
 Whan Guy to the Emperour come is
 The hede he presented with ioye and blis.
 The Emperour with ioye of Guy it hent,
 And thanked him gretly of that present.
 In the Citee he lete make anone
 A piler of grey marbelstone :
 The hede therupon sette was,
 And in eche side an hede of bras.

whose bells were
 rung right
 merrily.

4090 Guy presented the
 Soudan's head to
 the Emperor,

who set it on a
 pillar,

4095

as a warning to
 all enemies.

WHANNE all this was doo
 The Emperour cleped Guy him to, 4100

'Welcome be þou to me, sir Gij !
 Hennes for dayes þritti
 Turnbull, p. 144, Michel monschip ichil þe do,
 l. 3711. Mi feir douhter ȝiue þe to.'
 To þemperour onswerd sir Gij, 4105
 'An hundred siþe, sir, gramerci !'

C. 3843. þemperour aros amorwe þo,
 To sen þe cuntre þai ben y-go ; 4110
 Alle þat day þai riden hem so
 Alle what euen, þai rested hem þo.
 þai seye toward a pleyn plas
¹ MS. *adoun* þat bisiden a doun ¹ was.
 A lyoun þai seye cominde þo, 4115
 Bot a smal pas no miȝt he go,
 Wiþ ȝenende mouþe, & weri he was.
 Gij þat seye & seyd, 'allas !
 Whi, no haddestow help non ?'
² MS. *folly* Ac þat lyon ² þai dradden ichon, 4120

For wiþ a dragoun he hade y-fouȝt, 4125
 & ouercomen he was nere him þouȝt.

Gij anon asked his stede þo,
 His spere, & his swerd also : 4130
 In his hond a gode swerd he bar ;
 þat y-seye alle þat þer war.
 When þe dragoun seye com Gij
 þe lyoun he forlett, & gan him sayly.
 Wiþ open mouþe oȝaines him he come ; 4135
 Gij bar his spere oȝaines him anon :

- And seide to him: 'my dere frende Guy,
Of all thy goodnesse y kanne not the thanky,
Bot, and thy wille were to take,
My doughter y yiue the to thy make.'
Than answerd to him sir' Guy,
4105 again offered Guy
his daughter's
hand.
And seide: 'sir', moult *graunt* mercy!
At this tyme they departed so:
The Emperour to his chambre wente tho.
The Emperour aroosse on morowe thoo,
And to see the contree he is goo.
4110 The Emperor
rode through the
country.
And Guy thoughte in that mornynge
To wode wende in his pleyng.
So in-to a launde he come by cas,
That a liteH within the forest was.
A lyoun he sawe come thoo,
4115 lion was seen,
Bot a softe paas he ne might goo,
With yanyng' mouthe, full wery he was. [p. 109]
Thanne seide Guy, 'allas, alas!
This beest had helpe noon.'
His men dredde the lyon echoon.
4120
Guy to the lyon wente, saunz faille:
The lyon on him waued his taille,
As he wolde helpe haue
For a dragon, that ley ther' in a caue,
With whom the lyon had foughite,
4125
And nye ouere-come he was him thoughte.
Whan that wiste Guy
In his herte he was sorry.
After his stede he sente tho,
Shelde, and spere, and swerd also.
4130 attacked the
dragon.
Whan the dragon sawe a man to him come
The lyon he lefte, and to the man ronne.
With open mouth toward Guy he gan goon,
4135
And Guy bare vp his spere anone:

Turnbull, p. 145,
l. 3737.

In-to his þrote he it þrest wiþ strengþe ;
In his bodi was alle his schaft lengþe,
þat ded to grounde he feld him þo.
What schuld y make tales mo ? 4140
He smot of þe heued, & went oway,
& come to þemperour so sone so he may,
Gyoun, wiþ riȝt gode wille :

C. 3890. þe lyoun after him folweþ snelle.
Biforn him he goþ swiþe sket, 4145
& folwed him at his stede fet.

His fet he licked, so ȝede he neye,
& lepe vp on his stede an heye,
MS. fol. 129r. a. & seþþe he lepe adoun anon,
& made him gret joie opon. 4150

To þemperour is comen Gij,
þat of him was glad, sikerli.
Alle þai bihelden þe lyoun,
& hadde gret joie bot þe feloun,
Morgadour þe steward, 4155

þat euer was Gij oȝeinward.
A liþer tresoun þan þouȝt he,
þat he wold þe lyoun sle.
Wiþ þat into þe cite þai ben y-gon ;

C. 3913. þemperour went vnto his tour of ston, 4160
& Gij is to his in y-go :
þe lyoun him folwed euer mo.

Turnbull, p. 146,
l. 3763.

Biforn his bed he goþ to ligge,
Fram him he nold, for soþe to sigge.
So long þai riden her jurneys, 4165

And purch riden þe cuntreys,
þat to Costentin þai ben y-come.
þemperour haþ Gij on speche y-nome,
& seyð, ' Gij, make þe redi :

Tomorwe þou schalt mi douhter weddi.' 4170
Wel sweteliche him answerd sir Gij,
' Sir emperour, mow gramerci ! '

In-to the throte he it putte with strength,
Farre in-to his body his speres length,
That dede he felle to grounde tho.

Guy pierced the
dragon with a
spear,

Wherto shuld y make tales moo?

4140

He smote of the hede, and wente his wey
Homeward ayene, the sothe to sey.
Before him gooth the lyon,
And folowed him alwey by woon,

and smote off his
head.
Returning to the
Emperor,

he was followed
by the lion.

And likked his fete as he yede,
And lepte and pleyde in euery stede.

With that praye wente sir' Guy,
And yelde it to the Emperour, sikirly.
All were full gladde of the lyon

[p. 110]

All were glad to
see the lion,

Sauf Morgadour' the felon,
That was the Emperours Styward,
That euere was Guy ayeneward.
A slie treason than thoughte he,
That he wolde the lyon slee.

4155 except Morga-
dour,

who resolved to
kill him.

Now is Guy to his ynne goo:
The lyon him foloweth euere moo.

After their return
to Constantinople,

Guy's marriage to
the Princess was
fixed for the next
day.

C. 3935. **A** morwe, so sone so it was day,
 Gij him schred in fou & gray;
 Wip him his felawes also, 4175
 To chirche þai gon euer to & to.
 Wip þat þai ben to chirche y-come
 Worpschiplich alle & some,
 & þat maiden was also;
 Gret joie hadde al her kin þo. 4180
 þe erchebischop was comen also,
 Redi þe spouseing for to do.

C. 3949. ¶ þemperour seyð to Gij þere :
 ‘ Mi douhter ich ziue þe here,
 And pritti castels wip hir also, 4185
 Wip þe worpschip þat lip þer-to,
 And half mi lond ich ziue þe,
 Bifor mi barouns þat here be.

Turnbull, p. 147, þou schalt ben emperour after me :
 l. 3789. Biforn hem alle y graunt it þe.’ 4190
 ‘ Alle,’ he seyð, ‘ þat þou bedest me
 Ichil afong,’ quap Gij, ‘ wip hert fre.’

MS. fol. 129r. b. þe erchebischop¹ come forþ
¹ MS. *erchebus-* Wip a ring, þat miche was worþ;
chop. He tok it Gij, & he it gan afong, 4195
 & Gij bi-pouzt him þan wel strong :
 He bi-pouzt þan in his wille
 þat Felice he schuld don vnskill;

He pouzt him repent & wip-drawe,
 Wheþer he miȝt hir² lete oþer haue. 4200
 Leuer him pouzt to han hir bodi on
 Wip-uten siluer & gold & precious ston,
 þan alle oþer þat were o liue
 Wip alle þe gode men miȝt him ziue.
 Gij sett him adoun anon, 4205
 & seyð swiche iuel is comen him on,
 þat he no may of þe stede gon,
 Him þenkeþ his hert brekeþ ato.

² *her* originally
 intended?

Early the next
morning Guy,

with his fellows,
went to church.

The Princess was
there also.

The Archbishop
was ready to
marry them.

Besides the
Princess Guy was
to have 30 castles,

and half the
empire at once,

and to be Em-
peror afterwards.

But when the
Archbishop came
forth,

Guy thought of
Felice.

He would rather
have her without
anything than
any other maiden
with all good
things.

Guy felt ill,

- C. 3969.** Gij fel aswoning in þat plas,
 & aros vp sone after þas ; 4210
 Gij seyð an heye to þemperour :
 ‘ Sir, y þe pray paramour,
 þat þis fest deleyed be
 Fort efsones, y bidde þe,
 þat ich am apassed þis hache, 4215
 & þat ich in gode hele be.’
 Quap þemperour, ‘ þat reweþ me,
 þis sposayl schal delayed be.’
 þennes hij gon alle y-fere,
 Alle sone wiþ droupeand chere. 4220
- C. 3983.** þat maiden wepe & was sori,
 For Gij no miȝt hir spousi,
 For neuer more hij no wende
 Wiþ loue com him hende ;
 No ioie ne may comen hir inne, 4225
 For hij no wende him neuer winne.
 Sche wrong hir honden & wepe sore,
 Sorwe made neuer wiman more ;
 Sche wrong hir fingres & tar hir here,
 & curssed þe time þat moder hir ber, 4230
 & þe time þat hye biȝeten was ;
 Neuer woman wers nas.
- C. 3987.** **G**ij is to his in y-go,
 No wist noman of his wo
 Bot him self : bi niȝt and day 4235
 Al a fourten niȝt sike he lay,
 MS. fol. 129v. a. þat he no com his bed fram,
 No out atte dore he no cam.
- N**ow wille we of Gij duelle,
 & of his lyoun ichil ȝou telle ; 4240
 Of his lyoun, hou he fard :
 þer while þat Gij lay sike so hard
 Nold he noiþer ete no drink,
 Ac sorwe he made and gret morning.
- Turnbull, p. 148,
 l. 3815.
- Turnbull, p. 149,
 l. 3841.

and fell into a
swoon.

Recovering,
he asked the
Emperor to put
off the marriage.

The Emperor
did not like the
delay.

The Princess
wept,

despairing ever to
win Guy.

And Guy in-to his bedde he is stryke,
And therin he lieth longe sike.

4235 Nobody knew
what was the
matter with Guy,
who did not leave
his bed for a
fortnight,

While Guy was
ill the lion neither
ate nor drank.

- C. 3997.** Gij¹ cleped Herhaud him to, 4245
¹ *j* in *Gij* seems altered from *f*.
 & alle his conseyl schewed him þo.
 ‘Sir Herhaud,’ he seyd, ‘conseyl me :
² *Qy. þi?*
 Of mi² conseyl ich oxi þe,
 3if y schal þemperours douhter take,
 Or 3ete abide forþ & hir for-sake. 4250
 Ich haue a leman in Ingland
 (To telle þe nil y nouzt wond),
 þerls douhter Rohaut y-wis,
 Felice, þat feir maiden of pris.
 Oper þan hir loue y no may, 4255
 Sir Herhaud, for soþe to say.’
 Herhaud onswerd : ‘ichil 3ou telle
 þe best conseyl ich haue in wille.
 3if þou þemperours douhter afo
 Riche þou best euer mo : 4260
 After him þou best emperour.
 God haþ y-don þe gret anour :
 In þe world ne worþ man of so gret miȝt,
 No of so gret pouer, y plizt.
 More riches þe worþ bi a þousandel 4265
 Boþe of cites & of riche castel,
 Forestes ful of hertes beld,
 þan þerl Rohaut haþ in weld.’
Turnbull, p. 150,
 l. 3897.
C. 4023. ‘Stille be þou,’ quap Gij, ‘of þat þouȝt.
 S Now ich wot þou louest me nouzt, 4270
 When þou conseyls me mi leman fro.
 Mi liif to lese, nil ich it do.’
 ‘Sir,’ quap Herhaud, ‘ich-il be stille,
 When it is ozain þi wille.
 þat þou hir louedest wist y nouzt, 4275
 & þo þou of conseyl me bisouzt,
 þe best ich wold 3iue þe
 þat ich hadde wiþ-in me.
 When þou Felice loues so,
 Vn-riȝt it were & þou hir for-go.’ 4280

At last Guy asked
Herhaud's advice

as to whether he
should marry the
Princess,

or wait for Felice.

Herhaud advised
him to marry the
Princess.

But Guy would
rather die.

So Herhaud
told him to
remain true to
Felice.

MS. fol. 129v. b.

C. 4035.

Gij aros after þe fourtennizt
Glad & bliþe wiþ hert list.

He is to þe court y-come,
& ful welcome to alle & some.

¹ MS. 3eþo.

Wiþ him his lyoun to court 3e[de] þo,¹

4285

þurch whom aros gret sorwe & wo.

þemperour of Gij wel bliþe he was ;

Into al þe court no noþer þer nas

Al bot Morgadour, sikerliche :

He hated Gij wel inliche.

4290

For þe maiden he hadde Gij in hete.

Gij bileft in court atte mete,

Turnbull, p. 151,
l. 3893.

Him to play & solanci.

þo at þe court bileft sir Gij,

þer whiles þe king ate mete sat,

4295

þe lyoun goþ to play wiþ-outen þe 3at

In pais wiþ-outen vilanie.

Herkenef now, lordinges, gladli :

When þemperour hadde y-hete,

Gode while Gij haþ bi him sete,

4300

Wiþ him to pley in compeynie :

Solas he loued wiþouten vilanie.

þat ich while his lyoun

3ede out of þe pauloun :

Al abouten he is y-go,

4305

For to resten him in a wro :

O3ain þe sonne he slepe in a stede,

Gret while of þe day & so he dede.

C. 4057. When Gij wold his way he nam,

Vnto his in þat he cam.

4310

þe lyoun no folwed him nou3t,

In an erber he slepe wel soft.

þan was þe steward goinde,

In-to an orchard al-on cominde.

Vnder a windowe he him seye

4315

Wher þe lyoun lay wel neye,

GUYE aroosse after the fourtenyghte,
And to courte he wente righte.

Guy rose,

and went to the
court with his
lion.

With him his lyon yede to Courte thoo, 4285

Thurgh whom aroosse sorowe and woo.

The Emperour of Guy was fayne thoo,

That his sikenesse was fro him goo;

Bot Morgadour, sikirly,

Hated Guy full inwardly, 4290

And that was for the loue of the maide

That Guy shuld haue spoused as y you seide.

So at mete sette is Guy:

The Emperour him chereth gretly.

Whiles that Guy at mete sate,

The lyon pleide within the yate

In pees withoute vilanye.

Herken now of grete felonye.

WHANNE the Emperour had ete,

And with Guy longe while sete, 4300

With him to play in companye [p. 111]

(For he loued sporte withoute vilanye),

4295 While Guy was
sitting with the
Emperor,

the lion went
to lie down in a
corner.

Ther whiles the lyon aboute is goo, 4305

To reste him priuely in a sloo:

Ayenst the sonne he slepe in a stede,

Grete while of the day he so dede.

Whan Guy sawe tyme his leue he nom,

And to his ynne he wente him hoom. 4310

The lyon than folowed him noughte,

For in the herber' he slepe full softe.

As the Styward was to his chambre goyng,

He sawe the lyon in the herber' sleping.

Oute at a wyndowe he loked him to,

Guy went home

without his lion.

4315 The steward saw
the lion asleep in
an orchard,

- For to resten him in a wro.
 'Bi god,' quap þe steward þo,
 'þe lyoun liþ here now slepeing,'
 Seyd Morgadour in his þouzt þenking. 4320
 A scharpe wepen þer forþ he drouz,
 & þe lyoun þer-wiþ he slouz.
 þe lyoun afrayd vp stert,
 As he þat was to deþ y-hert.
 Ac a maiden þat y-seye, 4325
 & grad to þe steward an heye:
 'Sir steward, þat was iuel y-smite.
 In vnworþschip it worþ þe at-wite.'
 þe lyoun him goþ forþ groning,
 His guttes after him draweing. 4330
 To Gyes in he is y-go,
 In a chaumber he fond him þo:
 At his fete he fel down in þat stede,
 To hauen of him socour at nede.
 His hondes he gan to licky: 4335
 þat was his loue, sikerly.
C. 4085. When Gij þat lyoun wounded seþ,
 For sorwe him þouzt his hert clef.
 'O lord,' he seyde, 'god almiȝt,
 Who haþ þe so iuel y-dizt? 4340
 þat mi lyoun haþ y-slawe me,
 Y nold it wer don for þis cite,
 No þat þer-to bilonge.
 So michel sorwe me haþ afong.'
 In swiche wretþe & grame anouȝ 4345
C. 4107. His gode swerd wiþ strengþe he drouȝ;
 Seþþen on his stede he wond,
 His swerd y-drawe in his hond:
 To þe court he com prikeing.
 Wele hij seyen bi his lokeing 4350
 þat he is sori & swiþe wroþ:
 Alle oȝaines him þai goþ.

Turnbull, p. 152,
l. 3919.

MS. fol. 130r. a.
C. 4069.

Turnbull, p. 153,
l. 3495.

And in his herte he seide thoo :

'This lyon y shaft nowe slee.

So y may best on Guy wroken bee.' 4320

A sharpe wepen he forth drowe,

and pierced him
with a sharp
weapon.

And therwith the lyon he slowe.

The lyon was afraide and vp sterte,

As he that was to deñ hurte.

A mayde was ther, and aH sighe, 4325 A maiden saw it.

And to the Styward she cride an highe :

'Sir Styward,' she seide, 'that was euyl smyte.

Harne dud he noon, god it wite !'

The lyon ranne forth sore gronyng,

The lion ran
home,
trailing his gute,

And after him his guttes drawyng. 4330

To Guyes ynne he is goo,

In his chambre he fonde him tho :

At his fete he felle downe in that stede :

and fell down at
Guy's feet.

To haue socour he it dede.

His handes he gan to likke gently : [p. 112] 4335

That was his loue, sikirly.

Whan Guy the lyon wounded seigh,

Guy was very
sorry to see his
lion wounded.

For sorowe his herte to-clef wel neigh.

'A lorde,' he seide, 'god aH-might,

Who hath the thus euyl dight? 4340

For aH this Citee y ne wolde

That my lyon thus sone dede bee sholde.'

In great wrath
and grief

With that Guy oute of the Chambre wonde,

And toke his swerde in his honde,

And to courte wente thinkyng.

Guy came to
court,

Wel they sawe aH by his lokyng. 4350

That he was right wroth :

They aH ayenst him sone gooth.

'Lordinges,' quap Gij, 'ich 3ou biseche,
 3if ani of 3ou me can teche,
 Who slou3 mi lyoun to-day.' 4355
 Alle þai seyð, 'sir, certes, nay.'
 Wiþ þat into þe halle he come,

C. 4126. A maiden he mett þer anon.

¶ 'Sir Gij,' she seyð, 'leue swete,
 Is þi lyoun ded, or liues 3ete? 4360
 For þurchout smite ichim seye.'
 þo seyð Gij: 'mi swete lef, ney,
 Ich þe bidde, for-hele it nou3t,
 Who haþ mi lyoun to deþ y-brou3t?'
 'Sir,' sche seyð, 'Morgadour, 4365
 þat is steward wiþ þemperour:
 þurch þe bodi he him smot.

MS. fol. 130r. b. His deþ it worþ, wele y wot.'

C. 4139. When he herd þat ich feloun

Hadde y-slawe his lyoun, 4370

Turnbull, p. 154,
L. 3971.

Out of halle he gan driue
 Fram chaumber to chaumber al-so swiþe,
 Wiþ naked swerd in his hond:
 3if he him findeþ he goþ to schond.
 Into a chaumber he com þat stounde, 4375
 & Morgadour sone he founde
 Wiþ his nevou in conseyl fast:
 When þai seye Gij þai weren agast.
 Gij seyð: 'þou me hast bitreyd
 When þou to grounde mi lyoun leyð. 4380
 No dede ich þe neuer bot gode,
 þou fel treytour, vnkinde blod.'

¶ Morgadour answerd anon,
 Stalworþ kni3t as he was on:
 'þou lext amidward þi teþ, 4385
 & þer-fore haue þou mangreþ.
 Whi berstow me on treysoun,
 þat ich haue sleyn þi lioun?'

- ‘**L**ORDINGES,’ quoth Guy, ‘y you beseche,
 Yf any of you kanne me teche,
 Who that slowe my lyoun to-daye.’ 4355
 AH they seide, ‘sir, naye.’
 As sone as he to the halle come,
 A maide in hir’ armes him nome. The maiden
 ‘Sir Guy,’ she seide, ‘my leef swete,
 Is thy lyon dede, or lyueth yet? 4360
 Thurgh the body smyten y him sighe.’
 Than besoughte of hir sir’ Guye,
 That she shuld concele it nought,
 But telle him, who his lyon hath to deth brought.
 And she seide that Morgadour’, 4365
 That Styward was [with] the Emperour’,
 ‘Thurgh the body he him smote: [p. 113]
 His deth it was, wel y wote.’
 Whan Guy herde that same feloun
 Had sleyn his lyoun, 4370
 Out of the halle he gan dryue,
 Fro chambre to chambre seching’ him blyue,
 With a naked swerde in his honde,
 Yf he may fynde him to shonde.
 To a chambre he come in a stounde: 4375
 Morgadour’ he hath therin founde
 With his neuveu in counsaile faste:
 Whan he sawe Guy he was agaste.
 To him seide Guy: ‘why hast me betrayed,
 To grounde so my lyon leyde? 4380
 I did the neuere yet bot good,
 Thou false traitour of vnkynde blood.’
 Morgadour’ answerd to him anone,
 As a stalworth knyght shuld doon:
 ‘Thou lvest euen in thy tethe,
 And therfor haue thou euyl dethe. 4385
 Why appechest me of treason?
 I it avowe, y slowe thy lyoun.’

asking

who had killed
his lion.

The maiden

named
Morgadour.

Hearing this,

Guy looked for
the Steward,and found him
in consultation
with his nephew.

Guy

called him a
traitor,but Morgadour
gave him the lie,

Gij wiþ his kniif smite he wold,
 Ac Gij him suffri nold : 4390
 His swerd anon vp he hef,
 Morgadour doun riȝt he clef
 Fram þe heued doun to þe fot :
 Of þat stroke no com him neuer bot.

C. 4155.
¹ neveu MS, eme
Turnbull.
Turnbull, p. 155,
l. 3997.

When his neveu y-seye þat cas, 4395
 þat his em¹ so smiten was,
 Him to awreke him þouȝt long,
 & as he schuld his dart afong,
 His arme atvo smot Gij,
 & he him anon erid merci. 4400
 Gij for rewþe is þennes y-gcn,
 & cam to þemperour anon,
 & seþþe he seyð to þemperour :
 ‘Ich haue þe serued wiþ gret honour ;
 ȝolden þou hast me iuel mi while, 4405
 When þi folk þurch tresoun & gile
 Haue mi lyoun to deþ y-brouȝt.
 Mi while is iuel ȝalt : he it haþ aboutȝt.
 For soþe he me to þe biwreyd,
 & now to grounde mi lyoun is leyd. 4410

² alto hewe MS.

MS. fol. 130v. a.

Ded he liþe al to-hewe²
 þi steward, at wordes fewe :
 Wele ich haue ȝolden him his treysoun,
 & þat he slouȝ mi lyoun.
 Seþþe þou no miȝt nouȝt waranti me, 4415
 Whar-to schuld y serui þe,
 On oncouþe man in thi lond,
 When þou no dost him bot schond ?
 Harm me is, & michel misdo ;
 þer-fore ichil fram þe go, 4420
 & in oþer cuntres serue y wile,
 þer men wille ȝeld me mi while.’

Turnbull, p. 156,
l. 4023.

C. 4185. ‘ȝif ani of our haþ þe misdo,

To Guy with a knyf haue smyte he wolde,
 And Guy it defend, as a man sholde.
 With that Guy his swerde vp heef,
 And Morgadour down right aH to-cleef
 From the hede downe to the fote :
 Of that stroke ne cõme neuere bote.

4390 and tried to stab
 him,
 which Guy
 prevented

by cleaving him
 from head to foot.

His nephew,
 attempting to
 revenge his
 uncle,
 was wounded.

Tho Guy lefte him there full sone,
 And cõme to the Emperour' anone.
 To him he seide : 'sir' Emperour,
 I haue the serued with grete honour.

[p. 114]

Guy went to the
 Emperor,

and reproached
 him with
 the ill return of
 his good services.

How shuld y any lenger serue the,
 Whan thou maist not warante me,
 Vnkouthe man in thy londe,
 Hym not defende, bot spille and shonde.
 Harme me here is mykel doo ;
 Therfor' y shaH fro the goo,
 And in other contrees serue y wille,
 There they woH them better acquite me tille.'

Since the Emperor
 could not protect
 a stranger in his
 country,

'**M**ERCY, SIR Guy,' quoth the Emperour tho.
 'Yf any of myñ haue the mysdoo,

4420 Guy would leave
 him.

The Emperor

- Swiche riȝt do als tow wilt, 4425
 & take þe amendes after þe gilt;
 For alle þai schul be þine men [an]on,
 In þi nede serue þe ichon,
 & at þi wille take her catel.
- ¹ *i in bidde altered from e?* Wip-drawe þi mod, sir, y bidde¹ þe wel: 4430
 Ich wil þatow to-morwen arly
 Mi douhter at þe chirche spousy.'
- C. 4193.** ¶ Gij answerd: 'þerof speke nouȝt:
 Hir to nim nam ich nouȝt biþouȝt;
 For, ȝif þou haddest me hir ȝiue, 4435
 & ich hir toke þer whiles y liue,
 þan wold þi men anon,
 þat wonderful be mani on,
 þe seggen wiþ deshonour
 þou haddest made a pouer man emperour, 4440
 & vnworþ þai wold holden of me,
 & sum edwite þer wold be
 þat þi douhter desperplid were,
² *me h. 3. on an erasure.* ȝif þou to me hadde ȝiuen ²her here.
 Leuer ich hadde litel wiþ worþschipe 4445
 þan michel welden wiþ schenschiþe.
 þer-fore, sir emperour, y þe telle,
 In non maner bileuen y nille.
- Turnbull, p. 157, l. 4049. Whende ichil in-to mi cuntre,
 Mine frendes to visite & to se.' 4450
 Leue he toke wiþ þat speche,
 & seyð, 'godes sone y þe biteche.'
- C. 4209.** When þemperour wiþ-holden him no may
 (He seþ his wille is to wende o-way),
 Wepen he gan wiþ his eyzen tvo: 4455
 Alle þo of þe court dede al-so.
 MS. fol. 130v. b. His grete tresour he dede forþ bring,
 & bede it Gij to his likeing,
 Ac þerof liked him nouȝt to take:
³ *One letter erased after of.* Anouȝ he hadde of³ Sarrazins blake. 4460

Suche right y shaH the doo as thou wilt, 4425

To make the amendes weH for the¹ gylt;

For aH they shuH thy men bee,

And at thy wille serue the.

promised him
amends,

¹ thy MS.

And to-morowe right eerly

Thou shalt my doughter' spousy.'

Guy answerd: 'therof speke nought:

Hir to take y am not in thought;

For, and ye hir had me yiue,

To haue and holde whiles y² lyue,

Than wolde thy men sey echoon,

That wonderfuH bee many oon,

That ye had with dishonour'

Of a pouere man made their' Emperour.

and urged him
to marry his
daughter.

But Guy answered
that his marrying
the Princess,

4435

² ye MS.

4440 and being made
an emperor

would be
grumbled at by
the Greeks.

Leuer me is a litetH with worship

Than moche to welde with shenship.

Therfor, sir, forsothe y the telle,

With you noo lenger' woH y duelle.

Wende y shaH in-to my contree,

AH my frendes for to see.'

His leeue he tooke with that speche:

'Sir, aH-mighti god y you betече.'

4445

[p. 115]

4450

The Emperor
wept at Guy's
determination to
go away.

Guy refused to
accept anything,

Al-so a gode man dede þemperour þere :
 þer-after to alle Gyes fere
 Riche tresour þan ȝaf he,
 Gold and siluer gret plente,
 As miche as þai wold vnder-fo ; 4465

For þemperour it comend so.
 Gret [pris] þai ȝeue þemperour,
 þat he was man of gret honour.
 Gij diȝt him wiþ riche dubbeing,
 Riche wede he dede for him bring. 4470

Of þemperour he toke his leue,
 & he al wepend it him ȝeue,
 & alle þe kniȝtes of the cite,
 Of euerichon leue nam he.

Turnbull, p. 158,
 l. 4075.

þer miȝt men se sorwe make, 4475
 For sir Gij wold fram hem rake ;
 Wimen & children mani on,
 For him þai wepen euerichon :
 þer whiles he was in her ferred,
 Of no wer no stode hem drede. 4480

C. 4229. ¶ þemperour cleped Herhaud him to,
 & aresound him tvene hem tvo :
 ‘ Sir Herhaud, þou schalt bileue wiþ me.
 Wele ich þe sigge, & siker þou be,
 þat ich in þis ȝere wille ȝiue þe 4485
 þe richest honour þat in mi lond be.’

‘ Sir,’ quap Herhaud, ‘ gramerci !
 Wele ȝe wite icham wiþ sir Gij.
 Y no wil depart him fro
 For non honour men may me do.’ 4490

Sir Gij to his in is y-go,
 & areliche amorwe he aros þo :
 Into Ingland he went, god itot,
 Ac when þemperour þat soþe wot,
 þat Gij þe curteys is y-go, 4495
 At his hert him was ful wo ;

but his fellows
received as much
as they wished.

Now Guy of the Emperour his leue take hath,
And he all weping him it yaf,
And at the knyghtes of the Citee,
Of theim all his leue toke he.
Ther' men might see folke sorowyng'
For Guy that was fro theim goyng',
And women and children many oon':
For him they wepe euerychoon';
For, whiles that he was with theim in that stede,
Of noon Enmyes they durste drede.

Guy took leave of
the Emperour,
who wept,
and of his knights.

4475 All were sorry
for Guy's going.

4480

The Emperor
asked Herhaud
to stay with him,

but Herhaud
would not part
from Guy.

GUYE home to his ynne is goo,
And erly on morowe aroosse tho:
To Englonde to wende, god it wote,
Is his purpose full and hote.
And so Guy forth rightis is goo:
Therfor' the Emperour was full woo;

4495 Guy's departure
grieved the
Emperor and

¹ So MS.

So was Blaunchefflour¹ þe schene :
 For his loue sche þoled tene.
 Toward Ingland is Gij y-drawe,
 & wiþ him Herhaud, his gode felawe.

4500

Turnbull, p. 159,
 l. 4101. MS. fol.
 131r. a.

Swipe hastiliche þai gun ride,
 þe weder was hot in somers tide.

C. 4255.

¶ In May it was also ich wene,
 When floures sprede & springeþ grene :
 Into a forest sir Gij is go
 Neye a cite, nouzt fer þer-fro.
 þan seyð Gij to his meyney :
 'Wendeþ swipe wel an heye,

4505

² There seems to
 be a stroke too
 many (*ninn* or
niun) in the MS.

Mine in to nim² in þe cite ;
 Ich wil a while here pleye me,
 For to here þe foules singe.
 þer-in was þo his likeinge.

4510

His folk he doþ fram him go,
 Alon bileft sir Gij þo :

Hadde he noiþer knaue no grome,
 Seriaunt no squier non.

4515

Selcoupe it was for to here :

In priue stede stode Gij þere ;

So michel he herd þo foules sing,

þat him þouzt he was in gret longing.

4520

So mani þinges he of þouzt,

þat out of his riht way him brouzt.

So long forþ he is rideing,

In his weye forþ secheing,

þat o groning fram fer he herd :

4525

He of-list, & thider he ferd.

þe mening seyð, 'allas, allas,

þat ich was born for swiche trespas !

Ac now is me iuel bifelle :

Deþ, whi wiltow so long duelle ?'

4530

þiderward sir Gij him drouz,

C. 4275. And loked vnder an hawe-þorn bouz.

Turnbull, p. 160,
 l. 4127.

And so was blancheflour¹ the shene :
 For his loue she suffred grete teene.
 Now is Guy to Englonde drawe,
 And with him herauede, his felawe,

Blancheflour.
¹ So MS.

4500

In May it was as y wene,
 Whan the herbes growen grene :

In May,

By a forest they come thoo
 Nyghe a Citee, not farre therfro.

[p. 116] 4505 Sir Guy, being in
 a forest,

Than seide Guy to his meyne :

'Goo ye now to the Citee,

And ordeigne there all thing redy ;

For y shall here a while me pley,

4510 sent his men to
 a near town to
 take lodgings
 for him,
 while he remained
 listening to the
 birds' songs.

For to here the foules singe.'

Theron was tho all his deliting.

His men theim wente to the Citee thoo,

And Guy all alone belefte so.

Left alone,

Of so many thinges he bethoughte,
 That oute of his way he was broughte.

So longe he is forth ridyng,

In the forest alone his wey seching :

At laste a gronyng he herde,

4525

And he ne wiste how it ferde.

The voice seide : 'allas, alas,

That euere y was borne to suche cas.'

Guy thought of
 so many things,
 that he lost his
 way.
 Riding along,
 he heard a man
 meaning,

Thider-ward's Guy him drowe,

And, as he lokyd vnder a bowe,

'Death, why wilt
 thou tarry so
 long ?'

- þe bodi he seye of a kniȝt :
 þerof he hadde wonder, apliȝt.
 Feir & michel he him seȝ : 4535
 Gij þenkeþ michel, & nouȝt no seyþ.
 þat hors he prikeþ, & forþ he goþ :
 þat bodi he bihalt inliche forsop.
 His barbel first adoun he deþ,
 Wiȝ-outen colour his neb he seȝ 4540
 For þe blod he hadde for-lore,
 þat of his bodi he hadde forþ bore.
 Y-girt he was wiȝ a gode swerd,
 þat was wele kerueand doun to þe uerd.¹
 Wele he was y-armed gentilliche. 4545
C. 4303. Gij of him hadde reuȝe miche :
 His name he asked sweteliche,
 Who him biseye so reweliche.
 ‘What is þi name? where wer þou bore?
 & who haȝ y-wounded þe so sore? 4550
 Ich þe bidde þatow say me,
 & for soȝe y pliȝt þe
 For me schaltow harm haue non.
 Who haȝ þe þus iuel bi-gon?’
 He answerd, ‘þat wille y nouȝt. 4555
 In mine hert is swiche sorwe brouȝt,
 þat y dar schewe þe no speche.
 Lete me dye, y þe biseche.
 So michel sigge y þe, sir kniȝt,²
 ȝif þou wilt pliȝt me anon riȝt 4560
 þi treuȝe in hond mine,
 Siker þou be þat al mi pine
 & alle mine estris ichil telle þe ;
 Elles no wostow it nouȝt for me.’
 His treuȝe sone he him pliȝt, 4565
 His liif he teld him anon riȝt.
C. 4337. **N**ow he seyde : ‘sir kniȝt fre,
 Mi name³ y þe telle, & whennes y be.

¹ Read *nerd*?

MS. fol. 131r. b.

Turnbull, p. 161,
l. 4153.² The *k* looks as
if the scribe had
begun to write a *g*.³ added above the
line in the same
hand.

The body he sawe of a knyght :
Therof he had wonder, aplight.

Under a hawthorn
he saw a knight,

whose face was
without colour for
loss of blood.

Begurde he was with a good swerde,
That was weH keruyng vpon the egge.
Guy had of him mykel reuthe,
And asked of him right blithe

4545

Guy asked him
who he was,

His name, and where he was bore,
And who had wounded him so sore.
'I the bidde, telle thou me,
And my trouthe y plighte the
That y ne shaft the harme doo
Bee thou frende, bee thou foo.'

and who had
wounded him.

[p. 117]

The wounded
knight refused to
tell him,

unless Guy would
plight his troth to
him,

which he did.

'Herken now, sir knyght free :
Thou shalt wite my name, and what y bee.

Of Gormoise icham cleped Tirri,
 þeld erls sone Aubri. 4570
 Wiþ þe douke of Loreyne ichaue y-be.

A feir douhter þan hadde he :

Ouer alle oþer we loueden ous, 4575
 & for loue treuþe pliȝten þus.

For non oþer sche nold me lete,

¹ The *d* above the
 line in the same
 hand.

² A letter erased
 before *a*, and
 another after it.
 Turnbull, p. 162,
 l. 4179.

No y no loued¹ non bot þat swete

In godes lawe, for soþe y-wis :

Swiche a² treuþe bitvix ous is. 4580

Armes for hir loue y nam,

& now y thouȝt to han went ham.

Mi priis ichaue wide y-souȝt

Fram stede to oþer, no wond y nouȝt.

C. 4371. ¶ þan come fram hir to me a sond 4585

þat brouȝt me miche sorwe an hond,

þat þe douke Otus of Paui

Wald mi leman spousey,

To wham ich was treuþe-pliȝt :

Oisel was hir name ful riȝt ; 4590

MS. fol. 131v. a. þat bi letters sche sent to me,

& bi toknes þat wer so fre,

þat, ȝif ich hir hadde wold,

þat to hir comen y schold

To on day þat was y-sett, 4595

Oþer sche worþ fro me fett.

To hir ward y gan spede

Wiþ þritti kniȝtes in mi ferred :

Eueriche of ous his stede bistrode,

& riden ous forþ wiþouten abode, 4600

Wher þe douke Otus was & his ferred

Wiþ an hundred kniȝtes of gret pride,

& wele to hundred of seriaunce

Of Lombardy & of Fraunce,

Of Gormoyse y aȝ cleped Terry,
 The oolde Erles soȝe Aubry.
 With the Duke of lorynge y haue bee,
 And serued hym at fote and knee.
 A faire doughter thanne had he
 Yonge, and ioly, and brighte of blee.
 Ouere aȝ thing we loued in fere,
 And of true loue plighȝte we were.
 For noon other she wolde me lete,
 Bot me loue hertly and swete.

'I am Tirri of
 Gormoise.

4570

I serued the Duke
 of Lorraine,

4575 and loved his fair
 daughter as truly
 as she did me.

For her sake

seeking fame
 abroad,

I was informed

that Duke Otus
 of Pavia was to
 marry her

To whom y was trouȝth-plighȝte,
 Oysele was hir name righȝte.
 By hir *lettres* she sente to me
 And by tokenȝ, that were so free,
 That, if y hir haue wolde,
 Bylyue to hir come y sholde
 Within a daye that was sette,
 Or ellis she sholde fro me bee fette.
 Tho toward hir y gan me spede
 With thritty knyghtis of good rede:
 Eche of vs his stede bee-strode,
 And rode forthe withoute bode,
 Where Otes and his feeres were,
 Nyȝhe an hundred knyghtes of grete power,

4590 (Oisel was her
 name)

4595 on a certain day.

I hastened to her
 with thirty
 knights.

4600

- For to spouse min owen wiif, 4605
 þat y loued more þan mi liif.
 Turnbull, p. 163, When y þat wist y sent hir to
 1. 4205. So priueliche so ich miȝt it do,
 þat hij schuld come to me :
 For gret loue so dede sche ; 4610
 To me sche come þurch queyntise
 Doun of þe castel in selcoupe wise
 Bi on cable alle sleyeliche,
 þat folk it no founde, sikerliche.
 Y sett hir on a mule amblinde, 4615
 In þe way we dede ous rideinde.
 Ac þer ich dede gret child-hod,
 þat alto long y þer a-bod.
 At our wending of þat cite
 þe liȝt day we miȝten se : 4620
 þer we were y-knowen þo
 At a brigge as we hadde go.
 þat ich for Oisel was y-come,
 Hir fader it was teld atte frome.
C. 4397. þurch þe cite þe crie was gradde 4625
 þe maiden was oway ladde.
 þer miȝt men se kniȝtes on hors wende,
 & me þai of-token at þe brugge ende.
 þer we stronglich mett wiþ hem :
 Mani we slouen of her men. 4630
 Alle þai slouȝ mine feren,
 þat swiþe gode kniȝtes weren.
 Turnbull, p. 164, Me þai come to nim snelle,
 1. 4231. Ac y nold no longer duelle :
 MS. fol. 131v. b. Ich toke mi leman on mi stede, 4635
 & ouer þat water wiþ hir ich ȝede.
 Alle þat day þai driuen me,
 Alle fort þai no miȝt for niȝt y-se.
 When y was passed þe riuer ariȝt
 In hert y was glad & liȝt : 4640

Redy to spouse myn owne wif, 4605

That y loued as my lyf.

Whanne y to the Citee was come so [p. 118]

Having received
my message,

Priuely y sente for hir thoo,

That she shuld come to me

For all loues, and so dud shee 4610

she let herself
down from the
castle by a cable.

By a rope all slighlie,

That noo man wiste but she, trulye.

I sette hir on a mule ambling,

4615 Then I set her on
a mule,
and we rode away.

And in the wey we dud vs ridyng.

And ther' y dud grete childehode,

All to longe ther' we abode ;

For at our goyng oute of the Citee

The lighte day men might see : 4620

So we were knowen thoo

But we were
recognised,

And at a grete brigge, where we shuld goo.

That y for Oysele was come,

Hir fader it was tolde anone.

Thurgh the Citee the crye was made

4625

That y had away the mayde ladde.

Tho to horse the knyghtis gan wende,

and pursued.

And vs ouere-toke at the brigge ende.

There we strongly mette them :

Many we slowe of their' men).

4630

They slowe all myn in fere,

All my fellows
were slain.

That full good and noble knyghtis were.

Me to take, as y you telle,

They were full redy, bot y dud not duelle :

I toke my lemman vpon my stede,

4635 But I escaped,
having taken my
leman on my
steed.

And ouere that water with her' y yede.

All that daye they dryuen me,

TyH they for nyghte might noo lenger see.

þat water passi þai no durstin,
þan owayward turn þai mostin.

- C. 4441.** In þis forest y come rideinde,
Bifor me mi leman ledeinde :
Y no dred robours no thef non, 4645
Ac al siker ich wende forþ gon.
What of wakeing, & of fasting,
& eke þat oþer treueyling,
Osleped swiþe sore ich was,
& lay & slepe in þis plas. 4650
þan com fiftene outlawes strong
Wip her men, & here me afong.
Alle slepende þai wounded me.
Anon riȝt nomen he
Mi leman, & þai han hir ladde fro me. 4655
Now, sir, take þerof pite :
Bi þe treuþe þou hast me plizt,
Socour mi leman ȝif þou miȝt,
&, when þat ich dede be,
Do me birij, ich bidde þe. 4660
- C. 4471.** To þat hulle þou wende anon :
þou hem findes þer ichon.
& ȝif þat þou so miȝti be,
þatow may hem alle sle,
Winne þou miȝt a maiden fre : 4665
In þe world may non feirer be.
& ȝete y may þe more telle :
Mi stede þai han, þat is so snelle,
þat wiþ strengþe in Peyneme ich wan
Of Solagimis, þe sone soudan. 4670
þerfore men han y-boden me
Xv. castels, & touns, & riche cite,¹
And .xv. somers of siluer & of gold,
Ac for an hundred ȝiuen ichit nold.
Now þou hast, sir, alle y-her¹, 4675
Heu ich am bitreyd & amerd.

Turnbull, p. 165,
l. 4257.

¹ s erased after
cite.

That water passe they ne dorsten), [p. 119]

Thanne ayene turne they musten).

So in-to this forest y come ryding,

In this forest

Befor' me my lemman guyding :

Ine dredde robbour' ne theef noon,

4645 I was not afraid
of robbers or
thieves,

Bot aH sure y wende to haue goon).

What for waking', and for fastyng',

And for other grete traueilling',

For-sleped swithe sore y was,

but, falling asleep,

And felle a-slepe in this plaas.

4650

Than come here .xv. outlawes stronge

I was surrounded
by outlaws,

With their' men, and gan' me fonge.

AH sleping thus they wounded me,

And than), for sothe y telle the,

They toke my lemman), and ledde hir with theim. 4655

who took my
leman from me.

For godd's loue, sir', haue pitee nowe then):

Now, sir, help
her,

For the trouthe thou hast me pligh'te,

Socour' my lemman yf thou mighte,

And, whan that y dede bee,

and when I am
dead, cause me
to be buried.

Thou doo me burye, y pray the.

4660

To that hille thou wende anone :

Ther' shalt thou fynde the outlawes echoon).

And, sir, yf thou soo good bee,

If thou succeedest
in slaying the
outlaws,

That thou might them aH slee,

Wynne thou might a maide free :

4665

thou wilt win the
fairest maiden,

In the worlde noon) fairer' may bee.

and the swiftest
steed.

Nowe thou hast, sir', aH herde,

4675

How y was take and thus aferde.

- Take mi scheld, & mi hauberk of stiel
 & mi swerd, þat biteþ wel,
 MS. fol. 132r. a. & mine armes ich am in diȝt
 (For ich þe se man of miche miȝt), 4680
 To quite þi treuþe þou hast y-pliȝt.'
- C. 4491.** þan stode þer sir Gij vp-riȝt :
 'Wel depe in hert he haþ y-siȝt.
 Grete pite he haþ of þat kniȝt :
 Turnbull, p. 166, 4685
 l. 4283. He knewe Tirri for his frende,
 þat lay þer in hard bende.
 'Sir,' he seyde, 'bi treuþe mine
 þat ich haue pliȝt in hond þine,
 Euen forþ mi miȝt ich-il help þe :
 More miȝt þou nouȝt oxi me.' 4690
 Wiþ þat haþ Gij his brond y-nome,
 & his hauberk atte frome,
 His scheld, & his oper wede,
 & to þe hulle in gret periil he ȝede.
 A loge stonden þer he seye, 4695
 & þer wiþ-uten a gode stede & heye,
 þat was to a bouȝ y-teyd.
 Gij þeron his talent leyde :
 Sterneliche prikeing he come,
 His swerd he drouȝ out anon. 4700
 He alizt, & seyde at his cominge :
- C. 4507.** 'þeues, ȝe be ded, wiþouten lesinge.
 Awarid worþ ȝe ichon,
 Boþe ȝour flessche & ȝour bon.
 Whi slouȝ ȝe þat ich kniȝt ? 4705
 Alle ȝe schul die anon riȝt.
 & ȝif ani so hardi be,
 þat hennes stir toward me,
 Ich¹ wille ȝou for soþe say
 He bes þe first þat schal day.' 4710
- ¹ † underdotted after Z.
 Turnbull, p. 167, An Almaunde he arauȝt :
 l. 4309. His heued of at þe first drauȝt.

Take here my sheelde, and my bronde of stele,
And my fauchon, that biteth wele,

Take all my
arms.'

AH myn harneys that y am in dighte, [p. 120]

And socour' me, gentiH knyghte 4680

(For y see thou art of might),

To holde the trouthe thou hast plight.'

THANNE stode Guy vpright :

Guy felt deeply
for his friend
Tirri.

FuH depe in his hert thoo he sight.

He knewe Tirry for his frende, 4685

That leye there in so harde a bende,

And seide : 'sir, by trouthe myn

He said,

That y haue plighte in hande thyn,

With aH might y shaft helpe the :

More thou ne maist aske of me.'

'I will help thee
with all my
might.'

4690

With that he hath his sheelde nome,

Armed,

And his good bronde than fuH sone,

His hauberk, and his other wede,

To the hyHe in grete perille he yede.

A logge there stonde he sighe,

he rode to the
hill,
where he saw a
lodge,
and a good steed
tied to a tree.

4695

And withoute stode a stede highe,

That was to a bowe teyed.

Guy grete chalange on him leyde :

Sternely priking' he come,

His swerde he drowe oute anone,

4700 Drawing his
sword,

And seide to them at his in comyng :

'Theeffis, ye bee dede, withoute lesyng'.

he cried, 'Thieves,
you are dead.'

Why slowe ye that noble knyght ?

4705 Why did you kill
the knight ?'

AH ye shuH dye anone right.'

To the maister theef first he raughte :

FuH sone his hede away was kaughte.

- Ar ani of hem hem were miȝt,
 Alle he hem slouȝ, y ȝou pliȝt.
 ȝo he hadde hem slaun ichon, 4715
 He lepe opou his stede anon.
 Comen he is to þat mayde,
 Wel sweteliche to hir he seyde,
 'Na more sori þou no be,
 Ac arise vp, & com wiþ me : 4720
 To þi leman y bringe þe sket
 Vnder þe þorn þer þou him let.'
 MS. fol. 132r. b. Opon a mule sche warþ anon,
 C. 4525. To þe hawe-þorn þai ben y-gon,
 Ac þai no haue nouȝt þe kniȝt y-founde : 4725
 Y-ladde he was owai þat stounde.
 ȝo he fond him nouȝt, he was sori ;
 For he wend wel sikerli
 þat lyouns him hadde to-drawe.
 He loked adoun vnder þe wode schawe, 4730
 If he ouȝt y-herd loude or heye :
 Of hors traces hy þer seye.
 ¶ þat maiden he lete þare,
 & after swiþe he is y-fare.
 So fast he rode, þat he com neye 4735
 Four kniȝtes he þer seye.
 Turnbull, p. 168, Gij of-toke sone þat ferrede,
 1. 4335. & seye þan kn[i]ȝt wiþ hem lede.
 1 f altered from þ. Gij,¹ þat heye rode on his stede,
 ȝernne he bad ȝif he miȝt spede. 4740
 To þe kniȝtes sir Gij him sade :
 'Lordinges, þilke lord þat ȝou made,
 & þe niȝt & þe briȝt day,
 ȝou do worþschipe so wele he may.
 ȝif it be ȝour wille speke wiþ me : 4745
 To mi speche vnder-stond ȝe.
 Lordinges, ich haue mi treuþe y-pliȝt
 To him þat ȝe lede, þ[i]lke kniȝt,

- Aȝ he theim slowe, y you plighȝte, [p. 121]
 Or any of theim arise mighte.
 Whan he theim had sleyne echoon),
 He lepte vpon the stede anoon). 4715
 Than he come to that mayde,
 And swetely to hir he saide,
 'No more sory thou ne bee,
 Bot arise vȝ, and come with me. 4720
 With thy lemman y shaȝ the bringe
 Vnder the hawthorn withoute taryinge.'
 Vpon a moyle he sette hir anone,
 And to the hawthorn they come sone,
 And they the knyght there ne fonde : 4725
 Away he was ledde in that stounde.
 Whan they him ne fonde, they were sory ;
 For they wende fuȝ sikirly
 That lyons him had aȝ to-drawe.
 Than loked he aboute vnder the wode shawe : 4730
 The trade of horse he there sighe.
 His herte to-berste for sorowe nyghe.
 The maide he bade abide there :
 After him swithe he gan fare.
 Guy ouere-toke sone that ferde,
 And sawe foure knyghtis the knyght lede
 Ouere-thwerte a stede fast bounde,
 Ryding a paas with him that stounde. 4740
 To the knyghtis than Guy seide
 With faire wordes, withoute drede :
 'That lorde that made this daye,
 You worship, that best may.
 Yf it bee youre wille speke with me, [p. 122] 4745
 And to my speche vnderstonde ye.
 Lordinges, y haue my trouthe plighȝte
 To him ye there lede, that knyghte,

Guy slew them
all.

Coming to the
maiden,

he promised to
take her to her
lover,

but when they
came to the haw-
thorn, the knight
was not there.

Looking about
him, Guy saw
traces of horses.

Leaving the
maiden there,
he followed them,

till he saw four
knights carrying
off Tirri.

þat biri y schal his bodi :
 Mi treuþe y him plizt, sikerly. 4750
 Al for loue ich 3ou biseche
 His bodi þat 3e me biteche.'

C. 4553. þat o kniȝt went to him ward,
 þat was þe douke Otus steward,
 þat hadde y-passed þe riwere 4755
 In a bot þat he fond þere,
 & seyð to Gij, 'who artow ?
 Als a fole comen artow now.

Comestow now to aski riȝt
 To haue þe bodi of our kniȝt, 4760
 For his fere we nim þe snelle,
 To þe douke Otous lede we þe wille,
 & 3e schul boþe demed be,
 & heye hong on galwe tre.'

Turnbull, p. 169,
 l. 4361.

C. 4565. **G**ij him seyð, 'þou miseyst,
 &, bi mine heued, þou it abeyst.' 4765

MS. fol. 132v. a. Opon þe heued Gij him smot,
 Vnto þe girdel stede þat swerd bot. 4770
 Anoper he smot riȝt anon,
 Spare nold [he] neuer on.
 Of his hors he has him feld,
 His heued he dede fleye in þe feld.
 Wiþ þat come þe gode Hogoun, 4775

¹ MS. of *toun*.

þe doukes nevou Otoun¹ :
 He smot Gij on þe scheld bifore,
 þat neye he haþ his swerd forlore.
 For schame he hadde of þe stroke þare
 Gij smot Hogoun, and nouȝt him for-bare : 4780
 Ouer-þuert þat swerd glod,
 & to-clef him wiþouten abod.
 Wharto schuld y make tale of nouȝt ?
 Alle he haþ hem to dep̄ y-brouȝt.

That y shaft his body burye :
 So y haue him plighite, trulye.
 Therfor' with loue y you beseche
 That ye that body me beteche.'
 A knyght thoo turned to him warde,
 That was the duke of lorreys stywarde,

4750 Telling them that
 he was bound to
 bury the knight,

he begged them
 to deliver him.

But one of them,

Duke Otus'
 steward,

And seide to Guy : 'who art thou?
 As a foole thou art come hider now.
 Whiles thou comest to aske right
 Of the body of oure knyght,
 Thou art his felawe, we the telle,
 And to Duke Otes the we lede wille :
 There ye shuff bothe demed bee
 To hange highe on a galowe tree.'
 Guy answerd, 'thou mysseist :
 By myn hede, thou it abeyest.
 Art thou beloued with Otoun,
 Haue ye aH goddis malison.'
 Vpon the hede Guy him smote,
 To the girdelstede that swerde bote.

4760

menaced him.

4765

4770

Guy killed the
 steward,

then another
 knight,

then Otus'
 nephew Hogoun,

What shaft y make a tale of nought?
 AH he hath to deth brought.

WARWICK.

and, at last, the
 fourth knight.

T

¹ Looks like *an* at first sight, the *p* being partially covered by the ornaments of the large *L* in the next line.

He nam Tirri in his arnies anon, 4785
& sett him his hors opon.

To þat haweþorn he is y-fare,
þan¹ fond he nouzt þat maiden þare.

C. 4587.

Lete we now of Gij be stille : 4790
More 3e schul here 3if 3e wille

Turnbull, p. 170,
l. 4387.

Of þat maiden, hou sche was nome :
þan schal we til our tale come.

Of Gyes felawes y wille 3ou telle
So y finde in mi spelle, 4795
þat so long were in þe cite,

Wonder hem þenkeþ where Gij be ;

For þe mete was alle 3are,
Wonder hem þouzt wer Gij ware.

C. 4597.

¶ Herhaud of Ardern & oþer mo 4800
In-to þe forest þai ben y-go :

þai miȝt [him] finde for no secheing.

Herhaud cast sone his lokeing :

² *a wiman* under-

dotted after *herd*

³ *a* above the line

Biside him he herd² a³ mening,

Also it were a woman schricheing.

Hye bi-gan loude to grede : 4805

Herhaud neyzed & his ferrede.

þe haweþorn þai 3ede wel neye,

& þe maiden þer þai seye.

Herhaud hir oxed what hij was ;

Sche no told him nouzt al her cas, 4810

Bot þat sche was a wriche wiman

þat michel sorwe so was an ;

MS. fol. 132v. b.

For alle þat sorwe þan hade he,

For sche no miȝt hir leman se.

Sche forbode him anon riȝt 4815

þat noman sett on hir siȝt.

Turnbull, p. 171,
l. 4413.

Herhaud tok þat mayde wiþ him,

& ladde hir hom to his in.

C. 4617.

Now wende we oȝain to our spelle,
þat 3e me herd er þan telle 4820

He toke Terry in his armes twoo,
 And ledde him forthe before him tho.
 To that hawthorn they bee fare,
 And thoo they ne fonde the mayde there.
 Lete we nowe of Guy bee stille, [p. 123]
 And herken more if it bee your' wille
 Of the maide, how she was nome,
 And than ayene to our' tale we shuff come.
 Of Guyes felawes shuff we telle
 As y fynde in this perchemyn felle,
 That so longe had bee in the Citee,
 And wondred sore where Guy might bee.

4785 Returning with
Tirri to the haw-
thorn, he missed
the maiden.

4790 Now you shall
hear how the
maiden disap-
peared.

Guy's fellows,

4795
thinking it
strange that he
did not come,

Heraude of Ardern and other moo
 In-to the forest they been goo,
 And him fynde they ne might.
 Than kaste heraude his sight :
 'A-lighte,' he seide, 'I here a gronyng,
 As it were a woman in childing.'
 And she beganne lowde to crye,
 And heraude to hir gooth, trulye.
 To the hawthorn they come nyghie,
 And that Maide there they syghe.
 Heraude hir asked what she was,
 Bot she ne him tolde all the cas.
 Than they toke that mayde forth,
 And homeward ayene sory they gooth;
 For they had their' lorde longe soughte
 In the foreste, and fonde him noughte.

4800 returned into the
forest.

Looking for him,
Herhaud heard a
moaning,

4805

and they saw the
maiden,

4810

who said she was
a wretched
woman.

Herhaud took her
with him.

NOWE wende we ayene to our' spelle,
 There ye me herde beforehande telle

4820

Of Gij and Tirri, þerls sone,
 Hou þai ben to þe hawe-þorn come.
 When hij þider y-comen were,
 No fond hij nouȝt þe maiden þere.
 Gij bileft þer sir Tirri, 4825
 & souȝt þat maiden bi & bi :
 Op and doun he ȝede hir secheinde,
 & sorwefulliche hir bimeninde.
 He wende sche were stole wiþ outlawe,
 Oper wiþ wilde bestes y-drawe. 4830
 For hir in hert him was ful wo,
 þat he no wist what to do :
 No wist he what do he miȝt,
 To þe cite he went anon riȝt ;
 When he hir finde no may, 4835
 Homward he most take þe way.
 þan toke he þat kniȝt :
 On his stede nek he sett him riȝt.
 Y-comen he is to þe cite :
 His men al sori findeþ he, 4840
 &, when hij her lord seye come,
 Bliþe þai were alle & some.
 'Lordinges,' he seyð, 'nimeþ pis bodi,
 & to þe grounde it lay wel softli.'
 þe bodi þai toke of þat kniȝt, 4845
 Opon a pal leyð it anon riȝt.
 Gij haþ of-sent leches þere,
 þe wisest þat in þat cite were.
 'Lordinges,' he seyð, 'vnderstond to me.
 ȝif ȝe þis kniȝt þat ȝe here se, 4850
 May on him his woundes hele,
 It worþ ȝou ȝolden eueridele.
 ȝif he dede or liues be,
 Ich bi-hot ȝou, min frēde fre,
 Him to hele ȝour miȝt ȝe do : 4855
 An hundred besaunce y ȝif þer-to.'

Turnbull, p. 172,
 l. 4439.

How Guy and Terry, the Erles sone,
 Been to the hawthorn ayene come,
 And, whan they thider come were,
 They ne fonde the mayde there,
 Guy lefte there Terry,
 And wente to seche the mayde hastily,

Now let us return
 to Guy and Tirri.

[p. 124]

4825

Guy sought the
 maiden in vain.

And he hir fynde than ne may :
 Homeward, forsothe, he toke his way,
 And with him toke that knyght :
 Vpon his stede he ledde him right.
 Come he is in-to the Citee :

Not knowing
 what to do,
 he rode into the
 city,

4835

taking Tirri with
 him on his steed.

His men all sory than fonde he,
 And, whan they sawe their lorde come,
 Gladde they were all and some.
 'Lordinges,' he seide, 'take this body,
 To grounde ye it ley softly.'

4840

His men were
 glad to see him.

The body they toke of that knyght,
 Vpon palle they leyde downe right.

4845

Guy than sente for leches,
 The best in the Citee he forseches.
 'Lordingis,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me.

Guy sent for the
 best physicians,

Yf ye this knyght that ye here see,
 May his woundes sikirly hele,

4850

who, if they could
 cure Tirri's
 wounds,

Ye shall haue good rewardis with a mery mele.

were to receive a
 hundred besants.

MS. fol. 133r. a. þai groped his veynes & his wounde,
 þai feld hem boþe hole & sounde :
 Wele hii seþ he nis nouȝt dede.
 þe leches taken hem to rede, 4860
 In forward hele him þai wille,
 In non maner lete þai nille.

C. 4631. ¶ þerwhiles of-herd sir Gij
 Noise, & wepe, & wel gret crie.
 His chaumberleyn he cleped him to, 4865
 & alle in wretþe he oxed him þo
 Who it was þat noise made.
 'Bid hem alle be bliþe & glade.'

Turnbull, p. 173,
 l. 4465.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'a maiden it is
 þat Herhaud fond, wel feir, y-wis, 4870
 Vnder an hawe-þorn in þe forest.'
 Quap Gij, 'fete hir to me in hast,
 Swiþe þat ich miȝt hir se.
 Now hastiliche bringeþ hir to me.'
 þe chaumberleyn is forþ y-gon, 4875
 & brouȝt hir bi-forn hem anon.
 Gij hir knewe, & gan hir gret,
 'Welcome be þou, mi lef swete,'
 As sche was into þe halle y-come,
 Wepeinde & sorwende vnder-nome. 4880

C. 4645. Wiþ þat hij seye þat bodi, y-wis,
 Liggend on a pal of pris.
 ¶ 'A, leman Tirri,' quap sche þo,
 'What, y se þi neb al blo,
 þat so white of colour was : 4885
 þi better neuer y-born nas.
 In wrecched time mi bodi þou say,
 When þou schalt for me day.
 Dye ich-il forþ wiþ þe :
 For sorwe liues no may y be. 4890
 Bot y may dye ichil me quelle :
 Leng¹ to libbe is nouȝt mi wille.

¹ seems altered
 from *it*.

They saw he was
not dead yet.

The leches seide that they him hele wolde ;
With godd's helpe they it doo sholde.

Thanne anone herde Guy

Noyse, weping, and grete cry.

His Chambreleyn he cleped him to,

And aȝt wrothly he asked him tho

Who it was that the noyse made.

'Goo in to theim, and bidde theim bee glade.'

'Sir,' he seide, 'a faire mayde it is [p. 125]

That heraude fonde in the forest, ywis,

Vnder an hawthorn in the foreste.'

'Lete me hir see,' quoth Guy, 'in haste.'

In the mean time
Guy heard great
crying,

4865

which his
chamberlain told
him came from a
maiden found
by Herhand in
the forest.
Guy wished to see
her,

4870

The Chambreleyn is forth goon,

And bringeth hir before Guy anon.

Guy hir knewe, and gan hir grete :

'Weȝt founde, my leef swete.'

But euere she wepte, and 'allas' seide :

Aȝt they had reuthe of that mayde.

and, when she
came, he knew
her.

4875

When she saw
Tirri lying there,

4880

she burst into
lamentations,

threatening to kill
herself.

- Seppen þou hast þi deþ for me,
 For soþe dye ich-il for þe.'
- Turnbull, p. 174, l. 4491. When sche seye Tirri, hir leman, 4895
 Ouer him sche fel aswon onan.
 Gij hir in his arnes nam,
 & seyð to hir, 'mi leue leman,
 No make þou nouzt sorwe so miche :
 þi leman worþ hole hastiliche.' 4900
- MS. fol. 133r. b. In þat cite þai bi-leued þere
 What Tirry was hole & fere.
 To þe wode þai ben y-go :
 Miche loue was bitven hem to.
- C. 4691.** **O**n a day, as þai com fram hunting, 4905
 Gij seyð to Tirry, wiþ-ouⁿ lesing :
 'Ich wil þat we be treuþe-þlizt
 & sworn breþer anon riht.
 Tirri,' seyð to sir Gyoun,
 'Vnder-stond now to mi resoun, 4910
- ¹ Read *oure* ? þat noiþer oþer¹ after þis
 No faile oþer while he liues is.'
 ¶ Wiþ þat answerd þerl Tirri,
 & seyð, 'wel blepelich, sir Gij.
 Now þou louest so miche me, 4915
 þat tow mi sworn broþer wil be,
 No wille ich neuer feyle þe
 For nouzt þat mai bi-falle me.
 Gret worþschip þou hast don me :
 God leue me zete þan day y-se 4920
- Turnbull, p. 175, l. 4517. þat icht þe mow wele zeld.
 For gode baroun þou art y-held ;
 Fram deþ þou hast y-warist me ;
 Wel gret wrong it schuld be
 Bot ich þe loued as mi lord fre. 4925
 Wel gret worþschip ich ouzt bere þe.'
 Treuþe bitven hem is þlizt,
 & after kist anon riht.

She fainted over
Tirri.
Guy took her in
his arms,
assuring her that
Tirri would soon
recover.

They remained
there till Tirri
was cured.

There was much
love between him
and Guy.

ON A DAYE, as they come fro huntynge,
Guy seide to Terry, withoute lesyng':
'I woll that we bee trouthe-plight,
And sworn brothers bee-come nowe right,

4905

One day, Guy
offered Tirri to
be his sworn
brother,

That neither' of vs neuere moo
Faille other' in wele nor woo.'
Than answerd the Erle Terry:
'Ful hertly, sir Guy.
Now thou so gretly louest me,
That thou my sworne brother wolt bee,
I woll neuere, certaine, faille the
For noo-thing' that may bee-falle me.
Grete helpe y haue had of the:
God lete me yet that daye see
That y it the may yelde
To thy pleasur' in towne or feelde.'

4915

which Tirri
gladly accepted,

promising never
to fail him.

4920

Truthe betwene theim there they plighte,
And after kyste anone righte.

They plighted
their troth, and
kissed each other.

Seppen þai went in-to þe cite
Wip ioye & mirþe, gamen & gle. 4930

C. 4721. **N**ow Gij him makeþ him alle zare
Into Ingland for to fare.

Tirri he wald lede wip him þo
& Oysel, his leman, þat he loued so.
To þe king þai wold hem aqueynti, 4935
& gode þrowe wip him soiornti.
Biteche he him wille his castels alle,
So he him biþouzt, 3if it miȝt falle.

C. 4729. ¶ It was opou a somers day,
Gij out at a windowe lay. 4940

To Tirri he spac of her fare,
Of her wele & of her care.

Wip þat com prikeing anon riȝt

MS. fol. 133v. a.
¹ *apliȝt* not quite
distinct.

A kniȝt: he semed wele, apliȝt,¹
Wele he semed he treuaild were. 4945

Gij anon clept to him þere :

Turnbull, p. 176,
l. 4543.

‘Sir kniȝt,’ he seyde, ‘whennes comestow ?
& what þou sechest telle me now.’

² *ſich il* MS.

¶ þe kniȝt answerde, ‘ich-il² þe telle,
& nouȝt þerof leyzen y nille. 4950

Tirri of Gurmoise y go secheinde,
þerl sone Aubri wele doinde.

In mani londes ich haue him souȝt.’

‘Wharto ?’ quap Gij, ‘hele it nouȝt.’

‘Sir,’ quap he, ‘y telle þe sone 4955

Of a gret sorwe, þat is y-done.

Tirri serued þe douke Loyere :

þe douke him loued, and held him dere,

& ȝaf him armes wip gret honour :

Kniȝt he bicome of gret valour. 4960

þe douke hadde a feir douhter for þe meistri,

þat was y-ȝouen to þe douke of Pauil :

Tirri hir loued & oway ladde,

Whar-purch mani man þe deȝ hadde.

Forthe they wente in-to that Citee [p. 126]
 With ioye, and myrthe, and moche glee. 4930
 Guy after that made him redy
 In-to Englonde to fare, truly.

Now Guy made
 himself ready to
 return to Eng-
 land, taking with
 him Tirri and
 Oisel.

It was vpon a somers daye,
 Guy oute at a wyndowe laye. 4940

But on one day in
 summer, looking
 out at a window,
 and talking to
 Tirri about their
 adventures, Guy
 saw a knight
 coming.

As he lay, comē ridyng' a knyghte :
 Full wery he semed by all sighte,
 That oute of farre contrey trauailed were. 4945
 Guy to him cleped there :
 'Sir knyght,' he seide, 'fro whens comest thou?
 And what thou sechest telle me now.'

'Terry of Gormoyse y goo seching',
 The Erles sone Aubrey well doying'.
 Thurgē many londe y haue him soughte.,
 'Wherto?' quoth Guy, 'couere it noughte.'
 'Sir,' he seide, 'thou shalt wite sone 4955
 The grete trespasse that was doone.'

This knight was
 in search of
 Tirri,

who, having
 served Duke
 Loyere,

and shown him-
 self a knight of
 great valour,

had eloped with
 the Duke's
 daughter;

- Wip strengþe him folwed kniȝtes bliue : 4965
 Y not wher he be ȝete oliue.
- C. 4765.** ¶ þe douke Loyer biþouȝt him þo
 Opon his fader for to go.
 þe douke Loyer wip him ladde
 þe douke of Paui þider he hadde 4970
 Wip his gode cheualrie,
 þe best of al Lombardye.
- Turnbull, p. 177,
 l. 4569. In Gormoise þerl bisett han he,
 And destrud alle his cuntre.
 Bot god me leue Tirri finde, 4975
 þat he be his fader helpinde,
 Al his lond him tit for-go :
 No schal he it oȝain win neuer mo.
 His fader no may armes weld,
 No no lenge help himself for eld.' 4980
- C. 4777.** ¶ 'Sir kniȝt,' þan seyð sir Gij,
 'Her wip ous þou schalt herberwei,
 & of þerl Tirri telle y þe
 Ȝif ich ouȝt can, mi frende fre.'
 'Gramerci, sir,' þan seyð he. 4985
 'Of him to here leue war me.'
 Gij hete his folk hastiliche
 þat hye him vnder-feng curteysliche.
- MS. fol. 133v. b. 'Ich-il þe telle,' quap sir Gij,
 'þat y can of þerl Tirri.' 4990
 When þai hadde d[r]onken in þe halle,
 & glad þai were, y telle ȝou, alle,
 ¶ þan seyð þerl Tirri :
 'For loue y bidde þe, sir Gij,
 Oȝain to mi cuntre com wip me, 4995
 Als-so we sworn breþer be,
 Mi fader to help þat we spede ;
 For of help he haþ gret nede.'
- Turnbull, p. 178,
 l. 4595. 'Be stille,' seyð Gij, 'what seystow me ?
 þat day to god vnworþi y be, 5000

for which offence
his father
was being
besieged by the
Duke.

If Tirri could not
be found,

his country would
be lost,

his father being
too old to wield
arms.

Guy asked the
knight to stay
with him for the
night.

‘Sir knyght,’ seide Guy,
‘Here with vs thou herborugh, truly,
And of the Erle Terry y shaſt the telle
Yf y ought kanne, my frende, withoute duelle.’
‘Graunt mercy, sir,’ seide he.
‘Of him to here leef were me.’¹

4985

WHANNE they had ete and dronke to,
In grete gladnesse they were tho.

Thanne seide the Erle Terry :

‘For loue y prey the, sir’ Guy,
That thou to my Contree come with me, [p. 127] 4995
As we sworne brethern bee.

My fader’ to helpe we vs spede ;
For to helpe he hath grete nede.’

When they had
drunk in the hall,
and were glad,

Tirri asked Guy
to go with him
to his country

to help his father :

¹ *Gui of warwick is my name, how like you the same*, in a later hand in the blank space left by the original scribe here, as elsewhere before a line beginning with a large capital.

3if y, sir Tirri, feyle þe,
 þerwhiles þat ich haue liif in me.'
 'Sir Gij,' he seyde, 'gramerci :
 þilke y sigge þe, sikerly.'

C. 4801. **N**ow sendeþ Gij after kniȝtes snelle, 5005
 Almaines swiþe & of gode wille

To him þer come gret plente :
 Er þe twenti day y-comen be,
 Fif hundred kniȝtes hardi & hende
 To Tirri come for his frende, 5010
 & seyde to Tirri, 'to þi fader we wil gon :
 Wele we it auȝt to don ;
 Wel redi we ben ichon.'

C. 4809. Y-comen þai han forþ y-gon,
 Y-comen þai ben to Gormoise. 5015

In þat cite was gret noise.
 In an euening þai com to þe cite,
 þat hye wiþ-uten aperceiued nar he.
 Wel glad him was þerl Aubri
 Of the cominge of his sone Tirri, 5020
 & of sir Gyes coming,
 þat gode kniȝt was, wiþ-uten lesing.

Her eyzen watred for gladnesse,
 Alle þai ȝede oȝain him to kisse.
 'Leue fader,' seyde sir Tirri, 5025
 'Worþschip wele now sir Gij :

Turnbull, p. 179,
 l. 4821.

'Worþschip wele now sir Gij :
 Felawes we ben treuþe-y-pliȝt.
 Y wil þat ȝe it wite now riȝt :
 Fram deþ he haþ y-heled me.'

¹ god added above
 the line.

Quap þerl : 'god¹ y-þonked mot it be. 5030
 Hennes forward alle þat min is
 To his wille schal ben, y-wis,

MS. fol. 134r. n.

His hest to don & his wille
 Erliche & lat, loude & stille.
 A wel eld man ich am, y-wis : 5035
 þat y bar armes tventi ȝer it is ;

'I shaH the neuere faille,' quoth Guy,
'While the lif lasteth in my body.'

and Guy was very
eager to do so.

On Guy's
invitation

there came 500
German knights

to help Tirri's
father.

They entered
Gormoise

unseen by the
enemy.
Aubri was glad
of their coming.

5020

FuH gladde was therle Aubry
For the comyng of his soñe Terry,
And ouere aH other of Guyes comyng,
That good knyght was, withoute lesing.
So longe to bataille they been goo,
That betwene theim moche sorowe is doo.

Tirri told his
father

that Guy had
saved his life.
Aubri thanked
God for it.

Guy was to be
lord of the
country.

Y-lorn ich haue cheualrie :
Of mi lond haue pou þe meistrie.'

C. 4833.

þan y-herberwed weren he
Worþschipliche in þat cite.

5040

In þe cite gret noise is made :
Of þe barouns com þai ben wel glade.
þer-in is now þerl Aubri,
So is sir Gij & sir Tirri.

Next morning,

An arnmorewe aros sir Gij,
& cleped to him his *compeynie*.
Bifor þerl þan þai ferden,

5045

hearing great
noise,
Guy asked
what it meant,

& a gret crie þai herden
Of þe barouns of þe cite.

Anon oxed Gij þe fre

5050

Turnbull, p. 180,
l. 4647.

Of þat noise what it was.

A squier told him al þat cas :

and heard
that Duke
Loyer's steward
wanted to fight.

'þe douke steward Loyer
For present he comeþ to iusti here
ʒif he finde wiþ whom to do,
þat ani kniȝt durst cum him to.'

5055

Guy replied that
he was to get as
much of it as he
desired.

Sir Gij answer[d], 'ʒif y may
þerof him worþ his fille to day.
Lordinges,' he seyð, 'ginneþ ȝou armi,
& gin whe hem to asaily.

5060

C. 4857.

At Guy's advice
Tirri sallied out
with 200 knights.

¹ This line added
in the same hand
at the end of the
column (after l.
5076).

Sir erl Tirri,' Gij him sede,
'Take to hundred kniȝtes in þi ferred :
þe lordinges to aseyl ȝe go.¹

In Herhaud & in me trist also.

We wil abide in þis cite,

5065

In þi nede we schul socour þe.'

Tirri nimeþ wiþ him kniȝtes

To hundred armed in fiȝtes.

Out of þe cite he nam his way,

Mani scheld he to-drof þat day.

5070

Tirri smot wiþ gret miȝt

Opon þe helmes, þat schine briȝt.

þurch þe bodi a kniȝt he bar,

Ded he feld him adoun þar.

Anoþer lording he smot þo,

5075

His hauberk nas him worþ a slo.

þurch his bodi þe brond went :

Turnbull, p. 181,
l. 4673. MS.
134r. b.

Ded he feld him verrament.

Ich on of hem þat he toke, he slouȝ,

Were it wiþ riȝt, were it wiþ wouȝ.

5080

Wel fel kniȝtes þer weren y-feld,

þat lay long streȝte in þe feld :

Sum were þurch þe bodi wounde,

And sum lay ded opou þe grounde.

So wele dede þerl Tirri,

5085

He did well,
and so did all his
fellows.

& wiþ him alle his compeynie.

þe lordinges þai han so þurch-gou,

þat ded þai fel mani ou.

Tirri smot to þe constable :

Of his stede he feld him, wiþ-ouȝen fable,

5090

& ney he hadde him wonne in fiȝt.

þer com an hundred kniȝtes of gret miȝt :

Alle þai folwed him abaundoun,

& he mett wiþ hem als a lyoun.

Mani heuedes he dede of fle :

5095

Alle þat he smot ded most be.

Tirri mis-dede nouȝt for þan :

þer he les his feren euerich man.

þurch strengþe of þe lordinges snelle,

Fif hundred of kniȝtes felle,

5100

Tirries felawes ben ouer-come,

Of-held, y-slawe, oþer y-nome.

Ac Tirri hem goþ þan meteing

Wiþ mani strok of his brond kerueing :

A fot no deyued him nouȝt to fle,

5105

No his stede wiþ-wende oȝe.

His feren he rescoud as a gode kniȝt :

Mani ou he feld ded anon riȝt.

But he rescued
the prisoners.

C. 4899. Then said Her- haud to Guy,	þ an seyð Herhaud, 'leue sir Gij, Sestow now þe gode erl Tirri?	5110
	Of grete valour now so is he : His better wot y non bot te.	
'We ought to go help Tirri.'	Him to socour we auȝt to go.' Gij him answerd, 'we schul so.'	
And so they did.	Forþ þai ȝede wiþ gode welle : þe lordinges hij astounded snelle. Wiþ þat com forþ sir Gij, In his hond his swerd blodi.	5115
Guy slew two knights,	Wel heteliche he smot a kniȝt, His bodi he clef adoun riȝt.	5120
MS. fol. 134v. a.	Anoþer kniȝt he smot anon, þat ded he feld him on þe ston.	
¹ Added above the line.	Sir Gij ¹ him smot to Gayer, þat was þe doukes nevou Loyer :	
and unseated Gayer.	Of his hors he haþ him feld þurch Tirries ² help in þe feld.	5125
² The second <i>i</i> added above the line.	For he smot his felawe, In þe sond he haþ him slawe.	
Turnbull, p. 183, l. 4725.	Herhaud smot anoþer forþ, His armes was him nouȝt worþ :	5130
Herhaud also fought valiantly.	þurch his bodi þe swerd ȝede ; Ded he feld him of his stede. Anoþer he smot him as gode kniȝt, Of his stede he feld him doun riȝt.	
	Now þai ginne togider smite : Non no spared oþer bot lite. Togider þai smite hard wiþ alle, Mani on þer was ded & doun falle.	5135
Tirri, Sir Guy, and Herhaud took prisoners and killed so many,	Who þat seye þan þerl Tirri Wiþ his felawe sir Gi, & Herhaud of Arderne þe gode, þat wele to smite was in his mode,	5140 t n 5 his
that there was no choosing the best of them.	So mani þai nomen & feld þat day, Is non þe best chese may	fer ni or w.

Of þre kniȝtes so wele doinde,
 Oȝain þe Loreyns fiȝting.
 Giȝ to þe steward haȝ y-smite,
 Of his hors he feld him wiȝ hēte :
 þurch strengþe of fiȝt he him wan.
 þe oȝer oway fleȝe ich man :
 Giȝ & Tirri hem folweȝ stron[g]liche
 & her feren,¹ hardiliche.
 Alle þai ben ded oȝer ouer-come :
 þer bileued non vnnome.
 Giȝ & Tirri oȝain ben y-gon :
 Wiȝ hem þai ladde her prisouns ichon.
 Whar-to schuld y þer-of lȝe ?
 þat day þai hadde þe maistrie.

Þan com forþ a kniȝt þer,
 þe tiding teld þe douke Loyer :
 ‘Sir douk,’ he seyde, ‘vnder-stond to me.

To ben awreken now biþenke þe.
 Bifor Gormoise þat cite

On arnemorwe þan come we
 Wiȝ fif hundred of gode kniȝtes :
 An acumbraunce ous come anon riȝtes.
 Alle nomen & slawen ben hye :

Oȝein ne beȝ nouȝt comen fourti.
 Repeired is þerl sir Tirri,
 Wiȝ him of Warwike sir Giȝ,²
 Herhaud of Ardern, þe gode marchis,
 & wiȝ hem fif hundred kniȝtes of priȝs,
 þat gode ben to fiȝt & modi.

þine kniȝtes þai han slayn bi & bi.’

Þe douk answerde, ‘is it soȝe þis,
 þat þerl Tirri repeired is,
 Giȝ of Warwike, & Herhaud also,
 & her feren, þat gode ben, mo :

þe fende hem haȝ þider y-brouȝt.
 To slen ous alle þai han in þouȝt.’

5145

C. 4927.

The steward
 was taken by Guy,

5150 and the others
 fled.
 They were pur-
 sued by Guy,
 Tirri, and their
 men,
 and all killed or
 made prisoners.

¹ MS. *ferren*.

5155 Turnbull, p. 184,
 l. 4751.

Guy and Tirri
 returned with
 many prisoners.

C. 4937.

5160 A knight
 told the news to
 Duke Loyer,

5165 MS. fol. 134v. b.

² l. 5170 before
 5168 in MS.

5170 informing him
 also of the arrival
 of Tirri with Guy,
 Herhaud,
 and 500 good
 knights.

5175 **C. 4953.**

The Duke
 answered,

5180 ‘The fiend has
 brought them
 hither.’

Turnbull, p. 185,
l. 4777.

Duke Otous
advised him
to attack the city
the next day with
1000 knights and
more.

Duke Loyer said,
'That's a good
C. 4957.
advice,'
and acted upon it.

C. 4963.
Guy, coming
from church,
saw the Duke's
host,

and told Tirri

¹ An erasure
before *lo*.
Turnbull, p. 186,
l. 4803.

MS. fol. 135r. a.
that he knew the
Duke of Pavia by
his arms,
² he struck out
after him.
and was anxious
to meet him.
They armed
themselves,
and sallied with
1000 knights.

C. 4995.

¶ þan bi-spac Otus of Paui
(To Gij he bar gret envie):

'No-þing, sir, desmay þou þe :

Ful wel we schul awreken be.

To morwe we schal to þe cite go

5185

Wiþ a þousend kniȝtes & mo :

& ȝif þe treytours y-founden be,

We schul hem aseyle, y telle þe.

Euerichon þai worþen ded.'

Quaþ þe douk, 'þat is a gode red.'

5190

Wel erliche þai arisen þo,

& to the cite þai ben y-go,

& a þousend kniȝtes in her compeynie,

þe best þat were in Lombardye.

Alle þai þreten sir Gij,

5195

Him for to slen & sir Tirri.

To-gider fast þai gun smite

Wiþ swerdes þat wil wele bite.

Als Gij com fro chirche go,

Into a pleyne he loked þo :

5200

He seye þe doukes ost was neye :

So mani kniȝtes þer he seye.

þan þerl Tirri he cleped him to,

& to him wiȝtliche spac þo :

'Sir erl,' he seyd, 'what schal we do ?

5205

Alle þe ost of Loreine y se, lo,¹

þe ost of Loreyne wele y-diȝt

Wiþ scheldes & wiþ brinis briȝt.

þe douk of Paui is y-come,

By his armes y knowe þat gome.

5210

Y no may him² loue, he is mi fo :

Gret wille me comeþ oȝain him go.'

þerl seyd, 'arme we ous euerichon :

A þousend kniȝtes schul wiþ ous gon.'

Gij him mett wiþ þerl Iordan,

5215

Lord he was of alle Melan.

- He smot him ouer þe gilden scheld,
Ded he feld him in þe feld.
Anon he smot anoper kniȝt,
þat ded he feld him anon riȝt. 5220
¶ Wip þat come prike þerl Tirri,
& mett wip a kniȝt hiȝt Amori,
þat was þe doukes constable Otoun :
To deþ he him smot wip his swerd broun.
Anoper he smot wip his brond, 5225
þat ded he feld him on þe sond.
¶ Wip þat com prike Herhaud,
& mett wip Gwishard þe Mouhaut.
Herhaud him haþ þer afeld,
þat dede he lay in þe feld. 5230
þemperour¹ wip þat ginneþ fle :
On euerich half driuen ben he.
Swiþe hij hem nimeþ & quel[l]eþ,
Bi þe pleynes þai gredeþ & ȝelleþ.
Wel gret it was þe scomfitour : 5235
To þe Lombardes bifel iuel auentour.
Bi þat side was Otous fleinde,
In his hond his swerd kerueing.
Now folweþ him Herhaud alle on
So swiþe so þe stede miȝt gon. 5240
Als-so þe douk was flowen him fro,
þat no moder bern no seye him þo ;
Bot Herhaud him folwed stouteliche ;
His bodi no drad he nouȝt miche.
Bihinden him he smewe his wede : 5245
þe lasse of him was his drede.
‘ Biwende þe,’ seyð Herhaud fre,
‘ þe douke of Pau, & wer þou þe
Of þat ich wicked felonie
þat þou ous dede in Lonbardye.’ 5250
When þe douke Otous þis y-seye,
It was² Herhaud þat after him fleye,

Guy killed Earl
Jordan,

and another
knight.

Tirri slew Amori,
Duke Otous'
constable,

and another
knight.

Herhaud cut down
Gwishard.

¹ Read *þe douk* ?

Turnbull, p. 187,
l. 4829.

5235 Many Lombards
were taken and
slain.

Duke Otous fled,

pursued by
Herhaud,

who called to him
to answer for his
former treachery.

² *douke* struck
out after *was*.

- MS. fol. 135r. b. Hastiliche he hap him mett,
 The Duke turned round, & at a diche him bisett.
 and struck Her- He smot him on þe helme briȝt, 5255
 haud on his helmet, A quarter of his helme doun riȝt.
- threatening him. þan seyð þe treytour, 'glotoun,
 Dye þou schalt wiþ resoun :
- Turnbull, p. 198, Ich þe¹ abie in þis stede.'
 1. 4855.
 1 *de* under-dotted Herhaud anon to him sede : 5260
 after *þe*; read *do*? ¶ 'þou lext,' he seyð, 'vile losaniour :
 þou it abist, bi seyn Sauour.'
- Returning the stroke, Herhaud a strok him rauȝt
 Opon his scheld wiþ gret mauȝt :
 On þe helme þat strok glod, 5265
 & fel on þe stede þat he on rode.
 So he mett him in þat stede,
 þat his stede knewele he dede.
- Herhaud made the Duke's horse kneel. Vp stirt þe stede þat was snelle :
 2 The *r* added above the line. þan come þer² bi an hongend hille 5270
 Then Guy came, þe miȝti and þe hardi Gyoun :
 In his hond he bar a trouusoun.
- and struck Otous, that he lost his stirrups, Otus he smot þer-wiþ² so,
 þat he les his stiropes to.
 þan seyð Gij to Otus so vnwrast : 5275
 'To me ward þou wende on hast,
 & were þe of þat felonie
 þat þou dest me in Lombardye.'
 Otus him went wiþ gret hete :
- but was wounded in his thigh himself. þurch þe thei Gij he hap y-smite. 5280
 Wiþ gret hete he smot Gyoun,
 þat his stede knewled adoun.
- Guy thought to revenge himself. þan biþought him sir Gij,
 To awreke him he hadde gret hye.
- Turnbull, p. 189, þe douke he seyleþ pere, 5285
 1. 4881. & of his helme he carf a quarter.
- 2 a *crown* written twice originally. He made him a crown³ brod þere
 As a monke þat orderd were.

Of þat helme þat swerd glod
Wip þat strok wip-uten abod.

5290

Allas þat reuþe & þat sorwe,
þat he no hadde his bodi for-corue !
Ac in þat maner ȝete it schal wende,
Who so hereþ þis tale to þende.

þer him hadde Gij his heued binome,

5295

No hadde gret socour to him come,

An hundred kniȝtes & fifti,

þat stalworþ were & hardi :

þe douke þai ben to socour y-come.

Mani Gij haþ her heuedes binome.¹

5300

Wip þat þer com a stout Lombard,

Of Mohaut he was y-hoten Grimbald.

Gij he smot in þat stounde

þurch þe scholder a grete wounde.

Gij wold awreke him anon :

5305

Opon his helme he hewe gode won.

þan com ten kniȝtes prout,

& Gij þai bisett about,

& Gij him wered wip his brond,

Til þat it brac vnto his hond.

5310

‘Allas,’ quap Gij, ‘þis vnþang !

Were no may y me nouȝt lang.’

¶ þer come prikeand a prout Lombard,

Atte last he held him, a musard.²

Bi þe nasel he tok Gij,

5315

& seyð him a gret vilainie :

‘þou wroche glotoun losaniour,

þou schalt þe zeld, bi seyn Sauour.

Now ichil zeld þe to prisoun

To mi lordes wille, þe douke Otoun.’³

5320

‘þou lext,’ þan Gij sede,

‘þou liþer bodi, so god me rede.

Erst þou it schalt abigge,

Er þou me in prisoun legge.’

He would have
killed the Duke,
MS. fol. 135v. a.
but for 150
knights,

who came to help
him.

¹ *bi* altered
from *y*.

Grimbald
wounded Guy's
shoulder,

and, at last, Guy's
sword broke.

Turnbull, p. 190,
l. 4907.

A proud Lombard,
who, however,
was a coward,

² MS. *auuisard* ?

called upon Guy
to surrender,

³ MS. *of toun*.

- but was slain by a
blow with Guy's
fist. Gij him smot so wiþ his fest, 5325
þat his nek-bon to-brest.
- Then came
another knight,
Amori, Wiþ þat come anoþer kniȝt
Of Fraunce y-bore, Amori he hiȝt :
Douke Otus soudour was he,
For his warisoun wiþ him to be. 5330
- in the hope to
take him
prisoner; 'Gij,' he seyde, 'now ȝeld þou þe,
Al sikerliche, now to me.
þe no tit harm litel no miche.'
'Y nil,' quað Gij, 'sikerliche.
ȝete no drede y nouȝt alle ȝou. 5335
Sey me, wreche, what seistow ?'
- Turabull, p. 191,
l. 4933. Wiþ þat come Herhaud prikeinde,
but Herhaud came
and supplied Guy
with a sword. & in his hond a swerd wele kerueinde ;
He it brouȝt to gode Gyoun.
Now Guy
defended himself
MS. fol. 135v. b.
like a lion. þerwiþ he him werd as a lyoun. 5340
Gij was socourd swiþe wel,
When he hadde þe brond of stiel.
Neuer þer nas non so hardi,
þat enes durst com him bi.
Wharto schuld ich held long tale, 5345
And michel speke about dualle ?
Ac sigge ich-il sopedliche
- To be short, Wiþ fewe wordes simpeliche,
Guy and his
followers Gij, & Herhaud, & Tirri þe fre
were victorious. Wiþ her felawes, þat gode be, 5350
Han ouercomen þe batayle
Atte nende, wiþouten faile :
Alle þe Lombard ben ouer-come,
Oway y-flowen þer be some.
- Duke Otus fled,
pursued by Guy. Þe douk Otus oway fleye snelle, 5355
Gij him drof wiþ gode wille.
Otus him went & smot sir Gij,
& Gij opon him, sikerly.
- Guy did his best
to strike him
well, Gij fonded to smite wel,
Ac þat swerd glod sumdel : 5360

Bitvene þe bodi & þe arsoun
 Gyes swerd glod adoun,
 þat þe sadel & þe stede also
 Al-to-gider he smot atvo.
 þat he no hadde, allas, allas,
 3ouen him swiche anoþer so þat was !
 Ac for vp-coming he no miȝt :
 So gret socour him com of kniȝt,
 þat han y-socourd þe douke sone.
 Wiȝ þat anon riȝt mididone
 Gij & Tirri wiȝ-went ben he,
 & gon ozain to þat cite.
 Wiȝ þat come Herhaud prikeinde
 After þe douke, loude gredeinde.
 'Douk,' he seyð, 'wende, & were þe
 Of þe tresoun þou dest Gij & me,
 þat þou ous dede in Lombardye ;
 Were þe now of þat felonie.'
 Þe douk wiȝ-went him fot hot,
 & wiȝ his brond he him smot.
 þer þai fouȝten togider snelle,
 & smiten strokes wiȝ gode wille.
 þai hewe on armes & brini briȝt :
 þe blod sprang out anon riȝt.
 Bitvene hem¹ was strong fiȝt ;
 Aiȝer no spard oþer no-wiȝt.
 þan biginneþ Herhaud swiȝe :
 Bot he him wreke he is vnblife.
 Fast he sayleþ þe douk Otoun,
 A quarter of his helme he smot adoun :
 Opon his scholder þat swerd glod,
 & in he it schef an hand brod.
 Opon his honden he dede him falle,
 & seȝþe he tok him bi þe naselle :
 Bleȝeliche he wold þe heued haue nom,
 Ac so mani kniȝtes to him come,

but his sword
 came down
 between the
 Duke's body and
 Turnbull, p. 192,
 l. 4959.

5365

saddle-bow,
 cleaving the
 saddle and the
 steed.

Alas, had he
 given him such
 another blow !

But there came
 succour to the
 Duke.

5370

Guy and Tirri
 withdrew into
 the city,

C. 5011.
 but Herhaud
 followed the
 Duke.

5375

C. 5021.

5380

¹ An erasure
 after *hem*.
 MS. fol. 136v. a.
 There was a
 violent fight
 between them.

5385

Turnbull, p. 193,
 l. 4985.

5390

Herhaud
 wounded Otous,

and made him
 fall upon his
 hands.

5395

He would have
 killed him,

had not many
knights come to
rescue him.

& on Herhaud þai smiten snelle :

þerne þai strengþed him to quelle.

Herhaud mett wiþ hem þere :

Made he no semblaunt þat he wounded were. 5400

C. 5045. Wiþ a Lombard so mett he,

þe heued he dede fram þe bodi fle.

As a gode kniȝt he werd him, y-wis,

Ac swiþe liþer bifallen him is :

Also he wald to þe cite go, 5405

Herhaud's steed
was killed under
him.

He was attacked
by many,

His stede dyed vnder him þo.

Wiþ swerdes þai smiten him þan about,

& on his helme hard him clout.

þai hewe on his helme, þat blod out ran,

but he defended
himself valiantly.

Ac he werd him as a man. 5410

Mani on he made blodi, y pliȝt,

¹ *f* altered from *b*.

Of¹ Lombardes in þat fiȝt.

C. 5057. A Lombard come forþ wiþ þan,

² *annwrast*
originally, but o
Turnbull, p. 194,
l. 5011.
added above the
line.

Richard he hete, an onwrast² man :

To Herhaud he smot a strok grim 5415

þurch þe scholder wiþ a swerd in.

Herhaud wold of him be wreke :

³ Two or three
letters erased
after *his*.

On his³ helme a stroke he gan reke,

Ac he failed of him þo :

Opon þe arsoun þe strok gan go ; 5420

Ac hetelich he pliȝt out þat brond,

þat it brak in his hond.

But his sword
broke at last.

‘God, what schal y do?’ þan seyð he,

‘No lenger may ich weri me.

A, swerd, he þat made þe 5425

Of godes mouþe acursed he be.

Why feylestow so sone me?

Iuel biseyn worþ y for þe.

C. 5079. Leuer me is her to be ded,

MS. 136r. b.

þan hy my bodi wiþ hem led.’ 5430

Wiþ þat come driuend a Lombard,

Attelast he held him, a couward.

By þe nase he rauzt him þo,
 & sternliche he seyð him to,
 'Feloun, þou schalt it abigge :
 Today þou schal þine heued her ligge.'

A coward hoped
 to make him a
 prisoner now,

5435

Herhaud smot him wiþ his fest þo,
 þat his nek-bon brac atvo.

but Herhaud
 killed him with
 a blow of his fist.

'Ded no worþ y nouzt for þe :
 Alle to heteliche þou com to me.'

5440

O³gainward him went sir Gij
 So is þe gode erl Tirri.

Turnbull, p. 195,
 l. 5037.
C. 5103.

þe Lombardes þai han ouercome,

What y-slawe¹ & y-nome.

After Herhaud he asked þo,

Whare he is, & whider y-go.

A kniȝt it seyð him anon

Out of þe scomfite he was y-gon

Strongliche a kniȝt driueing,

þe douk Otus bi his witeing.

'God, merci,' þan Gij seyð,

'Be mi frende ded, icham bitreyd,

Herhaud þat so loued me :

For no þing may y comfort be.

Lordinges,' he seyð, 'ginneþ ȝe to gon,

& lede ȝour prisouns wiþ ȝou anon,

& Herhaud ich seche wille ;

Niȝt no day swiken y nille,

Liues or deþes þat ich him se :

ȝif ich him lese wo is me.

Com wiþ me, felawe Tirri,

Hastiliche Herhaud to socouri.'

Wiþ scharp spors þai smiten her stede,

& sprongen forþ so spark on glede.

Swiþe þai priked, for soþe to sigge,

Chalaunge on Herhaud to legge.

At an ende of þe ost bihalt Gij þo

þe douk of Pau, hou he is y-go,

¹ *a* added above
 the line.
 Asking after
 Herhaud,

Guy learned

that he had
 pursued Duke
 Otous.

He sent his men
 into the city with
 the prisoners,
 and went himself
 in search of
 Herhaud,

accompanied by
 Tirri.

C. 5125.
 They rode very
 quickly,

Turnbull, p. 196,
 l. 5063.

- & þat Herhaud was y-nome :
 Gret sor was¹ at his hert y-come. 5470
- ¹ *sor was* MS.
² *bi* added before *god* in a later hand.
 MS. fol. 138v. a.
 till Guy saw
 Herhaud a
 prisoner among
 his foes.
- 'God,'² quap Gij, 'Herhaud y se
 Among his fon : nomen is he.
 Go we smite to hem, Tirri :
 For dout of deþ spare nil y.
 So gode a kniȝt leten y nille.' 5475
 Herhaud þai socourd snelle.
- C. 5139.** To a Lombard smot sir Gij,
 By dint of a
 valiant attack on
 the Lombards
 & feld him & his fere him by.
 Tirri anoper smite bigan,
 þat ded he feld boþe hors & man. 5480
 Swerdes þai drowen, wiþ-outen feyle,
 Wharwiþ was wrouȝt mani batayle.
 þai hewe and slouȝ wiþ gret hete :
 So mani þer þe liif forlete.
 Herhaud þai socourd mididone, 5485
 A gode swerd þai toke him sone.
- C. 5151.** Toward his ost þe douke heyepþ blieue,
 The Duke fled,
 followed by Guy,
 & Gij after him gan driue.
 A strok him ȝaf sir Gyoun :
 Bitvene þe bodi & þe arsoun 5490
 þe dint of þat strok alizt :
 þe stede he smot adoun riȝt.
 Kniȝtes þan out of þat ost
 To Gij lopen wiþ michel bost :
 þurch þat gret ost went Gij snelle, 5495
 þe Lombardes him folwed wiþ gode wille.
 Tirri & Herhaud her ost metten þere,
 & of hem michel awonderd were,
 Hou hij³ fram þe ost aschaped is :
 Of hem þai hadden gret blis. 5500
 Gij, & Tirri, and Herhaud also
 Oȝain to þe cite þai ben y-go,
 & þe citiseins of þat cite
 Wel often god þonkeden he.
- who killed his
 steed.
 Turnbull, p. 197,
 l. 5089.
 Although attacked
 by many knights,
 Guy escaped,
³ *hij* seems altered
 from *he*.
 and returned into
 the city with Tirri
 and Herhaud.

Þe douke Otus to his pauloun he ȝede,
& vnarmed him of his wede,

5505 **C. 5195.**

& lete loken to his wounde,
& went to þe douke Loyer in þat stounde,
His gret encumbrance him telde :

Duke Otous
had his wounds
looked to,
and repaired to
Duke Loyer.

Conseyl þer-of he wold helde.

5510

¶ Gij, Herhaud, & Tirri also

To þe cite þai ben y-go.

Ioie þai make & blisse also :

þe niȝt is comen, þe day is go.

¶ Herkenþ me, ȝe þat ben in wille,

5515

Of a tresoun y schal ȝou telle :

þat was swiþe miche traisoun,
& y-wrouȝt þurch þe douke Otoun¹

Now I'll tell you
of a treason.
MS. fol. 136v. b.

Tellen ichil of þe douke Otoun¹

¹ MS. of toun.

þat cruwel was & feloun.

5520

To þe douk Loier he is y-gon,

& seyde, 'sir, herken me anon.

Turnbull, p. 198,
l. 5115.

Bot þou gode conseyl chese

C. 5203.

Al þi lond þou schalt forlese

Duke Otous
advised Duke
Loyer,

þurch treytours þat ben comen herin,

5525

Gij, & Tirri & Herhaud wiþ him.

ȝif þou wilt here me speke,

þurch gile þou schalt ben awreke :

as his enemies

Oþerliker winnen hem y no may,

could not be

No noþer rede no can y say.

vanquished

Man schal ben awreken of his fo

otherwise,
to have recourse

In what maner he may com to.'

to guile.

¶ 'Wel lef me were gode conseyl to here,'

5530

þus him answerd þe douk Loyer.

'Sir douke, now y bidde þe,

5535 **C. 5219.**

To þerl Aubri sende ȝe,

He said,
'Send word to
Earl Aubri

& to his sone Tirri also ;

Sende to sigge to hem bo

that thou art
ready to give thy
daughter to his
son

þat þou wilt him þi douhter ȝeue,

Wiþ him to acord while þou liue,

5540

and bid them all
come to thee;

but when they
have left their
country,

Turnbull, p. 199,
l. 5141.

let them be seized
and tried in thy
court,

leaving Guy and
Herhaud to me.'

& þat he com hider to þe :

Riȝt siker þer-of may þai be ;

&, when þai ben farn her iurne,

& fer fram her cuntre,

þe treitours þou schalt nimen icho[n],

5545

& dem hem in þi court anon.

& so michel y bid þe,

Gij & Herhaud ȝine þou me.

& so þou schalt awreke be

Of þine enmis, as y telle þe,

5550

& bot ȝe wil þus don,

þai worþ þi dedliche fon.'

C. 5246.

Wip þat answerd þe douk Loer,
'Lat be, sir Otus, for seyn Richer.

But Duke Loyer
at first refused to
betray Earl Tirri,

þat felonie y nil hem nouȝt do

5555

For nouȝt þat y miȝt afo.

Y nil bitray þerl Tirri

his former 'norri,'

For loue þat he was mi norri

Fram childehed, now he is a man.

Now do ȝe þe best þat ȝe can,

5560

& he wil amend oȝines me.

MS. fol. 137r. a.

1 y added above
the line.

or Herhaud and
Guy,

Bi him y¹ nold no traysoun se,

No Herhaud no Gij þe fre

No wille ich nouȝt bitreȝe, y telle þe,

all three being
good men.

For þai ben gode men alle þre :

5565

Amende þai may oȝaines me.'

C. 5257.

But Otous replied,
'If you love the
traitors so much
that you refuse
to put them to
death,

O tous answerd wip wicked mod

& seyde, 'sir, no seystow bot gode.

When ȝe þe traitours loue so,

þat ye no wille hem to deþ do,

5570

In prisoun þou schalt hem legge,

So þat hij it schul dere abigge,

Alle fort þai han y-founden þe ostage

þat hij no do þe non vtrage.'

Turnbull, p. 200,
l. 5167.

detain them in
your prison
till they give
security for
keeping the
peace.'

Otous did not
cease to gloze till
Loyer consented.

So he glosed þe douk in þat stode,

5575

& so ȝernne he hap him bede,

þat he him graunted his talent,
& in þat fourme he hap of-sent.

An erchebischop þan sent he,
þe wisest¹ of alle þat cuntre :
þe message he schewed him þo,
& to þe cite he dede him go.

þan he is to Gormoise come,
& þer alizt, þe gentil gome,
þer fond he þerl Tirri,
& his fader, & eke sir Gij.

¶ 'Lordinges,' he seyð, 'herkenþ now :

þe douk me hap y-sent to 3ou,
& greteþ 3ou wele, wil y nouȝt hele.²
þe douke wiþ 3ou acord he wele,²
& amenden þat he hap misdo.

He bit 3ou þat it be so.

Tirri he wille his douhter³ 3iue,

To haue hir while þat he liue.

Into þe cite of Lorein he wil 3e hir lede,
& spouse hir þer wiþ gret ferrede,

& þer he wille þe bridal held :

þer-at schul ben his barouns beld.

þat þe loue stedefast be

Bitvene mi lord & þe

Hennes forward he seyð me

Schuld þe sposails coupe be :

þan schul 3e acordi,

& togider sauȝten wele an hi.'

'Sir,' seyð þerl Aubri,

'Y-here now me, and gramerci.

þe douke y þanke for þe frendschip,

þat he wil mi sone so miche worþschipe.

Blepeliche we wil to him come

At a day y-sett alle and some.

Mi sone Tirri, kepe wele þe

þat bitrayed pou no be :

5580 ¹ *wisest* originally, the second *s* being under-dotted.

An archbishop
was sent to
Gormoise,

5585

C. 5289.

² Read *hille*:
wille þ
with the trench-
erous offer
of peace
and the Princess's
hand.

5590

³ *douthter* originally, the first *t* being under-dotted.

5595

Turnbull, p. 201,
l. 5193.

5600

5605 MS. fol. 137r. b.

Earl Aubri ac-
cepted it,

5610

although he had
some misgivings

Me douteþ þe douke of Pauī,
Lest he do þe sum felonie.'

C. 5321. Þe bischop answerd, 'þer-of þou no drede : 5615
Al siker 3e beþ of þilke dede.'

þe bischop ozain y-farn he is,
Her answerē he telleþ hem, y-wis.

When þe day come þat was sett,
þerl com forþ wiþouten lett 5620

Wiþ to hundred kniȝtes & mo,
þat bliþe were þider to go ;

Turnbull, p. 202,
l. 5219.

Ac þerof þai dede foliliche :
Was þer non of hem, sikerliche,
þat ani wepen wiþ hem bere : 5625

So siker þai wende to be þere.
In riche cloþes þai were schred wele,
þat were gold-broiden eueridel.

¹ Read *þe douke*? To þemperour¹ þai comen anon,

² To to be omitted? To² þerl Tirri & his men ichon. 5630

Y-comen þai ben to þe douke Loer,
& brouȝt þe maide wiþ leyzeand cher.
Y-comen þai ben to þe parlement,
For to here þat iugement.

C. 5340. 'Lordinges,' seyð þe douke Otoun,³ 5635
³ of toun MS.

þe 'Vnder-stond now to mi resoun.

3e wite wel þat Tirri, þat is here,
Haþ agilt þe douk Loere,
þat him forþ brouȝt, & armes him ȝaf :

Iuel ȝolden he it him haþ, 5640

Now he bringeþ vncoupe folk miche
Opon his lond so dedliche.

Ac ichaue þe douke bisouȝt,
& mine feren hider brouȝt,
þat forȝif it be him euermo ; 5645

& gret worþschipe he wil him do :

His douhter he wille him ȝiue,
& gret worþschip while⁴ þat he liue.

⁴ & in *while* above
the line.

on account of the
Duke of Pavia.

On the appointed
day the Earl set
off, with more
than 200 knights,

all unarmed.

When they had
come to Duke
Loyer,
taking Oisel with
them,

5635 Duke Otous made
a speech,

saying that, not-
withstanding
Tirri's misde-
meanour,

5640

5645

Duke Loyer
would give him
his daughter,

LORDINGES,' seide the duke Otoun),
'Vnderstonde to my resoun).
Weß ye wite Terry, that here is,
Hath agilted the Duke loyer, ywis,
That him forth bredde, and armes yaf,
And euyl him aquytte he hath,
Whan he bringeth vnkouthe folke moche
Vpon his lorde so dedeliche.
Bot y haue besoughte the Duke so
With my frendes also,
That foryiue him hath he for euere moo,
And grete worship he woß him doo.'

Turnbull, p. 203,
l. 5245. MS. fol.
137v. a.

And ichil wiþ Tirri wende :
Henneforward we schul be frende. 5650

ʒete vnderstond,' seyð sir Otoun,
' Bifor ʒou alle y biseke sir Gyoun,
ʒif ich him haue ouʒt misdo,
Amenden ichil wele þerto :
Bi so þat he wille kisse me, 5655
Euer eft we schul frendes be.'

' Lat be,' seyð sir Gij þe fre,
' No wille ichaue no cosse wiþ þe :
In Lombardye þou bitraydest me,
& min men þou dest sle. 5660

Ac kisse þou schalt þerl Aubri,
& wiþ him þou schalt acordi.'

¶ þan seyð þe douk Loer :
' Vnderstond now, ʒe þat ben here,
þat þerl sir Tirri, 5665
Aubri sone, þat is her bi,
He þat maiden Oysel schal spouse
In godes lawe vnto his house.
Acorded we ben of þat dede,
& forʒeuen al hatrede.' 5670

þan hap þe douke y-kist Tirri
For gret traisoun, & nouʒt freli.
Gij & Herhaud held hem in pays :
Hye no kist Lombard no Tyays,
Ac þe Loreins þai kist, 5675

Turnbull, p. 204,
l. 5271.

¹ An erasure before att.

& þe douke Loyer att¹ first ;
Ac Otus no kist þai nouʒt :
þai no hadde to him no gode þouʒt.
þan seyð to Loer þerl Aubri :
' þe ich biteche mi sone Tirri. 5680

Alder-first Iesu heuen king
& þe y biteche mi ʒongling.
No may ich for eld trauaily :
Hom ichil wende now an hye.'

and asking Sir
Guy's pardon,

by whom he
wanted to be
kissed,
in token of their
reconciliation.

But Guy had no
mind to kiss the
traitour,
and murderer of
his men.

Thanne seide the Duke loer :

'Vnderstonde aH that been heer',

That the Erle sir Terry,

5665

Aubry soñe, that is here by,

That he the mayde OyseH shaH spousy, [p. 128]

And in goddis lawe lyue, truly.

Accorded we bee to that dede,

And foryue is aH hatrede.'

5670

Thanne hath the Duke kyste Terry

Of grete treason, and not frendly.

Duke Loyer
kissed Tirri
treacherously.

Guy and Herbaud
only kissed Loyer
and his men.

Earl Aubri,
being too old to
bear the fatigues
of a long journey,
returned home,

- He bitauzt hem god & gode day, 5685
 He lete hem þar, & went his way.
 Gij and Herhaud þe maiden gan forþ lede,
 Oysel sche hete wip þe rode so rede.
 Gret iurne þai riden þat day,
 Fram Gormoise þai riden owai 5690
 Wele fifteen mile oþer mo :
 For gret hete þai resten hem þo.
 MS. fol. 137v. b. In a pleyne þai lizten hem snelle,
 þer þai wald resten & duelle.
 When þai alizt þe kniztes fre, 5695
 Alle þai wende y-nomen to be.
 ¶ þan seyð Otus of Paui :
 ' Herkenef to me, al mi compeynie,
 þe Loreins & þe Lombardes ichon,
 Alle þat in our side riden & gon : 5700
 Bi þe rede of þe douke Loer
 Ichot boþe knizt & squier
 þat 3e Gij, Herhaud, & Tirri binde
 Fast her hondes hem bi-hinde.
 In-to Loreine we lede hem snelle : 5705
 Tomorwe we schul hem hongen alle.
 Who so him feyneþ hem to nime
 Forþ wip hem men schal him blim.'
 Þan lopen about hem þe Lombars
 As wicked coltes out of haras 5710
 & Loyers [men]¹ deden also,
 & þerfore hem was ful wo.
 Anon Tirri aseylden he,
 & nomen him (he no miȝt nouȝt fle),
 & Herhaud, þat was gode of miȝt, 5715
 þai nomen þer anon riȝt.
 C. 5455. Gij vp stirt hastiliche,
 & to hem spac wel sternliche :
 ' Now þe deucl hong ȝou ichon.
 Is þis acord now alle agon ? 5720

¹ Or read þe
Loreyns?

Guy and heraude that mayde doo lode
Oysel she highte with rodyes rede.

but the others
went on.

After a ride over
15 miles or so,

they alighted to
rest a little.

At laste seide Otes of Pauye :
' Herken to me, my companye.

Now Otous
ordered Loyer's
men and his own

By the rede of the Duke Loer
I commaunde you all that bee heer
That ye Guy, Terry, and heraude bynde
Faste their handes theim behynde.'

to bind Guy,
Herhaud, and
Tirri,

that they might
be hung next day.

Anone they assailed Terry,
And toke him full hastily,
And heraude, that was so good of might,
Theim twoo they toke agayne right.
But Guy vp sterte full hastily,
And to them spake boldely.

Tirri and Herhaud
were seized at
once.

5715

Worþschiped ous haþ þe douk Loer
 Wiþ alle þe tresoun þat is her.
 No war we acorded bifor þe barnage,
 & kist wiþouten vtrage?

¹ MS. of *toun*.

þis has made þe douke Otoun,¹
 þat is so ful of tresoun.

5725

Turnbull, p. 206,
 l. 5323.

Alle þis tresoun he haþ bispeke
 (God ous of him awreke);
 For purch þe no war it nouzt,
 Bot it were first of him y-þouzt.
 þe douk Loer was so wo:
 O word no miȝt he speke þo.

5730

C. 5469.

Wiþ þat stirt forþ anon riȝt
 Otus cossyn, an vnwrast kniȝt.

Gij bi his mantel he drouȝ so,
 þat þe tassels brosten ato.

5735

MS. fol. 138r. a.

þan seyde a Tya[y]s to a Lombard:
 'Now is Gij of Warwike a couward.

Lo, now he no haþ no miȝt:

Lorn he haþ contenance, apliȝt.'

5740

Wiþ þat þai speken hem þus bitven,

Gij seye it miȝt no noȝer ben:

To him þat him held turned he,

And ȝaf him swiche benedicite,

þat he brak his nek ato.

5745

Alle þe oȝer on him presten þo.

þe mantel þat he had opon

To cloutes it was drawen anon,

So þat ichon oway bar

An pece of his mantel þar.

5750

Gij werd him fast in þat sturbing:

Now helpe him Iesu heuen king.

Turnbull, p. 207,
 l. 5349.

Smer[t]liche þai gun him asaily:

He werd him as a kniȝt hardy,

So þat he neyȝed his stede;

5755

For to him he hadde nede.

But Guy re-
proached Duke
Loyer with this
treason,

at the bottom of
which he knew
was Duke Otous.

Duke Loyer
could not answer
a word.

With that forth sterte anone right
Otes Cousyn, a noble knyghte.
Guy by the mantell he plighite so
That the tassels brake in two.

But a cousin of
Otous seized Guy
5735 by his mantle,

Guy sawe it might noon other bee :
To him that helde him tourned he,
And raughte him suche a buffet tho,
That his nekke brake in two.

5745 but got such a
'benedicite' from
him that his neck
broke in two.
Now all the others
rushed upon Guy,

and tore his
mantle into
pieces.

Guy defended him well and strongly
With the helpe of god to him redy.
Smartly they gonne him assaille,
And he him defended euere in bataille,
So that at laste he come to his stede :
To him he ranne as man that had nede.

[p. 129]

5755 But Guy suc-
ceeded in reaching
his steed,

Wipouten stirop he lepe *per*-on :

Mani on he made *pat* liif forgon.

C. 5491.

When *þe* douk Otus *þat* y-seye
þat Gij on his hors oway fleye,

5760

¹ Another *he*
 struck out.

Anon he¹ seyð to his kniztes :

' Now to hors wip alle *þour* miztes ;

For, *þif* he passe ous in *þis* biker,

Of mi liif am y nouzt siker ;

& *þerfore* nimeþ him anon

5765

Als *þe* wil haue mi loue ichon.

Bot *þe* bring him me to,

We ben y-schent for euer mo.'

An hors *þai* lopen *þan* on hast,

And driuen Gij swiþe fast,

5770

& Gij no hadde wepen non :

Wold god of heuen, *þat* made man,

þat he hadde his brond kerueing !

He no hadde *þer* no frende him helping.

Bi *þat* o side oway he ginneþ fle ;

5775

Bot god of him haue pite,

þer he worþ y-slawe anon :

Alle abouten him *þai* ben y-gon.

Turnbull, p. 208,
 l. 5375.

C. 5513.

Wip *þat* *þer* come rideing a knizt,

5780

MS. fol. 138r. b.

& wip a spere opon his hond :

Toward Gij wel swiþe he wond,

& *þurch* *þe* bodi smite him wold,

Ac god of heuen it suffre nold :

þe strok of *þe* spere it gan glide

5785

Bitven *þe* arsoun & his side.

His blihaut he carf, his schert also.

Gij strongliche him mett *þo* :

Wip his fest he him smot,so,

² *he* added above
 the line.

þat to grounde he² dede him go.

5790

Wip *þat* sir Gij forþ him dizt,

Ac he mett wip anoþer knizt :

Withoute styrope he lepe theron):

Many he made leue their' liffis anoon.¹

THANNE the Duke seigh

That Guy on horse awayward fleigh, 5760

Anone he seide to his knyghtes:

'Now to horse with all your' myghtes.

and mounting
him.

When Duke Otous
saw him riding
away,

he sent his
knights after him,
saying, 'If he
should escape us
my life is lost.'

Take ye Guy, and that anone,

As ye wold haue my loue echoonē.

Who that dede or lyuyng¹ him bringeth me to,

A thousand besaunt; he shaft haue and moo.'

To horse they wente in all haste,

And dryuen Guy swithe faste,

And Guy hadde wepen noon):

Wolde good, that made man),

That he had had his bronde keruyng¹!

For he had there noo frende helping¹.

5765

5770

They pursued
Guy,
who had no
weapon,

and, without
God's mercy,
would have been
slain at once.

A knight threw a
spear at Guy,

which, however,
tore only his coat
and shirt.

Having disposed
of this aggressor
by a deadly blow
with his fist,

¹ *Then said Gui thoo*, in the blank left between l. 5758 and l. 5759, in the same hand as p. 126.

- Swerd he bar þat wele wald bite,
 In þe heued he wald Gij smite.
 þe strok opon his hors glod 5795
 Opon þe croupe a fot brod.
 þei he war aferd no wonder nas :
 Gij ferd fram him a¹ fast pas.
¹ *an* originally,
 the *n* being under-
 dotted.
C. 5533. He seye wiþ þat a grom cominde,
² *ernenge* origin-
 ally, the second
 e being under-
 dotted.
 To him ward fast erninge :² 5800
 A gret soule in his hond he bar,
 So wold god þat it war.
 Gij wel feir him bisouzt
 3if him þe staf þat he brouzt.
 Turnbull, p. 209,
 l. 5401.
 ‘Ichil zeld it þe ful wel.’ 5805
 ‘Haue here, sir, bi seyn Mizhel.
 Wele ich þi gret nede se :
 Now god fram schame kepe þe.’
 He tok þat soule in his hond,
 Anon forþ to hem he wond. 5810
 A Lombard wel sone he mett,
³ MS. *sword*.
 And wiþ þe soule³ so him grett,
 þat ded he feld him anon.
 He tok his hors, & gan to gon,
 & seyde to þe grom þo : 5815
 ‘þou nim pis hors, & gin to go.
 Wiþ gode wille y 3iue it þe
 For þe staf þou lentest me.’
 þe knaue him þonked bliue,
 Oway wiþ þe hors he gan to driue. 5820
þan went forþ Gij þe gode,
 Nas neuer man of his mode
 þat better him werd in his ende.
 Er he out of þat f3zt gan wende
 3ete he slouzt on of her felawe. 5825
 In lasse while he hadde [him] y-slawe,
 þen men schold sigge a pater-noster.
 Y telle it 3ou bi Peter þe apostel

Guy had a narrow
escape from
another's sword.

Guy fledde fro theim a smarte paas :
Though he were a-feerde noo wonder was.
With that he sawe a knaue comyng,
As god it wolde in that thring,
That a grete staffe on his shulder bare,
And Guy fulfeyre besoughte him there
That he wolde the staffe him yiue,
And he wolde him acquite yf he dud lyue.
'Ye, sir,' quoth he, 'by sainte Micheł, [p. 130]
Haue him here and bere the weł.'

5800

Now Guy saw a
man coming
towards him,
with a thick stick
in his hand,

and he asked him
for it.

Receiving it,

With that a lombard Guy ther' mette,
And with the staffe so he him grette,
That dede he him felde right anone.
He toke that horse, and gan to goñe,
And seide to that knaue thoo :
'Haue thou this horse, and thy wey goo.'

he killed a Lom-
bard with it,

5815

whose horse he
gave to the man.

Guy killed also
another knight
in a shorter time
than it takes you
to say a Pater-
noster.

¹ *nas* on an erasure.

Turnbull, p. 210,
l. 5127.

² MS. *ich*
³ *is* added above the line.

⁴ MS. *goand*
C. 5561.

⁵ Lines 5847-8 written twice originally, but struck out the second time.

⁶ looks more like *louen* than *leuen*.

Turnbull, p. 211,
l. 5453.

C. 5569.

⁷ *Bothe*, Turnbull, but the first letter, although not quite distinct, is certainly not *b*, and the third, without any doubt, is *p*, not *p*.

⁸ *n* and part of *o* struck out after *now*.

þat neuer swiche nas¹ y-seye non.

When he hap ouer-comen ichon

5830

Wel long he werþ him þat day.

When he no lenge doure ne may

þan seyð he to hein anon :

‘þe deucl biteche ich þou ichon,

& namliche Otus of Pauie,

5835

þat hap y-don ous þis felonie ;

& 3if ich a 3er libbe may

He schal it² abigge, for soþe to say.’

þan is³ he gon⁴ oway ful 3ernne,

So þat he com to a water sterne.

5840

In he him dede, & ouer he goþ.

Alle þai wondred þer-of, for soþ.

Non no durst after him wende

For drencheing at her liues ende.

O3ain þan þai ben y-come

5845

To þe douke Otus alle and some,

& telden him wel sone anon

þat Gij was ouer þe water y-gon.⁵

þe douke Otous is now wel sori,

For Gij is schaped so oway,

5850

& swore bi god & seyn Gelen

Neuer eft nold he louen⁶ his men,

For þat hii leten him oway fle :

Gret wille he hadde him to sle ;

Ac Gij him werd wiþ mani wrenche :

5855

Hope⁷ of fole may of-blenche.

‘Sir douk Loer,’ seyð Otoun,

‘Y-schaped is þe felle Gyoun.

To Paui ichil now⁸ gon,

& spouse þi douhter anon :

5860

Riche bridal ichil maki.

Wiþ me schal Herhaud & Tirri ;

þer þai schul be don in prisoun :

Schul þai neuer come to raunsoun.

He fought as long
as he could.

Then cursing his
enemies, espe-
cially Otous,

and threatening
revenge,

he rode away,

5840

crossing a danger-
ous water,

of which his pur-
suers were afraid,

5845

so that they re-
turned to Otous,

And Guy him gooth to a water' yerne,
And ouere he gooth with godd's sterne.

Ayene than they bee come
To the Duke Otes aH and some,
And tolde him aH the sothe anone,
How Guy is ouere the water goone.
Than is the Duke Otes full sory
That so with lif escaped is Guy.

5850

who was very
sorry to hear of
Guy's escape.

Duke Otous
intended to go to
Pavia now to
marry Oisel,
taking Herhaud
and Tirri with
him, whom he
meant to keep in
prison till they
should die.

- Dye þai schul wiþ miche wo. 5865
 & ȝete to ȝer ichil now go
 MS. fol. 138v. b. Wiþ min men to sechen Gij,
 What he be nome, sikerly.
 Alle þis oper prisouns wiþ þe go,
 & þine wil wiþ hem þou do.' 5870
- C. 5581.** 'Sir,' seyd þe douk Loer,
 'þat nil ich nouȝt in non maner
 þat tow Tirri no do sle :
 Y nold in non wise, sir douk þe fre ;
 But Duke Loyer ordered him to treat Tirri well, Ac, ȝif Tirri schal wiþ þe go, 5875
 In fre prisoun þou schalt him do.
 þou do him kepe worþschipliche
 Wiþ gret plente manschipliche,
 Alle fort he haue mi wille y-do.
 Ichil now þat it be so, 5880
 & ich-il lede Herhaud wiþ me :
 In mi fre prisoun schal he be.
 Y nil nouȝt he wiþ þe go :
 Turnbull, p. 212, l. 5479. To michel iuel þou wost him do.'
 þan þai token her leue þo : 5885
 Wiþ gret loue þai kisten hem bo.
 To Lorein went þe douke Loer,
 þat wiþ worþschipe dede kepe þer
 Herhaud of Arderne, þe marchis :
 Loyer returned to Lorraine, taking Herhaud with him, who, not being able to go to Guy, wished to die. Wele leuer him were be ded, y-wis. 5890
 When he to Gij com no miȝt,
 Leue him were dye anon riȝt.
- C. 5597.** Now is Otous to Pauī gan,
 Duke Otous started for Pavia with Oisel and Tirri. Wiþ him he ledde his feir leman,
 Also he dede þerl sir Tirri 5895
 Fast y-fetred, sikerly,
 Riȝt fast vnder þe hors fet
 In-to Pauī, and þer him let.
 When Oysel seye him lede so
 Seeing Tirri fettered ignominiously, Sore sche wepe for his wo. 5900

'Allas,' sche seyð, '& wale-wo :

Sone is my ioie went me fro.'

Of þe hors sche fel aswon anon :

For sorwe almost hir hert to-chon.

When þe douk hir falle seye

Bi his oþ he swore an heye,

'Tuel þou dost, mi gode leman,

When þou for swiche a man

Swiche sorwe schaltow make.

& ȝif þou more¹ sorwe for his sake,

Oþer euer eft make swiche sorweing,

& ich it perceiue bi ani þing,

To-hewe he worþ bifor þe,

Or heye hong on galwe tre.

Glad & bliþe, leman, þou be :

Wiþ ioie to Paui y lede þe,

þer ichil nim þe to wiue,

And wiþ þe helden alle mi liue.

Tirri ichil in prisoun do :

He no schal haue sorwe no wo.

Ichim hate wel sore, sikerly,

For þe loue of Herhaud and Gij.

Richeliche he schal serued be :

þer-of nouȝt no dred þou þe.'

¶ 'Sir, gramerci of þi speche,

Ac of o þing y þe biseche :

Fourti days respite þou ȝif me,

Til þat mi sorwe aslaked be,

& seþþen spouse me wiþ worþschipe.'

'Y graunt wele,' quap þe douke, 'sikerlike.'

To Paui þai ben þan ago,

Ac alle anoþer þouȝt þat maiden þo ;

Anoþer sche souȝt² þan sche seyð :

Gret sorwe in hir hert sche leyð.

Ar sche wille to him spoused be,

Wiþ a kniif sche wil hir sle.

Oisel fell from her horse, fainting ;

5905 which incensed Otous so much that he swore,

Turnbull, p. 213, l. 5505.

5910 ¹ Another *more* struck out. MS. fol. 139r. a.

if he saw her pitying him again Tirri would be killed before her eyes.

5915 He bade her be cheerful

since he was going to marry her.

5920 Tirri would be treated well, although he hated him.

5925 C. 5623.

Oisel persuaded him to defer his marriage with her for 40 days.

5930

² Read *þouȝt*? But she was resolved to kill herself rather than become his wife. Turnbull, p. 214, l. 5531.

5935

Ac o þing hir glad, sikerliche :
 Opon Gij sche trust miche.
 Seppe þat he aschaped was,
 Wele sche þouzt þurch sum cas 5940
 He schuld Tirri out of prisoun cast,
 Hir swete leman, wel on hast.

C. 5641. Þai com to Paui wiþ þat :
 þe douk Otus nouzt forzat,
 þat erl Tirri he bond fast, 5945
 & in-to þester prisoun him cast,
 þer he was in sorwe, apliȝt :
 He nist wheþer it wer day or niȝt.
 Litel he hadde of mete or dring.
 His leman lan neuer wepeing 5950
 Aniȝt, when sche alon was,
 þat noman wiþ hir nas.

C. 5651. **N**ow to tel of Gij ichaue y-þouzt
 Hou god him hap fram dep y-brouzt.
 MS. fol. 139r. b. When he was passed þat water sternne 5955
 He loked about him wel ȝernne,
 Of his felawes him vnderstode :
 Wel¹ neye he was for sorwe wode.
¹ *welle* originally,
 but *le* underdot-
 ted. 'God,' he seyð, 'what schal y do ?

Weri wreche, whider may y go ? 5960
 Ichauē forlorn þe gode Tirri
 & Herhaud, for wham icham sori.

² Read *As now ?* Amow,² sir douk Loer,
 Hou miȝtestow dreye þe bismar,
³ MS. of town. þat þe fals douk Otoun³ 5965

Dede bifer þe þat traisoun ?
 For traitour þou worst euer i-held
 When þou comest in place or feld.
 Lord,' he seyð, 'what may y do ?
 Into whiche lond may y go ? 5970
 An arnemorwe no þing y no dred me :
 þo ich went out of þat cite

But that mayde was glad, sikirly,
 That Guy was so goon, truly,
 So as he escaped was ;
 For weH she hoped by some cas
 He wolde bringe by some Kaste
 Oute of prison hir leman in haste.

Her only hope
 was Guy.

5940

Arrived at Pavin,

Otous threw Tirri
 into a dark prison,
 where he did not
 know whether it
 was day or night,
 and got little to
 eat or drink.

His leman wept
 for him when she
 was by herself.

TO TELLE OF Guy y haue thoughte
 How god him hath fro deth broughte.
 Whan he was passed that Ryuer sterne
 He loked him aboute full yerne.

Let us return to
 Guy.

5955 Having escaped,

he thought of his
 fellows.

'Lorde god,' he seide, 'what may [y] doo?
 Wery wrecche, whider may y goo?
 Now y haue loste the Erle Terry
 And Heraude, my maister, y am sorry.'

5960

[p. 131]

He wondered how
 Duke Loyere
 could accede
 to Otous' treach-
 erous proposal.

- Wij me ich hadde an hundred kniȝtes
 To mi wille for me in fiȝtes,
 & now y no haue a grom to held mi stede. 5975
- ¹ Looks like
helper. þat so miche me miȝt help¹ at nede,
 For me þai ben y-slawe ichon,
 Oþer in peine in prisoun don.
 A, mi dere frende sir Tirri,
 For our departing icham sori. 5980
- ² *y ne schal* MS. No schal y þe se neuer eft mo?
 For þe ichil mi liif in periil do,
 þat y² schal his body smite ato
 þat þus þis traisoun haþ ous do,
 & so ichil awreke þe : 5985
 Dye ichil bot it so be.'
- Turnbull, p. 213,
 l. 5583. C. 5687. Gij rode forþ in his way
 Alle þat iche self day,
 So long þat he a castel seye
 Opon a roche stode an heye. 5990
 He þouȝt to herberwe þare ;
 For he no miȝt no ferþer fare.
 Also he to þe gates come
 A ȝong kniȝt he fond þer anon.
 Michel he was, hende, & fre : 5995
 Feren he hadde wijþ him þre.
 Gij sey bi his semblaunt anon
 þat he was lord ouer hem ichon.
- MS. fol. 139v. a. 'Sir,' quap Gij, 'vnderstond to me.
 þe lord, þat made me and te, 6000
 þe loke ȝif þi wille be,
 And miche blisse he ȝif þe.
 A kniȝt icham deswarre,
 þat in y bid par charite.'
 ¶ þe lord answerd sweteliche, 6005
 'þou it schalt haue, bleþeliche.'
 He dede vnder-fong his stede þo,
 Bi his own³ he dede it do.
- ³ *on* MS.

In the morning
he had 100
knights,
and now not one
groom.

He was resolved
to avenge Tirri
at the peril of his
own life.

Guy forthe wente his waye,
And rode mournyng all that daye,
So longe that he a CasteH seigh
Vpon a roche standing on heigh.

Guy rode all day,

till he came to a
castle standing on
a rock.

5990

As he to the gate come
A yonge knyght he fonde there anone.
MikeH he was, hende, and free :
Felawes he had with him three.
Guy sawe by their semblant anone
That he was lorde of theim echone.
'Sir,' quoth Guy, 'vnderstonde me.
The lorde, that made bothe sonde and see,
The saue and blisse euermo,
In-to what contree that ye goo.
I am a knyght of farre contree,
And herborough y aske for charite.'
The lorde answerd full swetely,
'Ye shall haue, full hertly.'

At its gate he saw
a young knight,

5995

whom he knew to
be its lord.

6000

He asked him for
shelter,

6005

and was very hos-
pitably received.

- Bi þe riȝt hond he toke sir Gij,
 & went into his halle on hey. 6010
 A mantel of silk he of-sent on hast,
 & about him he dede it cast.
 Turnbull, p. 217, Wonderliche þai bihelden him alle
 l. 5609. Kniztes þat weren in þe halle;
 For he was michel & wele y-sett. 6015
 þai him bihelden wele þe bett.
 þe lord wiȝ þat to him sede,
 'Ich þe bidde for loue-rede
 þat þi name telle þou me,
 & nouȝt forhole it no be.' 6020
 Gij answerd wel sweteliche,
 'Mi name y þe telle, sikerliche :
 Gij of Warwike mi name is.
 Iuel ich am acumbred, y-wis.'
 When þe lord herd þat, 6025
 þat it was Gij þat to him spac,
 'Sir,' he seyde, 'welcome ȝe be :
 In ȝour owen herberwe ȝe.
 Ful welcome artow to me,
 & ful wele y knowe þe. 6030
 Ich auȝt þe loue, so moti gon :
 Wel michel gode þou hast me don.
 þo ich þe serued þou louedest me :
 Armes ich vnderfenge of þe,
 And þou me sendest ner & fer 6035
 To turnamens & to wer,
 So þat gret word sprong of me,
 þo y went hom to mi cuntre.
 Turnbull, p. 218, Amis of Mounteyn mi name it is :
 l. 5635. Wele ouȝt ȝe me knowe, y-wis.' 6040
 C. 5727. When Gij him seye he knewe þe knizt,
 He kist him þer anon riȝt.
 MS. fol. 139v. b. 'Sir,' quap Amis, 'when comestow,
 þatow gost alle on now ?

By the honde he toke than Guy,
And in-to the halle yeden they.

6010

The lorde with that to him seyde,

'I the bidde, sir, at this breyde

That thy name thou telle me,

And not couere¹ it, y pray the.'

Guy answerd fuH louely,

'My name y telle the blithely :

Guy of Warrewik my name is.

Euy! y am a-combred, ywis.'

Whan the lorde herde that,

That it was Guy that by him sat,

'Sir,' he seyde, 'welcōme to me :

In your owne herburgh ye bee.

His host asked
him his name,

6020 ¹ MS. *discouere*.

and he answered
that he was Guy
of Warwick.

[p. 132] 6025

Then his host
said to him,
'You are in your
own house.

You loved me
when I served
you.
You made me a
knight,
and sent me
abroad to tourna-
ments and wars,
so that I became
famous.

Amys of Champeyn my name is :

WeH ye oughte to knowe me, ywis.

6040

My name is Amis
of Mounteyn.'

Then Guy kissed
him.

'Sir,' quoth Amys, 'fro whens comest thou,

That ye goo thus allone nowe ?

- It semeþ wele, so þenkeþ me, 6045
 Fram gret periil aschaped be 3e.
 Whare his Herhaud, þi kniȝt so fre?
 Alle þine kniȝtes where ben he?'
 'Ich-il þe telle,' þan seyde sir Gij.
 'Now vnder-stond ich am sori.' 6050
 þan teld he him al þat cas,
 Hou þerl Tirri wounded was,
 & hou he hadde y-heled his wounde,
 & socurd his fader, & ost him founde,
 & hou he passed him self vnnome, 6055
 & hou þai were þurch traisoun ouer-come,
 & hou his felawes weren y-nome,
 & hou þat he was þider y-come,
 & hou Tirri was y-nomen þo
 & þe gode Herhaud also, 6060
 & wiþ hem fif hundred kniȝtes,
 Orped men & gode in fiȝtes.
 'Y not ȝif þai be liues or dede:
 Al ich hem sey nimen & lede.'
 Turnbull, p. 219, 1. 5681. When Gij hadde y-teld þat cas, 6065
 C. 5751. Hou iuel him bifallen was,
 'Suffre awhile, sir,' quap he.
 'ȝif it is þi wille listen to me.
 Ich haue castels & cites strong
 Mani and fele in mi lond: 6070
 Alle ichil bitake þe,
 Mine kniȝtes ichil¹ of-sende to me:
 Fif hundred ich of-sende may,
 þat schal do þi wille niȝt and day.
 Alle þat to min erldom falleþ y wil it be 6075
 To þine wille so schal com to þe.
 MS. of toun. Wende we wille to þe douk Otoun,²
 And bring him to destruccoun.
 His londes we schul þurch-ernne,
 & his castels felle, & his tounes bernne, 6080

¹ An s erased after the ch.

² MS. of toun.

Where is heraude, that knyght free,
 And all thy knyghtes of grete bountee?'
 'I shall the telle, sir,' quoth Guy.
 'No wonder is though y bee sory.'
 Than tolde he him that cas,
 How the Erle Terry wounded was,

Amis asked
 where Herhaud
 and his other
 knights were,

6050

and Guy
 told him all
 about his finding
 Tirri,

and helping his
 father,

and about Otous'
 treason.

And how the parlement was noīe,
 And how thurgh treason they were ouerecome,
 And how Terry was take thoo
 And the good heraude also,
 And with them .v. hundred knyghtis,
 Orped men and stronge in fighites.
 'I ne wote whether they bee dede or alyue :
 All y sawe theim ledde forthe blyue.'

6060

WHANNE Guy had tolde all the cas,
 How euyth tho him befalle was,

6065

'Suffre awhile, sir,' quoth he.
 'And it bee thy wille vnderstonde me.
 I haue Castelles and townes stronge :
 Haue thou right, haue thou wronge,
 All y shall them betake the,
 And my knyghtes y shall sende for to me.'

6070

Amis offered to
 send for 500
 knights,

by whose help Guy
 might be avenged
 on Otous.

& so þou miȝt awreke be,
 His londes destru, him seluen sle.
 Of werre no-swike wille we,
 Al what he a-slawe be.'

C. 5769. 'A mis,' quap Gij, 'god ȝeld it te : 6085
 To long schuld ich here be.

MS. fol. 140r. a. ȝif ich orn on him so þou speke,
 To late ich worþ of him awreke.
 For drede of deþ nille y fle.
 Hastiliche ichil awreken be.' 6090

Turnbull, p. 220,
 l. 5687. Al a day he bileft þare,
 His hert was in michel care :
 Amis emforþ his miȝt
 Confort him boþe day and niȝt.'
 ¶ Of him he toke his leue þo, 6095
 Toward Paui he is y-go.
 Amis wiþ him gon wold,
 Ac he seyð þat he no schold.
 Amis bileft, þat was sori,
 & often to god he bad for Gij, 6100
 þat for his swete moder loue
 Leue him harmeles oȝain come.

C. 5785. ¶ Gij him diȝt in a-queyntise,
 & com to Paui in squier wise.
 An vnement purchast he 6105
 þat made his visage out of ble :
 His here, þat was ȝalu and briȝt,
 Blac it bicom e anon riȝt.
 Nas no man in þis world so wise of siȝt
 þat afterward him knowe miȝt. 6110
 Now to Paui y-comen he is :
 Of no man aferd he nis.
 þe douk Otus he fond þere,
 & gret him as ȝe may here :
 'Sir douk Otus,' he seyð, 'god loke þe : 6115
 Al-so ich it wold so mot it be.

'Amys,' quoth Guy, 'god yelde it the, [p. 133] 6085 Guy, however,
The goodnesse that thou proferst me. declined this offer,

Hastilier of him awreke y hope bee :
For doubte of deth y wolȝ not flee.' 6090 wishing to be
avenged at once.
Guy remained
there only one
day.

Guy toke his leeuē thoo, 6095
Toward Pauye for to goo,
And seide, 'Amys, y beseche the,
A stede that thou wolt yiue me.'
And Amys anone, withoute doubte,
Made him chese the beste in the route. 6100
Oon he toke, and lepte vpon :
Sadeȝ ne house he wolde noon.
So Guy him dighte in newe aqueyntise,
And comē to Pauye in a wonder guyse.
An oignement than purchassed he 6105
That made his visage oute of blee.

Amis was not
allowed to go
with him.

Guy arrived at
Pavia

with his face
and fair hair
tinged black —

Noo man was so wise of sighte
That afterward him knowe mighte. 6110
To Pauy than Guy comē is :
Of noo man he afferde is.
The Duke Otes he fonde there,
And he him grette in this manere :
'Sir Duke,' he seide, 'god saue the : 6115
As y it wolde so mote it bee.

so that no one
knew him.

Turnbull, p. 221,
l. 5718.

A man icham o fer cuntre :

Hider ich come to seche þe.

Ich haue þe brouȝt here a stede,

In þis world is better non at nede.

6120

Noris it dede a Sarazin,

And me it ȝaf, min owen cosyn :

In alle þe world is so swift a best,

Libard no ro, in no forest,

No dromedarie no is þer non

6125

So swiþe goand so is he on.

No þarf þe drede non arme of þe se,

And tow opon þis stede be.

Ȝif ȝe nille þerof me leue

Ichil þat ȝe it asey¹ ar eue.

6130

¹ *aseyle* originally, *te* being
erased.

MS. fol. 140r. b.

Ac on maner haþ þat hors,

þerfore mani haþ fare þe wors :

² MS. *is*.

In þe world nis² man þat ney him come

þat he no wold him slon wel sone,

Bot þe man þat loket³ it.

6135

³ The first letter
seems to be *z*,
although it looks
a little like *b*.

þerfore y loue it out of witt.'

C. 5817.

Quap þe douk, 'mow gramerci.

þis is a fair ȝift, sikerly.

Wiþ þat hors ichil at-hold þe,

& make þe riche of gold & fe.

6140

To swiche an hors ich hadde nede,

þat ich might þe better spede.

Turnbull, p. 222,
l. 5739.

Of min fomen ich wold ben awreke,

& som in min prisoun ben y-steke,

Ac on of hem is schaped fro me.

6145

Now wold god, þat alle may se,

þat he were now in þis halle :

Wel iuel him schuld sone bifalle.

Wel sone he schuld an-honged be

Wiþ gode riȝt, y telle it te.'

6150

C. 5827. 'Sir,' quap Gij, 'who [may] þat be ?

In gret periil now is he.'

A man y am of farre contree :
 Hyder y am come to seche the.
 Broughte y haue the a stede,
 In all the worlde is noo better at nede.

6120

He offered the
 Duke a steed,

swifter than a
 leopard, roe, or
 dromedary,

Yf ye me therof doo not beleue
 I shall him assaye for the more preoue.'

6130

but so vicious as
 to kill any one
 approaching it
 except himself.

Quoth the duke : 'sir, moult graunt mercy. [p. 134]
 This is a faire yifte, sikirly.

The Duke thanked
 him for the horse,

and asked him to
 stay with him.

To suche an horse y haue nede,
 That y might the better spede,
 And on my foomen bee a-wreke ;
 And some in my prison been steke,
 Bot oon eskaped is fro me.
 That wolde god all men might him here see,
 That he were nowe in my halle :
 Grete woo him shuld sone befall.
 To morowe he shuld hanged bee
 With good wille, y telle it the.'
 'Sir,' quoth Guy, ' who may that bee ?
 In full grete perill stondeth he.'

6145

He was in need
 of such a horse
 against his
 enemies,

especially one.

6150

Asked whom he
 meant,

- 'Ichil þe telle,' quap þe douk þo :
 'Gij of Warwike, þat is mi fo.
 Siker no be ich neuer mo 6155
 þe whiles þat he oliues go.
 Ich wold now he stode þe bi.'
 'Sir,' quap he, 'y knowe wele Gij :
 He slou3 on of mi neye kin ;
 þer-fore ich am ri3t wroþ wiþ him,
 & wiþ þerl Tirri also : 6160
 He is mi dedliche fo.
 þurch felonie mi fader he slou3,
¹ *desirit* MS. Mi broþer he deserited¹ wiþ wou3.
 God lete me neuer ded be 6165
 Er ich him to mi wille se.'
² *of toun* MS. **C. 5843.** 'Mi dere frende,' seyð þe douk Otoun,²
 'Ichaue Tirri in mi prisoun.
Turnbull, p. 223, Now ich-il þou loke him to,
L. 5765. And alle schame þou him do.' 6170
 'Sir,' quap he, 'gramerci,
 And y þe sigge sikerly
 þat alle his liif ichil wende
 Er þan come seuen niztes ende.'
MS. fol. 140v. a. þe douke doþ him þe keyes take, 6175
 Maister iaioler he doþ him make.
C. 5853. þe douk oxeþ what his name be :
 'Yon men clepet me in mi cuntre.'
 'Yon,' he seyð, 'ichot now þe
 þat þou þat hors wele kepe me.' 6180
 An hous he deliuer[d] him þo
 þat no þing com in bot þai to.
 þe douk þat nou3t no wist,
 þat Gij was þer-in, bi Crist.
C. 5861. Alle his wille he may now do, 6185
 Non vn-worþschip men seyð him to.
 Gij into a tour is y-go,
 A strong prisoun fond he þo :

'I shaH the telle,' quoth the Duke tho.
'Guy of Warrewik, that is my foo.'

he answered that
he was not safe,
as long as Guy of
Warwick was
alive.

'Sir,' quoth he, 'weH knowe y Guy.
I wolde that he stode the by.
He slowe oon of my nyghe kyn;
Therfor' y am yet wrothe with him,
And the Erle Tirry also :
I hate him as my dedely foo.

Guy pretended he
hated him, too,
because he had
slain a near
relation of his,
and that Tirri also
was his deadly
enemy,
and had slain his
father.

God lete me neuere dede bee
TiH him at my wille y see.'

6165

'Frende,' quoth the Duke Otoun,
'I haue Terry here in my prisoun.
Now thou shalt loke him to,
And aH shame thou him doo.'

The Duke told
him that he had
Tirri in his
prison,

'Sir,' quoth he, 'graunt mercy,
And y the sey sikirly

6170

That his lif y shaH *tourne* and wende
Or come this seuen nyght to an ende.'
The duke doth him than the keyes take,
And maister Iayler' he doth him make.

[p. 135]

6175 and made Guy his
jailer.

Guy called himself
'You.'

An house the Duke deliuered him thoo
That noo thing' was in bot they two.
The Duke noo-thing' the sothe wiste,
That he was Guy, ne noo man nyste.
Therfor' aH his wille he might doo,
That noo man shuld speke him to.

6185

Guy found in a
tower a prison 40
fathoms deep.

- Fourti fadom depe it was.
 Hearing some one cry 'Alas,' he asked who it was,
 He hadde y-herd cri, 'allas': 6190
 He oxd anon who þat were
 þat made þer so reuly bere.
 'Ich,' he seyð, 'a wreched man :
 Me reuweþ sore þat y liues am.
 Erl Tirri mi nam is : 6195
 Now icham a wreche, y-wis.
 þe douk no misdede y neuer nouzt,
 And in þis prisoun icham y-brouzt.
 More iren about me is
 þan a somer mizt beren, y-wis, 6200
 On armes, on legges, on bodi also.
 Mi deþ ich wold were com me to.
 For þan þat ich felawe was
 To a knizt þat neuer his better nas,
 Whom þe douk Otus hated, y-wis, 6205
 On me þe wreche fallen now is.
 þat ich ete þis is þe bridde day :
 Long liue y no may.'
C. 5885. ¶ 'Tirri,' quaf Gij, 'no be nouzt wo :
 Icham Gij þou louedest so. 6210
 Out of prisoun y schal cast þe
 So sone y may mi tyme se.'
Sir Tirri spac to Gij þo,
 'For godes loue, hennes þou go.
 Hou come þou hider, sir Gij ? 6215
 þine hider-com-wil me harmi.
 3if þe douk wite þat þou it be
 þis ich day he wil sle þe.
 MS. fol. 140v. b. Leuer me were al-on to day
 þan wite þe ded, soþe to say. 6220
 Turnbull, p. 225, l. 5817. þerfore, sir, hennes þou go ;
 For godes loue, sir, do now so.'
 Als þai togider speken þis
C. 5899. A Lombard it of-herd, y-wis,

þat after into þe tour was y-go

To asprie what Gij wold do.

Wip loude steuen he hæþ him gred,

'Gij, þou hast wel iuel y-sped.

Boþe 3e schul an-honged be,

Now ich 3ou¹ boþe here y-se.'

¶ 'Lete be,' quæþ Gij, 'so god þe amende :

So þou miȝt ous boþe schende.

What schuld þe þe better be

3if þou dest ous boþe sle ?

þine owhen man ichil be,

& as mi lord seruy þe,

& þerl Tirri bi his miȝt,

And þerto mi treuþe y þe plizt.'

'Hold þi pes,' quæþ þe Lombart,

'Haue neuer god of me part

Bot ich þe douk Otus it telle :

For nopiȝ leten y nille.'

Adoun of þe tour he goþ erninde,

And Gij after him fast folweinde.

Rizt bifor þe doukes fet

Gij arauȝt him wip a staf gret :

Swiche a strok he him 3af,

þat his breyn fley about þe staf.

Seyd þe douk, 'whi destow þis ?

Wip hors tow worþ to-drawen, y-wis.

Whi hastow mi man y-slawe ?

Hou dorstow bigin þat plawe ?'

'Sir,' quæþ Gij, 'herken to me,

Anon ichil telle to þe :

Into þe tour ich was y-gon,

For to sē þe esters ichon ;

þer ich fond þis feloun,

& spac to Tirri in þe prisoun,

& mete him brouȝt gret plente.

þo ich it seye it of-þouȝt me.

6225 A Lombard
overheard their
conversation,

and threatened
to get them
hanged.

6230 ¹ þou MS.

Guy tried to
silence him,

6235

but in vain.

6240

So Guy followed
him to the Duke,

6245

and killed him
there with a staff.
Turnbull, p. 226,
l. 5843.

Asked by the
Duke why he did
so,

6250

C. 5931.

6255

Guy answered
he had found him
speaking to Tirri,

and supplying
him with food,

6260

- MS. fol. 141r. a. Wiþ his fest he me smot,
 þerfore ichim suwed, god it wot,
 & smot him so þou miȝt se.
 þe gilt, sir, for-ȝiue þou me.
 Soþe to sigge in þis stede, 6265
 For þine ancur ich it dede,
 þat oþer bi him y-warned be
 To fede þi prisoun wiþ-outen þe.
 þe douk gret oþ swore þo,
 þat ȝif he oþer-loker had do 6270
 He worþ to-drawe, oþer an-hong,
 Or oþer schames deþ to afong;
 ‘Ac now forȝiuen it þe be.’
 Gij him þonked on his kne.
 Sone so þe niȝt him come, 6275
 Gij into þe cite nome:
 Mete anouȝ he bouȝt þere,
 And to Tirri he gan it bere.
 þus he dede y not hou long,
 Michel he slaked his pine strong, 6280
 Alle his bendes doþ oway,
 And slakeþ his pine so michel so he may.
 C. 5967. Into a chaumber¹ he goþ on a day,
 þerin he fond þat fair may,
 þat biment hir strongliche 6285
 For hir leman sche loued so miche.
 Gij seyde to hir, ‘maiden fre,
 Wele þou owest to knowe me:
 Gij of Warwike mi name is,
 Icham þi lemanes felawe, y-wis. 6290
 In þis maner y-comen icham,
 For y nold be knownen of no man,
 And for to deliuer þi leman
 þat ich michel gode an.’
 When þe maiden herd þis, 6295
 þat it was Gij, for soþe y-wis,

¹ The *u* in
chaumber has a
 stroke too many.

and had been
struck by him.

The Duke
approved of his
conduct.

As sone as the tyme come,
Guy is in-to the Citee goon:
Mete enough he boughte there,
And to Terry he did it bere.

6275

In the night Guy
bought food,

and carried it to
Tirri,

and lessened his
sufferings as
much as he could.

AH his bondes he doth away,
And socoureth him bothe nyghte and daye.
In-to the chambre than wente he,
Whan he his tyme did see,
To comforte that mayde weH,
That in grete sorowe abode euery dele.
Guy seide to the maide free,
'Full weH thou aughtest to knowe me:
Guy of Warrewik my name is,
I am thy lemmans felawe, ywis.'

6285

One day he went
to see Oisel,

6290

Whan that maide herde this,
That it was Guy, forsothe ywis,
WARWICK.

who, hearing that
he was Guy,

- For blisse sche fel aswon adoun,
 And vp hir toke þe gode Gyoun.
 Turnbull, p. 228, 'Maiden,' he seyð, 'lete now be :
 1. 5895. Wiltow now schende me? 6300
 3if ani me perceiue miȝt
 Ich were y-honged anon riȝt.'
 'Merci, sir Gij,' seyð þat may,
 'Now wiȝin þe þridde day
 To him spoused schal y be ; 6305
 Ac o þing ich haue biþouȝt me,
 MS. fol. 141r. b. þat ichil mi-selue sle
 þat day þat y schal spoused be.'
 Gij seyð, 'no do nouȝt so,
 Ac alle his wille þou schalt do, 6310
 And ar he to þe chirche come
 Y schal mete him atte frome :
 His heued fro þe bodi schal fle,
 & lede y schal þe forþ wiȝ me.'
- C. 5999.** **N**ow is Gij þennes y-gon hom, 6315
 And also swiȝe so niȝt¹ come
 To þe prisoun anon he ȝede,
 And deliuerd his felawe in þat stede.
 'Sir Tirri,' he seyð, 'forþ þou go
 (Niȝt no day no swike þou no) 6320
 Riȝt to Amis of² þe Mounteyne,
 þat woneþ in þe marche of Almeyne.
 On mine half grete him wele bi me.
 þider þou go, & ful wele rest þe,
 Turnbull, p. 229, Fort³ ich com, or man for me.' 6325
 1. 5921.
 3 ȝ added above
 the line.
 'Blepelicche, sir,' þan seyð he.
 Hye kisten hem, and forþ ȝede þo ;
 At her parting hem was ful wo.
 Aiper for oper for gret pite
 In gret periil hadde y-be. 6330
 Gi lete him of þe tour þo,
 Bitauȝt him god, & lete him go.

fainted with joy.

'Mercy, sir,' seide that faire may,

'Now within this thirde-day

Herin y shaft spoused bee;

But of oon thing rather y haue thought me,

That y shaft my-self slee

[p. 136]

That day he shaft spouse me.'

Guy answerd and seide, 'not so:

AH his wille thou shalt feyne to doo,

And or he come to the Chirche yate

Of other thinges he shaft lakke:

His hede fro the body shaft flee,

And forthe the lede y shaft with me.'

Guy fro then he is goon,

And as sone as he might come

To the geayle anone he yede,

And Terry than therof deliuered.

'Sir Terry,' he seide, 'now forthe thou goo¹

(Nighthe nor day spare thou noo²)

Right to Amys of the Mountaigne,

That duelleth in the marches of Almaigne.

On my behalue grete him swithe,

And sojourne there, and make the blithe,

Tyll y come, or other man for me.'

'Blithely, sir,' quoth Tirry the free.

6305

Learning that the
wedding was to
be within three
days,

6310

he promised to
deliver her in
time.

6315

Guy then went to

set Tirri free,

¹ MS. *goon*).

6320

² MS. *noon*).

whom he sent
to Amis of the
Mounteyne.

6325

Guy lete him adowne of the towre thoo,

Betaughte him to god, and lete him goo.

Gij bileft, & Tirri is forþ y-fare :
Of alle niȝt no hadde he rest þare.

C. 6027. So long is Tirri forþ y-gon, 6335

To þe Mounteyn he com anon ;
A castel þer was fair wiþalle,
And strong cite biloken wiþ walle ;
Fair halles & toures also

In þe cite were mani & mo. 6340

In þat on half orn þe riuér,
In þat oþer half forest wiþ wilde dere.
Into þe cite he is y-go,

And to þe maister palays he ȝede þo.
He fond Amis atte ches pleyinge 6345

Wiþ his felawes, fair gamen giuing.

Þritti kniȝtes were in halle also

His soudours were, his wil to do,

þat wiþ Amis bileften he

For wer þat was in þat cuntre. 6350

Turnbull, p. 230,
l. 5947. MS.
fol. 141v. a.

‘ Sir,’ quap Tirri, ‘ ȝif it be þi wille,

Vnder-stond & speke me tille

Al priueliche, y þe biseche,

þat þi folk no here our speche.’

Amis answerd, ‘ wel bleþeliche 6355

Wille ich it do & loueliche.’

Fram þe cheker he is y-go,

And to a windowe he cleped him þo.

C. 6043. ‘ Sir Amis,’ seyð Tirri,

‘ Often þe greteþ wele sir Gij ; 6360

& hider to ȝou he sent me,

For to sojourne here wiþ þe,

Fort he may hider come,

Oþer anoþer send for him atte frome.’

‘ Sir,’ quap Amis, ‘ miche þanke haue he, 6365

þat he þe sent hider to me.

What is þi name ? say þou me.’

‘ Ichil þe telle, sir,’ quap he :

Guy abode, and Terry forthe wente :
 Nighte ne daye he ne stente.
 So longe he is forthe goon,
 TiH he to the Mountaigne is come.
 A casteH ther' was faire with-aH,
 And a faire Citee closed with stone walle.

6335 Tirri travelled all
 night.

Reaching his
 destination,

In-to that Citee he yede thoo,
 The chief palays he come to.
 He fonde Amys at Chesse pleyng'
 With his felawes, faire game holding'

6344

[p. 137] he found Amis
 playing at chess,

'Sir,' quoth Tirry, 'yf thy wyll be,
 A worde y muste speke with the
 AH priuely, y you beseche,
 That thise men here not oure speche.'
 Amys answerth, 'fuH gladly:
 I shaH come to you fuH blithely.'
 Fro the Chesses he rosse tho,
 And to a wyndowe he cleped him to.

6355

and spoke to him
 privately at a
 window.

'Sir Amys,' seide Tirry,
 'Ofte sithes you grette sir Guy;
 And hider to you he sente me,¹
 For to sojourne here with the,
 TiH that he may thider come,
 Or some other for him right sone.'
 'Sir,' quoth Amys, 'moche thanke haue he,
 That he the sente hider to me.
 What is your name, sir free?'
 'I shaH you telle, sir,' quoth hee.

6360 Hearing that Guy
 had sent him,
¹ to me MS.

6365

‘ Tirri of Gormoise mi name is,
Aschaped of strong prisoun, y-wis.’ 6370

‘ Sir Tirri,’ þan seyð he,

‘ Welcome in-to þis cuntre !’

He kist him an hundred siþe,

Wiþ eyȝen he wepe, so was he bliþe.

¹ *so miseise* looks
like *sounseise* in
MS.

& for he *him* so miseise¹ y-seye 6375

Of prisoun aschaped, bliþe was hye.

Turnbull, p. 231,
l. 5973.

He dede him baþe, sikerly,

And al þing diȝt him redi.

² *e* added above
the line.

Wiþ riche cloþes² he dede him schrede,

& fond him alle þat him was nede. 6380

He ȝaf him armes and riche stede,

& diȝt him þer alle wiþ prede.

þennes no went he for no þing,

Er he of Gij hadde tiding.

C. 6069.

Of þe douk ichil ȝou telle, 6385

& þan of Gij, ȝif ȝe wille.

þe douk of-sent his barnage in hast,

þat þai com to him riȝt fast

Into þe cite of Pauie,

Alle þe Lombardes of Lombardie. 6390

When þe time it comen was,

þe douk was bliþe & glad in þat cas.

To þe maiden he come swiþe,

As he þat was glad & bliþe,

MS. fol. 141v. b.

And seyð, ‘ leman, glad make þe ; 6395

Today þou schalt y-spoused be.’

‘ Sir,’ sche seyð, ‘ wiþ gode wille

Alle þine hest ichil fulfille.’

He schred hir swiþe wele, y-wis

Wiþ riche cloþes alle of pris ; 6400

He sette hir on a palfrey, þat ȝongling,

Better no bistrode neuer no king.

Turnbull, p. 232,
l. 5999.

Riche anouȝ þat atire was

Of gold & siluer : no noþer þer nas.

'Terry of Gormoyse my name is,
Escaped stronge prison, y-wis.'
'Sir Terry,' thanne seide he,
'Thou art well-come in-to this contree.'

and that he was
Tirri of Gormeise,
6370

he welcomed him
heartily,

Thense he shuld for noo thing,¹
TiH he of Guy had some tidyingt.

OFF THE Duke y shaft you telle,
And of Guy, if it bee your' wille.

The Duke sente for his barons in haste,
That they shuH come aH to his feste
In-to the Citee of Pauye,
AH the knightes of lombardye.

Whan the tyme come was,
The Duke so gladde neuere nas.
To the maide he come swithe,
As he that was gladde and blithe.
'Lemman, aH redy make thou the;
This day thou shalt spoused bee.'
'Sir,' she seide, 'with good wille
AH thy heestes y shaft fulfille.'

and supplied
him with all he
wanted.

¹ This line is
repeated in a
later hand in the
blank space left
originally after
l. 6384.

6385 I'll tell you of the
Duke, and then of
Guy, if you please.

[p. 138] The Duke invited
his barons to be
present at his
wedding.

6390

On the appointed
day he was very
joyful.

6395

Oisel,

in rich attire,

was set on a good
palfrey,

Toward a chirche went hye ; 6405

Wip ioie he wend hir to spousi.

¶ Gij armed him wel richeliche

Alto his wille stalworpliche

Wip armes þe maiden *him* had bitouzt,

þat were þe douke to present brouzt. 6410

His gode stede he bi-strod,

And of-tok hem wip-uten abod.

‘Douk Otus, vnder-stond to me : 6415

No go no forþer, ich hot þe.

Vnder-stond þe of þat traisoun

þat þou dest to sir Gyoun,

Also he com fram Boneuent :

Ȝete is mi hert þer-fore in turment ; 6420

& seþþen þou dest me a gret traisoun,

þo þou Tirri dest in þi prisoun.

Icham Gij þat to þe speke : 6425

Ȝete today y þenk to ben awreke.’

þurch þe bodi he smot *him* anon

Bifor þe Lombardes euerichon,

And swore bi god, heuen king,

¹ The *f* on an
erasure.

Ȝif¹ him neyed ani þing, 6430

þat heued he schuld þer forgon.

To þat maiden he cam anon,

Turnbull, p. 233,
l. 6025.

Bitven his armes þe maiden he nam,

& sett hir biforn *him* : oway he ran.

Swiþe owaiward þan rod he : 6435

C. 6121. þe noise aros in þat cite.

Wip gret strengþe þai driuen Gi :

He paseþ hem : ozain went hij.

Ozain þai went to þat bodi riȝt,

Ac a child-ȝong man, apliȝt, 6440

Toward the Chirche wente he,	6405	and set off with the Duke towards a church. ✓
With ioye to spouse the mayde free.		
Guy armeth him full hastily		Guy, having armed himself,
At his wille full stalworthly.		

A good stede he bee-strode,		and bestridden his steed, overtook them.
And after' them faste rode.		
Whan he theim had ouere-take,		
Contenaunce of loue he did noon make.		
' Duke Otes,' he seide, ' vnderstonde me :	6415	
Ne goo noo farther, y hote the.		He charged him with his treacheries,
Remembre the of the treason		¹ So MS.
That thou did to me ¹ Guyon,		
As he come fro a turnement,		
Betwene Pauy and Boneuent ;	6420	
And sithe thou didist him grete treason,		
Whan thou toke Terry in-to thy prison ;		
And heraude and his feeres echoon,		
Al thou made theim in prison bee doon.	6424	
I am the same Guy, that to the speke :	[p. 139]	and discovered himself.
Now y shaft therof bee a-wreke.'		
Thurgh the body he him smote ² anone		Then he killed him,
Before the lombardes euerychoon,		² smothe MS.

And toke the mayde in his armes two,		³ to MS.
And sette hir before him, and con ³ goo.		took Oisel on his steed, and rode
Fast a-weyward than rode he :	6435	away.
The noyse anone arosse in the Citee.		
With grete [strengthe] they folowed Guy,		He was pursued,
And he rode forth hastely		
And whan they him ne ouere-take might,		but all returned before long,
Ayene they come to the body right.	6440	

except a kinsman
of the Duke's,
Berard,

MS. fol. 142r. a.

who, having fol-
lowed Guy for five
miles,

asked him to turn
back and fight
with him,

which Guy did.

Berard struck
Guy so effectually,

Turnbull, p. 234,
l. 6051.

that his new coat
of mail was not
worth a button.

But returning the
stroke,

¹ *Another stroke*
on an erasure.

Guy wounded
Berard, and upset
his horse.

C. 6145.

Starting up,

Berard had a great
mind to kill his
horse.

² *berard MS.*

He asked Guy to
take off his coat
of mail,

þat was þe doukes kinseman

(Berard was his riȝt nam),

Alle on he folwed sir Gij

(He no hadde felawe no frend him bi)

Wiþ scheld & spere opon his stede :

6445

A gode kniȝt he was at nede.

He folwed Gij fif mile,

þat Gij fore in a litel while.

‘Gij,’ he seyð, ‘turn oȝe,

So help þe Crist, & iuste wiþ me.’

6450

Gij turned him wel an hast,

For he no was nouȝt of him agast.

þe maiden he to grouȝde sett,

& diȝt his armes wiþ-uten lett,

& went to him wiþ gret miȝt,

6455

& he to him anon riȝt.

¶ þe ȝong man smot first Gij

þurch þe scheld, sikerli :

He carf þe brini þat newe was,

Nouȝt worþ a botoun it nas.

6460

Gij of þat strok wonder haþ.

Anoþer strok¹ sir Gij him ȝaf :

Gij anon smot þat ȝong man,

þurch his scheld anon it ran,

& þurch þe scholder he ȝaf him wounde,

6465

þat hors & man it fel to grounde.

& when þe ȝongman was y-falle

Vp he stert sone wiþ-alle.

Anon his swerd he haþ out drawe,

His hors he wold habbe y-slawe.

6470

‘Hors,’ he seyð, ‘acursed þou be,

When þou no miȝt vp-hold me.

þat þou dye it is riȝt,

Seþþen þou in þe has no miȝt.

Gij, quaf Berard,² ‘wende to me,

6475

& of þine hauberk vnarmi þe :

- In pleyn armes wil we fiȝt,
 And so we may asay our miȝt.
 Bot ich þine heued þinim þe,
 Or ich out of þis place te, 6480
 Neuer honour ich no bidde,
 No neuer a day lenger to libbe.
 'Frende,' quap Gij, 'nil y nouȝt so.
 To bataile we schul ȝete cum bo.'
 þe maiden he nam & forþ ladde,
 & passed a riuer, & nouȝ[t] no drad.
 þe ȝongman went him oȝe
 Alle sori in-to þat cite.
 þe douk þai birid worþschipliche
 In a chirche of Pau, sikerliche. 6490
 þe ȝongman to þemperour is gon,
 & told him of Otus dep anon.
 þemperour alle his lond him ȝeld,
 & wiþ þat¹ worþschip him at-held.
 Armes he ȝaf him hastiliche,
 He loued him wel swiþe miche. 6495
 Of Almaine he made him steward,
 þat fel mani a man swiþe hard.
 Gij wiþ þat maiden is forþ y-go,
 & þan newed alle hir wo.
 'Sir Gij,' sche seyde, 'what schal y do?
 Mi leman no se y² neuer mo.
 Dye y schal wiþ sorwe & care.
 Now wold god ich wer þare :
 Wiþ him ded ich wold be ; 6500
 & it so were wele wer me.'
 Gij answerd wele þat maide,³
 And to hir sweteliche he seyde :
 'Tirri nis bot gode, siker þou be :
 Alle in gode point þou schalt him se. 6510
 Wiþ þe iaioler ich haue speke so,
 þat alle his wille he wil do.'

that they might
 fight in 'plain
 arms.'

But Guy refused,

Turnbull, p. 235,
 l. 6077.
 and rode away
 with Oisel.
 MS. fol. 142r. b.

Berard returned
 to Pavia,
 where the Duke
 was buried with
 great honour,
 and then repaired
 to the Emperor,

who bestowed on
 him the Duke's
 land,
¹ So MS., not *gret*.
 knighted him,

and made him
 steward of
 Germany.

C. 6175.

Oisel's sorrows
 began again.

² *sey* MS. as one
 word.

She wished to be
 with Tirri, to die
 with him.

³ The *z* added
 above the line.

Guy assured her
 that she would
 see him in good
 condition.
 Turnbull, p. 236,
 l. 6103.

- C. 6187.** So long forþ wenten he,
 þat hij come to þat cite
¹ *of þat MS.* Of¹ Mounteyne, þat feir was : 6515
 So þai went [in] wiþ ioie & solas.
 When he into þe halle come,
 Amis *him* knew riȝt anon.
 When he *him* seye þan seyð he,
 ‘Sir Gij, welcom mot þou be.’ 6520
 When sir Tirri Gij y-seþ
 & Oisel, þat *him* was so lef,
 Michel ioie he made Gij þo,
 þat maiden he nam *in* his armes to.
 ‘Gij,’ he seyð, ‘welcome þou be. 6525
 þat þus asembled now be we !
 Nold god & our leuedi
 þat mi lef be schent of hir bodi.’
 þai kisten hem togider anon,
 For ioie þai wepen euerichon. 6530
- ^{MS. fol. 142v. a.}
C. 6209. **W**hen Oisel y-seþ sir Tirri,
 þat was hir lef & hir ami,
 For ioie sche swoned omong hem.
 þer wende sche nouȝt to finden him.
 Tirri nam hir in his armes tvo, 6535
 & sweteliche seyð to hir þo,
 ‘Mi swete leman, no drede þe nouȝt :
 Hole & sounde icham hider brouȝt.’
 Amonges hem was ioie & blis,
<sup>Turnbull, p. 237,
l. 6129.</sup>
² *to her wille MS.* And soiournd pere,² y-wis, 6540
 To her wille in þat palais :
 Sir Amis was hende & curteys.
C. 6223. So on a day biþouȝt him sir Gij
 þat long soiournd hadden hy.
 Amis he cleped to him & sir Tirri : 6545
 ‘Herkeniþ to me,’ seyð sir Gij.
 ‘Soiournd we haue here anow :
 Now is time we go fram ȝou

So longe forthe roden they,
 TyH they come to that¹ Citee
 Of Mountaigne, that so faire was,
 And in they wente with ioye and solas.

Whan Guy in-to the halle come,
 Amys him knewe anone,
 And anone to him seide he,

'Sir Guy, wel-come thou bee.'

Whan the Erle Tyrry sawe sir Guy there
 And OyseH, that was him leef and dere,
 Moche ioye he made to Guy thoo,
 That maide he toke in his armes two.

¹ *they* MS.
 When they came
 to Amis's city,

6515

and entered his
 hall, Amis knew
 Guy at once,

6520 and welcomed
 him.

Tirri was very
 glad to see Guy
 and Oisel.

Oisel seeing Tirri,
 whom she had not
 expected there,
 fainted with joy.

Amonges theim was moche blisse,
 And there they sojourned, y-wis,
 At their' wille in solas :
 Amys theim fonde aH that nede was.

ON A DAYE bethoughte Guy the free
 That longe sojourned ther' haue they.

Amys he cleped and² Terry:

[p. 140]

'Herken to me,' seide Guy.

'Tyme is that we vs dighte

To helpe our' felawes anone righte,

6540 They stayed
 there,

till one day Guy
 thought

6545 ² *on* MS.

To Gormoise to þerl Aubri :
Wele y wot he is for ous sori. 6550

Of-sende ichil baroun & kniȝtes,
& ern ichil opon þe douk wiȝ gret miȝtes,

¹ *bring* Turnbull, & mine felawes out of prisoun bring :¹
binde MS.

Ich no may hem forȝete for no þing.

Ich man schal his miȝt don, 6555

For to awreke him of his fon.'

'Sir,' quap Amis, 'ichil go wiȝ þe,

And a þousend kniȝtes forþ wiȝ me,

A þousend seriauns also

Wele on hors, wiȝ-uten mo.' 6560

Turnbull, p. 238,
l. 6153.

'Gramerci, sir,' þan seyð Gij,

'On þe al mi trust is, sikerli.'

A mis of-sent his kniȝtes anon,
And haȝ asembled hem euerichon,

His seriauns he dede also, 6565

þe best þat miȝt to fiȝt go.

C. 6249. When þat þai wer al redi

forþ þai wenten hastily.

To-ward Gormoise hij goȝ,

Mani man þai made wel wroȝ : 6570

þai nimen castels & cites,

& destruen alle þe cuntres.

To Gormoise þai ben y-come :

Glad þai ben alle & some,

MS. fol. 142v. b.

Ouer alle oȝer þerl Aubri. 6575

When he seȝ his sone Tirri

He fel aswon for ioie þo :

He wende he had ben forlorn for euer mo.

² The *m* in *miche*
not quite distinct.

þer was ioie & miche² blis

Bitven þe fader & þe sone, y-wis. 6580

Euerich told oȝer, & forȝat nouȝt,

Hou Gij hem haȝ fram deȝ y-brouȝt.

¶ Gij nouȝt forȝete nold,

Asembled he haȝ his kniȝtes bold.

of Earl Aubri,

Oute of prison) theim to bringe :
I nolde theim lete for noo thinge.'

6553 and of liberating
his fellows, who
were in Duke
Loyer's prison.

'Sir,' quoth Amys, 'ȳ shaH goo with the,
And .v. hundred of knyghtis bringe with me.'

Amis was ready
to help him with
1000 knights,

and as many
squires on horse-
back.

'Graunt mercy,' seyde sir' Guy,
'On the y truste, sikerly.'
Amys sente for his knyghtis anone :
Assembled he hath them euery-chone.

6562

Amis assembled
his men,

WhaH they were aH redy
Forth they wente aH hastily.
Toward Gormoyse as they gooth
In lorenge grete harme they dooth :
They take Castelles and Citees,
And so destroyeth aH the Contrees.
To Gormoyse than they bee come :
Gladde they bee aH and some,
And ouere aH other the Erle Aubry,
Whan he sawe his soHe Tyrry :

6570

and they repaired
to Gormoise,

wasting Loyer's
country on their
way.

6575

Aubri was very
glad to see his son
again.

There was ioye and moche blisse
Betwene the fader and the sone, y-wis.
Eche tolde other aH his thoughte,
And how Guy hath him fro detH broughte.
Guy heraude foryete neuere a dele,
Assembled he hath knyghtis fele.

6580

Guy did not for-
get what he had
to do.

- þe douk he haþ a grete harm y-do, 6585
 He þouȝt for to awreke him so.
 Turnbull, p. 239, When þe douk Loer herd þis tiding,
 l. 6179. þat Gij and Tirri were coming,
C. 6273. His douhte[r] Oysel also,
 Wel glad & bliþe he was þo. 6590
 Herhaud he cleped him to,
 & teld him þe soþe þo,
 þat Gij and Tirri wer y-come,
 & hadde on hem wer y-nome,
 Wiþ hem was þerl Amis 6595
 Wiþ ferred of miche pris.
 When Herhaud y-herd þis,
 þat Gij and Tirri comen is,
 Neuer nas he so bliþe :
 God he þonked mani siþe. 6600
 ‘ Sir Herhaud,’ seyð þe douk Loer,
 ‘ Ichil þe make messenger :
 To þerl Aubri þou schal go,
 & Gij, & Tirri, & sigge hem so,
 þat ich wiþ hem acord wille 6605
 Of alle þat þai cun to me telle.
 Sir Tirri ichil mi douhter ȝiue,
 & half mi lond while þat y liue.
 Ichil þat þou wittnesse me
 þat þe loue ste[de]fast be.’ 6610
 ‘ Sir,’ quap Herhaud, ‘ ichil so
 Alle mi miȝt do þer-to.’
 þe douke of-sent his prisouns alle,
 & dede hem arme swiþe¹ snelle,
 6615
C. 6305. & hete hem þat þai failed nouȝt
 Of þat þai hadde þider y-brouȝt.
 ‘ Forþ wiþ Herhaud ȝe schal gon,
 þe acord to make riȝt anon.’
 Herhaud made him redi þo,
 Riȝt into Gormoise he is y-go, 6620

¹ One or two
 letters erased
 after *swiþe*.

Turnbull, p. 240,
 l. 6205.

The Duke he harme gretly doo :¹
He thoughte for to a-wreke him thoo.

6585 ¹ So MS.

But when Duke
Loyer heard of
their coming

he was glad of it.

He told Herhaud
all about it,

and asked him to
be his messenger
to Aubri,

Guy, and Tirri,
to whom he was
anxious to be
reconciled.

Tirri was to have
his daughter,
and half his lands.

Herhaud was
ready to go on the
errand.

The Duke set all
his prisoners at
liberty,

bidding them go
with Herhaud.

They came near
Gormoise,

& wiþ him went alle þe kniȝtes,
 Acord to make anon riȝtes.
 Gij cam on a day fram hunting,
 þerl Amis, & Tirri þe ȝing,
 & mo þan an hundred kniȝt, 6625
 Wiþ swerd bigirt, y ȝou pliȝt.
 Toward Gormoise þai ben y-go,
 Bisiden hem þai loked þo ;
 So mani kniȝtes þai seye coming,
 Of traisoun þai were dredeing. 6630
 þan seyð [of] þe Mountayn Amis,
 'A gret ferd y se, y-wis.
 Y not what folk it be :
 Hiderward þai com, so þenkeþ me.'
 Opon his gode stede he wond 6635
 Wiþ swerd & spere in his hond.
 þiderward he is y-go,
 To hem he com wel sone þo.
 þo he gan hem com neye
 Herhaud of Ardern¹ þer he seye 6640
 He oxd him whennes he come.
 'Where is Gij?' he seyð anon.
 'Sir,' quap he, 'ichil þe telle,
 & lade þe to him wiþ gode wille.
 Fram dere hunting y-comen he is : 6645
 Biside þanne hulle ichim lete, y-wis.'
 Quap Herhaud, 'felawes, wil we go.'
 Wiþ sporres hij smiten her stedes þo :
 Swiþe þai riden wiþ gret hy.
 When þai seye Gij & sir Tirri, 6650
 'God,' quap Gij, 'Herhaud y se
 & alle min feren, so þenkeþ me :
 þai ben out of prisoun y-gon
 Oper quite-cleymed ichon.'
C. 6349. To kissen Herhaud þai hem do,¹ 6655
 Wel gret ioie þai maden þo.

Turnbull, p. 241,
l. 6231.

¹ The *ā* altered
from *t*.

just as Guy and
the others were
returning from
hunting.

Amis rode
towards them to
reconnoitre.

He saw Herhaud,
who asked him
where Guy was,

and, having been
told,

rode to meet him.

There was much
kissing
and great joy.

- 'Sir Tirri,' quap Herhaud þe fre,
 'Gode conseyl y telle to þe.
 þe sent to grete þe douk Loer,
 Whom ich loue wiþ hert cler : 6660
 Worþschiped he haþ me miche,
 And ouer alle oþer loued, sikerliche.
 MS. fol. 143r. b. Wiþ þe he wil acorded be,
 And swiþe miche he loueþ þe.
 Turnbull, p. 242, þou schalt his douhter spousi : 6665
 l. 6257. Wiþ half his lond he wille þe feffi ;
 And wiþ þi fader he wil acordy,
 And allso wiþ þe, sir Gij :
 In alle maner to þi wille
 He wille amende, for soþe y telle. 6670
 Ichil þer-of his borwe be,
 þat he do wil as y sigge to þe.
 Alle þai bisouȝten sir Gij,
 And so þai dede þerl Tirri,
 þat þai schuld wiþ him acordy, 6675
 For he was michel to praisy.
 1 Read hem ? So long þai bisouȝt him¹ so,
 And wiþ hem Amis, þat þer was þo.
 þer of acord speken he,
 þat it schuld treuwe be. 6680
 To þe cite þai ben y-gon,
 & teld þerl Aubri anon
 Hou þat Herhaud was y-come,
 And hadde þe acord vnder-nome,
 þerl graunted raþe & snelle 6685
 þe acord to Herhaudes wille.
C. 6483. No soiournd þai nouȝt long þo,
 Bot riȝt to Loreyn þai ben y-go :
 þerl Aubri & Tirri his sone,
 Gij & Herhaud ben² pider y-come, 6690
 & of oþer kniȝtes mani also,
 þat bliþe were pider to go.

² ben a little indistinct.

Turnbull, p. 243, l. 6283.

Herhaud
delivered Duke
Loyer's message.

So longe they haue entreted so, [p. 141]
With theim the Erle Amys also,
That aH they accorded bee,
And for euere-more betwene theim treus and equite.

All besought Guy
and Tirri to accept
the offer of
reconciliation,

and so they did,

and so did Aubri. ~

After a short
time,

	þerl Aubri, & Tirri his sone, Gij, Herhaud, & Amis þider come. Mani was þe gentil knizt	6695
they all betook themselves to Lorraine,	þat wiþ hem went þo rizt. To Loreyne þai ben comen, y-wis :	
* <i>vnderfende</i> MS.	þe douke hem vnderfeng ² wiþ blis.	
where the recon- ciliation took place,	Wiþ him þai were acorded alle, & þe misdede forþeuen snelle.	6700
	Gret joie þai maden in þe cite þat hij so fair acorded be.	
and Tirri was married to the Duke's daughter.	þe douk ʒaf Tirri his douhter þo, And half his lond wiþ hir also, Bifor barouns & kniztes fre,	6705
	þat þer were of mani cuntre :	
MS. fol. 143v. a.	Bridal sone þai han y-hold : Of erls, & of barouns bold, & of emperours, & of king Nas neuer non so riche gestening.	6710
C. 6403.	¶ þe kniztes nomen her leue anon, Vnto her cuntres þai ben y-gon : Sir Gij soiournd þare. On a day he is þennes y-fare :	
One day there was a hunting.	þe douk Loer & mani a man In hunting þai were toward Braban ;	6715
Turnbull, p. 244, l. 6309.	On hunting went þerl Tirri & mani in his compeynie. þai comen into a fair forest,	
A boar was unsloughed,	þer þai fond a bore, a wilde best. þai vncoupled her houndes alle, & lete hem ern swiþ snelle.	6720
	þe bore fleiing swiþe he geþ, & mani of þe houndes harme he deþ :	
who killed more than a hundred houndes.	An hundred he slouʒ and mo, Out of þat cuntre he is sone y-go. þe wisest hunt folweþ fast, Huweþ & gredeþ wiþ gret blast.	6725

Of huntis ne of houndes adrad he :

He ouer-ernnes dounes & cuntre,

6730

þe brod lond, and þe valays :

Folwed he is ich weys.

He was pursued
till the hunters'
horses were tired.

Hij of-ernned her stedes þo,

Of him wondred kniȝtes, huntis also.

Alle þe houndes þat folwed him þere

6735 All the hounds
turned back

Oȝain turned, oþer ded were,

Wipouten blod houndes þre :

except three
bloodhounds,

Into Braban folwed he.

þer nas hunt no kniȝt non,

Seriaunt no sweyn no grom

6740

þat wist widerward þe bore gan te,

Into whiche lond no what cuntre.

Gij him folwed on his stede,

Wip swerd in hond after he ȝede,

& wip horn oft bloweing,

6745 Turnbull, p. 245,
l. 6335.
Guy followed him
into a forest of
Brittany.

þe bore swiþe driueing.

C. 6445.

Gij drof¹ þat swine wip game & gle²

Right into Breteyne þan went he.

Into a forest þat³ swine him ȝede,

Into a picke hegges he gan him hede.

6750 ¹ A letter erased
before *d*.
² The *g* altered
from *b*.
³ The *t* added
above the line.
⁴ *a bay* MS.

þer he stod at abay,⁴

& werd him while þat he may.

When Gij þat stern swine y-sey

Adoun he lepe of his stede hȝe :

Wip boþe honden þat swerd he held,

6755

& cam to þe bore as a kniȝt beld.

þat swine anon oȝain him com,

And Gij smertlich smot him anon,

þat þe hert he clef euen atvo :

Alle ded he fel to grounde þo.

6760 till Guy killed
him,

He open[ed] þat swine & blewe priis.

Alon he was, him miȝt agriis :

Alto fer he was fram his kniȝt.

who then opened
the animal, and
wound his horn,
being all by
himself.

Bot on him pinke god almiȝt,

- Sone he worþ in a peril strong, 6765
 Be it wiþ riȝt, be it wiþ wrong.
 þo Gij hadde opened þat swine snelle
 He gan to blowe as y ȝou telle.
- Turnbull, p. 246, l. 6361. 'Bi god,' quap þerl Florentin,
C. 6467. 'Who mai þat be, for seyn Martin, 6770
 þat ich here in mi forest blowe?
 Hert oþer bore he hap doun þrowe.'
 He cleped to him a kniȝt ȝing,
 His sone he was, a feir ȝongling.
- who sent his son for the hunter. 'Sone,' he seyde, 'to hors þou go, 6775
 & who so it be, bring him me to.'
 'Sir, y graunt þat it be so.'
 Anon he lepe on hors þo:
 Into þe forest he is y-fare,
- Finding Guy, & Gij he fond ful sone þare. 6780
 An staf he bar of holin tre:
 Gret wo þer-wiþ wrouȝt he.
- the young man reproached him 'Lording,' he seyde, 'who artow
 In mi lordes forest is comen now
 Wiþ-outeȝ leue of mi lord? 6785
 In iuel time þou come, at o word:
- with killing the boar without his father's leave, When þou hast y-nomen his swin
 No leue haddestow of him.
- and demanded his horse. þat hors anon þou take to me,
 þer-on no schaltow ride, y telle þe.' 6790
- Guy refused to give him his horse, 'Leue frende,' quap Gij, 'þat nille y do.
 þat hors no tit þe, so mot y go.
 Kniȝtes riȝt is it non
 þat he schuld fer o fot gon.
- Turnbull, p. 247, l. 6387. MS. fol. 144r. a. To þi wille ichil wende wiþ þe, 6795
 To seche þe waiis of pis cuntre.
 þis horn þou miȝt wele haue,
 And tow wiþ loue it wille craue.'
- C. 6493.** 'Lording,' he seyde, 'oþer is mi þouȝt:
 So astow wenest no schapestow nouȝt.' 6800

Gij bi þe reyne he haþ y-nome :

Wip strengþe he wende to þe hors come.

þei he war wroþ, it was no ferly.

Wip þat staf he smot sir Gij.

‘Wicke man, þou hast me smite :

þou schalt it abigge, god it wite !’

Wip his horn he him smot,

His breyn he schadde fot hot.

‘Now, lording,’¹ quap Gij, ‘þe swin þou nim,

& alle þi wille do wip him.

Na more smite þou no kniȝt :

þat þou me smot, þou dest vnriȝt.’

¶ þennes he is now y-ride,

& bi þe forest so long he ȝede,

þat vnneþe out wan he,

For he no knew nouȝt þat cuntre.

He loked fer, he loked neye :

Castel no cite non he seye.

Him greued þe hete & þe long day.

No rod he nouȝt fer, soþ to say,

þat he no sey a castel

Feir y-sett & swiþe wel :

þider-ward ȝern þan rode he.

A man he mett of þat cuntre,

‘Mi leue frende, telle þou me,

þis feir castel wos it be.’

þe man seyð, ‘y schal telle þe,

A better man no miȝt þou se :

It is þe gode erl Florentin.

Better man drank neuer win.’

Gij anon þider-ward he rod,

& in he went wipouten abod.

To þe halle gate he com riȝt,

& þer he is adoun y-liȝt.

An hore y-blowe kniȝt he seye

At þe des sitten an heye :

But seizing the
rein of Guy's
horse,

he struck him
with a staff;
which insult
Guy requited
by killing him
by a blow with
his horn.

¹ *lording* MS.

C. 6505.

Riding away,

Turnbull, p. 248,
l. 6413.
he came, at last,
near a castle,

which he heard
was Earl
Florentin's.

Guy alighted at
the hall-gate,
and entered.
He saw a grey-
haired knight
sitting on the
dais,

	Long berd he hadde & sterne sizt ; A man he semed of michel mizt.	
MS. fol. 144r. b.	Biforn him anon Gij him dede, & feir he gret him in þat stede.	6840
C. 6535	‘Sir,’ quap Gij, ‘vnderstond to me : He þat þe warld made he blisce þe. Icham a kniȝt as ȝe may se :	
and asked him for a meal.	Y bid þe mete par charite. A meles mete ȝif þou me, & seppen hennes ichil te.’	6845
Turnbull, p. 249, l. 6439. The Earl will- ingly granted his request.	‘Leue frende,’ he seyde, ‘sikerly, þou schalt it haue gladly.’ þe water he axed þo anon, To wasche his honden Gij is go[n].	6850
While Guy was sitting at the table,	To mete he sett him in þat stede, Bred & win biforn him þai dede, & gret plente of oper mete. When he hadde sumdele y-ete	
the bells were rung in the town, and there was much lamenting.	In þe toun he herd belles ring, & loude crie, & miche wepeing, Clopes to-tere, her to-te : More sorwe no mizt non be. ‘God,’ quap þerl, ‘lord fre, þis gret sorwe whi it be?’	6855 6860
Then two men brought in the dead body of the Earl’s son.	Into þe halle come þere Tvai men, & a bodi bere : Amid þe flore þai it leyden, y-wis. Quap þerl Florentin, ‘mi sone þis is,’ Torent his here, his clopes he drouȝ : In his hert was sorwe anouȝ. ‘Leue sone,’ he seyde, ‘who slouȝ þe ?	 6865
The Earl wished that the murderer were in his power.	Now wold god, þat is so fre, þat he were here in mi beylie ! Nold ich it lete for al Romanie, þat he no were anon y-slawe, For-brent, & þat dust to-blowe.’	6870

þan seyð a squier biforn hem alle,
 'Ichim se atte mete in þis halle,
 He þat þi dere sone slouþ.
 Ich¹ it seye, wiþ-outen wouþ.'
 Anon þat þerl y-herd þis,
 Fram þe bord he aros, y-wis :
 An aundiren he kept in his honden þo,
 Hetelich it haf, & seyð him to,
 'Traitour, þou schalt dye here.
 Why slouþ þou mi sone dere ?'
 Wiþ þat aundiren he þret sir Gij,
 & wiþ gret hate, sikerly,
 Ac þat din² he feiled of him
 (Gij vp stert wroþ and grim):
 Into þe wouþ it fleye to fot & more.
 'Merci,' seyð Gij, 'for godes ore !
 3if ich þi sone owhar a-slouþ,
 It was me defendant anouþ.'
 Kniþt anon about him þrong,
 To slen him, boþe eld & 3ong.
 Gij hent in hond anon riþt
 An ax þat was gode, apliþt.
 Bi þat on ende of þe halle he him drouþ,
 & þer he werd him wele anouþ.
 þai aseyld him strongliche,
 & he him werd stalworþliche.
 Wiþ þat com forþ þe steward liþt,
 A Brabasone he was, a wel gode kniþt :
 A strok he smot to sir Gij,
 & hewe on him ful felly.
 Gij of him failed nauþt :
 Wiþ þe ax he haþ him rauþt,
 þat his heued he him to-clef :
 Al to ded to ground he dref.
 þus Gij him wereþ manliche,
 And hij him aseyle heteliche.

Turnbull, p. 250,
 l. 6465.

C. 6567.

6875 Then a squire
 said, 'I see him
 there at the table.'

¹ *Ich* MS.

Hearing this,

6880

MS. fol. 144v. a.
 the Earl threw
 an andiron at

6885 Guy,
 but missed him.

² Read *aint* ?

Guy protested
 that he killed the
 Earl's son in
 self-defence.

6890

C. 6587.

All rushed upon
 him,

but, seizing an
 axe,

6895

he defended him-
 self manfully.

Turnbull, p. 251,
 l. 6491.

6900

The steward
 struck Guy,

6905 but Guy clove
 his head with the
 axe.

Guy killed
Florentin's best
knights.

þe kniȝtes he slouȝ þere,
þe best þat in þat court were. 6910

C. 6605. ¶ 'Sir Florentin,' seyð sir Gij,

Guy urged that
the Earl would
be blamed for.

'For godes loue now merci !
þou art y-hold so gode a man,
Hennes to Rome better nis nan :
& þou in þine halle me sle, 6915

¹ So MS., not
atwist.

For traisoun it worþ awist¹ þe.

² So MS., not
drawe.

In edwite it worþ þe adrawe,²

slaying a man
while sitting at
his table.

Swiche a man þou schust haue slawe,
When þou wiþ þi wille fre
þe mete me ȝeue *par* charite. 6920

³ a *þing* to be
struck out?

Were it wiþ wrong, were it wiþ riȝt,
For tresoun it worþ þe witt, apliȝt ;

Opon alle þing a þing³ atte mete,
þer ȝe ouȝt me to were fram hete.

Turnbull, p. 252,
l. 6517.

For godes loue, sir, so michel do me, 6925
þat ȝe *per*-fore blamed no be :

MS. fol. 144v. b.
He said, 'Let me
have my steed,
and ride out of
the castle.

Do me deliuer mi stede,
& lete me out at þe castel ride,
& seþþen þei y slawe be

If I should be
slain afterwards,

No worþ ȝe nouȝt y-blamed in þe cuntre.' 6930

C. 6623.

you would not be
blamed.'

þerl him wiþ-drouȝ wiþ þat :

The Earl was
very unhappy on
account of the
death of his son.

At his hert gret sorwe sat,
þat he his sone seye ligge ded.
Of him no worþ him non oþer red.

'Sone,' he seyð, 'what schal y do, 6935

Whenne ich þe haue þus forgo ?

Who schal now weld after me

⁴ altered from
mune.

Mine⁴ londes, þat brod be ?

A man icham swiþe in eld :

Dye ichil, bi godes scheld.' 6940

Opon þat bodi he fel anon :

Reuþe þai hadden *per*-of ichon,

Of his gret sorwe þat he made.

To his kniȝtes no þe les he sade,

'Ichot þat non so hardi be,
 þat him mis-do to-for me,
 þer-while þat he in mi court is :
 þat ich hot 3ou alle, y-wis,
 & þat his stede be him¹ bitauzt,
 & out at þe gates þat he be brouzt,
 & þat he be to-hewe flesche and bon.'
 þai deliuerd his stede anon :
 He lepe opou him swiþe,
 & out at þe gat he gan driue.
 His scheld wiþ him þan he bar,
 His gode swerd forzat he nouzt þar.
 Out of þe castel he is y-gon,
 Toward Loreyne he went anon.

Þerl wiþ þat armed is :
 Gij he drof smertliche, y-wis,
 Wiþ his kniþtes on heye stede
 Redi armed to þat nede.
 Sir Gij his stede bi-went þo :
 On of her kniþtes he smot so,
 þurch his bodi þe swerd is gon.
 Anoper he feld þer anon.
 Wiþ þat come þerl prikeinde
 Opon his stede wele bereinde
 Wiþ a spere an hond y-armed² wel :
 Gij to smite he was ful fel.
 Gij him wiþ-went, wold he nouzt fle :
 To þerl Florentin þan smot he.
 Heteliche togider þai smete
 Opon her scheldes wiþ gret hete.
 þerl alder furst smot sir Gij
 Wiþ a gode spere, sikerly.
 Gij him smot ozain, no miþt he as nauzt,
 þat he haþ þe grounde y-rauzt.³
 Bi þe reynes his stede toke he :
 Of þerl he hadde gret pite,

6945 Nevertheless, he
 ordered his
 knights to give
 Guy his steed,
 and suffer him
 to leave the
 castle,
¹ to underdotted
 after *him*.
 6950 but then to kill
 him.
 Turnbull, p. 253,
 l. 6543.
 They brought
 Guy his steed ;
 he leapt upon it,
 and rode out at
 the gate,
 6955 with his shield
 and sword.

C. 6647.

6960 He was pursued
 by the Earl and
 his knights.
 6965 Having killed two
 knights,
 he was attacked
 by the Earl.

² The *y* added
 above the line.

6970 MS. fol. 145r. a.

6975 Turnbull, p. 254,
 l. 6569.
³ *ra* on an erasure.
 Guy threw him
 from his horse,
 6980 but, pitying him,

For his sone he hadde aqueld,
 And for he was a man so eld.
 Fiftene ȝer weren agon
 þat he er in armes come.
 ‘Sir,’ seyð Gij þer anon, 6985
 ‘Nim þi stede, & worþ þeron.
 What wonder dede þe armes bere?
 To ȝer more þou schust rest þe here.
 Her ich ȝiue þe þi stede,
 For þou ȝeue me þe mete at nede. 6990
 In chaumber þou schust ligge stille,
 Oper to chirche gon to bið godis wille.
 þi court ichil quite-cleyrn þe.
 Ded ich wold raþer be,
 Ar ich wold wiþ þe ete 6995
 At souper oper at oper mete.’

Gij went forþ fulleliche wiþalle :
 Was him þer no nedes to duelle.

- C. 6689.** On ich side he seye come kniȝtes,
 Burieys, and seriaunce redi to fiȝtes 7000
 Wiþ alle þat crie of þat cuntre :
 Wiþ hem nomen no wold ben he.
 Him no was þer nouȝt worþ to abide :
 He priked his hors & gan to ride.
 Into a forest he gan to go. 7005
 Oft his stede he wiþ-went þo :
 Mani he wounded, & mani he slouȝ
 Of kniȝtes þat wer gode y-nouȝ.
 Gij ferd forþ swiþe wiþ-alle
 Opon his stede, þat bar him snelle. 7010
 þurch þe forest swiþe he rode.
 þerl him oȝein went wiþouten abode.
 Michel sorwe he made, y-pliȝt,
 For his sone awreke he no miȝt.
 His sone anon biri he dede 7015
 In a chirche bifore þe auter in þat stede.

Turnbull, p. 255,
 l. 6595.

MS. fol. 145r. b.

he restored it to
him

in return for his
meal.

Guy was in great
danger from
knights, bur-
gesses, and
squires.

But he wounded
and slew many,

and escaped.

The Earl returned

to bury his son.

C. 6707. Alle þat day Gij forþ rod,
 Alle what þe sonne adoun glod :
 Of alle niȝt he no blan rideinge
 Fort amorwe in þe daweinge, 7020

¹ Another þat
 erased it seems.

² The o indistinct.

³ Wel Turnbull,
 Wil MS.

⁴ About three
 letters erased
 after Ichon.

⁵ Not made.

So þat¹ he to Loreyin com :
 þe cuntres he knewe anon.²
 Wel³ riȝt he ȝede to þat cite :
 Ichon⁴ þer fond he,
 Alle þe best þat weren þare : 7025
 For him þai had⁵ michel care.
 When þai him hole & sounde y-seþ
 Of his coming glad hij beþ.

Turnbull, p. 256,
 l. 6621.

¶ Gij hem told þe soþe, y-wis,
 Hou he fram þerl aschaped is. 7030
 Alle þai þonked god þo,
 þat deliuerd him of his wo.

C. 6721. Seþpen wold he nouȝt long duelle,
 To his cuntre he wold snelle.
Gij of þe douke toke his leue, 7035

Ac he it him ȝaf wele vnneþe.
 Anouȝ he him bede of siluer & gold,
 Ac he þerof nouȝt nim nold.
 To þerl Tirri he ȝede þo,
 & þis wordes seyde him to : 7040

‘Sir erl Tirri,’ seyde Gij,
 ‘Now ichil gon, sikerli,
 Vnto mi cuntre into Inglond
 (þat way no may y nouȝt wiþstond),
 Mine fader & min frendes to se : 7045

Y not ȝif þai oliues be.
 Seuen ȝer & more agon it is
 þat ich in þat cuntre was, y-wis.
 ȝif it bitide ani-þing sone
 þat þou haue wiþ me to don, 7050
 Be it in pes oþer in werre,
 Wheþer it be ner or ferre,

Guy reached
Lorraine,

where all had
been anxious
about him,
and were glad of
his return.

Than Guy noo lenger wolde duelle,
But in-to his Contree retour se appele.¹

GUYE OF the Duke his leue take wolde,
And he by his wille him yiue nolde.

¹ So MS.

After a short time
Guy resolved to
go back to Eng-
land.
He took his leave
of the Duke,

7035

To the Erle Terry he yede tho,
And thise wordes he seide him to :

‘Sir Terry,’ seide Guy,

‘Now y shaft goo, sikirly,

To my Contree in-to Englonde

(Of that wey y may not withstonde),

My fader and my frendes to see :

I ne wote if they alyue bee.

Seuen yere and more goon it is

That y was in my contree,² ywis.

And if it bee-tyde so

That thou haue any nede me to,

and of Earl Tirri.

7040

7045 He wished to see
his father and
friends after a
lapse of more than
seven years.

² So MS.

If Tirri should
want him he

7050

- Anon riȝt sende after me :
- ¹ So MS. Ichil come anon to þe,¹
- Turnbull, p. 257, 7055
l. 6647. þat ich no fot hot com to þe.
Al sone as ich þi sond y-se.
þi wer we haue ouer-com,
& þou hast spoused þi loue.
- MS. fol. 145v. a. Destrud we haue ȝour fon,
7060
Erls, barouns mani on.
þi lond we han brouȝt in pes :
No bestow neuer iuel at esse.
þou art a kniȝt of miȝti dede :
Of þine fon þarf þe nouȝt drede.
Alle min estris of Ingland 7065
Sende ichil to [þe bi] mi sond,
& þou schalt to me also :
Alle þine wille sende me to ;
& ich me self wille com to þe
Sone so ich mi time may se.' 7070
- C. 6755.** 'F^elawe,' quap Tirri, 'gramerci.
Iuel biladde now am y.
Oft fram deþ þou hast me scheld,
& neuere no haddestow for me ȝeld.
7075
ȝif þou wilt fro me go,
þou me sext neuer mo.
Al-so² sone so it wite our fon,
þat þou art fro me gon,
On ich side ous schal arise werre
Of Almeyns, Lombardes neye & ferre, 7080
þat ben Otus kinsmen ;
For he was come of gret ken.
þe king of Speyne his em is,
His soster haþ wedded þe douke Moralis.
7085
Doukes, erls of gret pouste
His deþ wille³ þai wite me.
In wer & wo schal y be
þer-while þe liue is in me.
- ² Something
erased between
al and so.
- Turnbull, p. 258,
l. 6673.
- ³ *wille* added at
the end of the
line.

Anone right sende after me,
And y shalt sone come to the.

would come again
at once.

But all his
enemies were
vanquished now.

They would send
messages
to each other.

Tirri was sorry
of having never
yet rewarded
Guy for his
services.

Moreover, he was
afraid lest, hear-
ing of Guy's
departure,

Otous' kinsmen,

such as the King
of Spain and
Duke Moralis,

should make war
on him.

& ȝif we were togider baye,
Of wer no þurt ous stond no aye. 7090

And ȝif þou here wiþ me bileue wold,
Anouȝ we haue of siluer & of gold,
Gode cites and castels strong,
þe feirest and þe best of þis lond.

Wiþ douke Loer ichil be, 7095
& alle Gormoise ichil ȝiue þe

Wiþ alle þe worþschip þat liþe þer-to
& ȝete an oþ¹ ichil þe do

¹ *an oþer* instead
of *an oþ* MS.

² & instead of *þat*
neuer MS.

³ *a* omitted in
MS.

þat neuere² þe worþ of a³ pani⁴
Ichil þer-of chalangiȝ.' 7100

C. 6781.

⁴ *Pauli* Turnbull.

‘Sir erl,’ quap Gij, ‘þer-of speke nouȝt:
Al idel þou hast me þer-of bisouȝt.

MS. fol. 145v. b.

Gret wille ich haue to þat waye :
Y no lete it nouȝt, þer-fore to daye.

No were it for þe loue of mi leman, 7105
Nold ich neuer wende þe fram,

Turnbull, p. 259,
l. 6699.

Ac wiþ þe euer duelle ich wolde,
þat neuer departi we ne scholde.

⁵ *duelle* origin-
ally, but the *e*
underdotted,
and another added
above the line.

Gon ich mot, wille y so nille,
O-pink þe nouȝt, y may nouȝt duelle.’⁵ 7110

Togider þai kisten hem þo,
At her departing þai wepen bo :

Boþe þai wepen bitterliche,
þat folk hadde þerof pite miche.

Alle þe men þat þer were 7115

Was for hem sori þere

⁶ *ferren* MS.

At the departing of to feren :⁶
Wel gode kniȝtes boþe þai weren.

C. 6795.

Gij lepe on a mule ambling,
Bi þe way he rideþ sorweing. 7120

⁷ This line was
omitted, but after-
wards added after
l. 7142 with a
reference to its
place.

Tirri bileft sorwe makeing,
& Gij his felawe bimeninge.
So miche sorwe he made day & niȝt,
No man miȝt tellen it, y ȝou plizt.⁷

By way of induc-
ing Guy to stay,

he offered him all
Gormoise.

Ne were the loue of my lemman,
I wolde neuere departe the fram.
Therfor' y wold not lette my wey
At this tyme, truly, for to dey.'

7105 But Guy
longed to see his
leman.

At parting they
kissed each other,
and wept.

At the departyng of theim two in fere
Grete pitee was to see and here.

GUYE lepe vpon a moyle amblyng,
In the wey he doth him fast ryding.
Terry belefte sorowe makyng
For Guy his felawes wendying.

Guy rode away.

7120

[p. 142]

- Sir Gij no lan neuer rideing, 7125
 Til he com to þe se, wip-uten lesing.
 Gode winde he haþ, & passeþ sone,
 & come in-to Inglond mididone.
 Now forþ to Warwik he is y-go,
 King Apelston þer he fond þo ; 7130
 & when he was to Warwike com,
 Wip-ioie þai him vnder-fenge alle & some.
 þe king tozeines him is y-go¹
 Wip kniztes & burieys also,
 For he him herd preyse so miche : 7135
 þe king him loued, sikerliche,
 And wip him¹ soiournd sir Gij þe fre.
C. 6813. On a day at þe ches pleyden he :
 Wip þat come þer þre men rideinde,
 Of þe cuntre fre men heldinde : 7140
 To þe king þai seyð, ‘sir, vnder-stond :
 Hard tidinges we bring þe an hond.
 Bot 3e sone take 3eme þer-to,
 Alle 3our lond 3e schul forgo.
 þer is comen opon þi lond 7145
 A best þat bringeþ it al to schond.
 Out of Irlond it come :
 To miche harm² it haþ y-don.
 It no leueþ man no wiman non,
 þat it no sleþ hem³ ichon 7150
 Bot sum þat aschaped beþ
 þurch chaunce and to þe cites.
 It freteþ men & bestes also ;
 Riȝt for soþe y telle þe to,
 Neuer nas best no so kene. 7155
 Gret heued it haþ & gastelich to sene :
 His nek is greter þan a bole,
 His bodi is swarter þan ani cole.
 It is michel, & long, & griseliche,
 Fram þe nouel vpward vnschepliche. 7160

Turnbull, p. 260,
l. 6725.

¹ Added above
the line.

MS. fol. 146r. a.

² A letter erased
after *harm*.

³ Added above
the line.

Turnbull, p. 261,
l. 6751.

Guy ne stynte neuere ryding,	7125	
TiH he comē to the see, withoute lesyng!		He came to the sea,
Good wynde he hath and passeth sone :		
In-to Englonde he cometh than anone.		and passed over to England.
To Warrewik he gan him goo,		
There kyng [!] Athelston [!] was thoo.	7130	
Whan he was to Warrewik comē,		Coming to Warwick,
With ioye he was welcomē to aH and some.		
The kyng ayenst him is goo		he was honour- ably received by King Athelstan.
With knyghtes and burgeys also ;		

And with him sojourned Guy the free,		
And on a day at Chesses pleyden they :		One day, while the king was playing at chess with Guy,
Foure men ther' comē to theim riding,		three men came with the news
Men of the contree free holding :	7140	
To the king they seide, 'sir, vnderstonde :		
Harde tidinges we bringe the on honde.		
Bot ye sone take kepe thereto,		
AH your' londe ye shuH forgoo.		
There is comē vpon thy londe	7145	of a beast having come over from Ireland,
A beest that woH it aH shonde.		
Oute of Irlonde men seith it comē :		
FuH moche harme hit hath doon;		
For it leueth man ne woman noon,		
Bot theim sleeth euery-choon.	7150	

It eteth the beestes and men also :		eating men and cattle.
This is trouth we telle you to.		
Neuere was noo best so kene.	7155	
Grete heued it hath and grisely to sene.		It had a thick and ghastly head.
		Its body was black,

þe smallest scale þat on him is
 No wepen no may atame, y-wis.
 As a somer it is brested bfore in þe brede
 & swifter ernend þan ani stede.
 He haþ clawes also a lyoun. 7165

Men seyþ þat it is a dragoun.
 Gret wenges he haþ wip to fle.
 His schaft to telle alle ne mow we.
 þe bodi is gret toward þe teyle.
 Swiche a best nas neuer, saunfeyle. 7170

þe teyle is gret & wel long :
 In þe warld nis man so strong,
 & were y-armed neuer so,
 & he wip þe teyle smot him to,
 þat he no worþ ded anon : 7175

¹ The abbreviation
 for the *z* not quite
 distinct.

C. 6841.

No schuld he neuer ride no gon.¹
When þe king haþ y-herd þis
 þat þe men him teld, y-wis,
 An gode while he him bi-pouzt,

Er þan þat he speke mouzt. 7180
 'Sir,' quap Gij, 'no care þou nouzt :
 þer-of no haue þou no þouzt.

Into Norþ-humberlond ichil wende,
 & 3if ich þat best may fende,

Turnbull, p. 262,
 l. 6777.

Ich him schal ouercome þurch godes mizt ; 7185
 For wip him ichil hold fizt.'

¶ 'Gij,' quap þe king, 'schaltow nouzt so.
 No wille ich þat þou al-on go.

An hundred kniȝtes schul wende wip þe,
 þat þou may þe sikerer be.' 7190

MS. fol. 146r. b.

Gij answerd anon riȝt,
 'Nold neuer god ful of miȝt
 þat for a best onlepi
 Schuld so miche folk traueli.'

At þe king his leue he nam, 7195
 And hom to his in he cam.

As a soȝer he is brested on brede,
 And renneth swifter than any stede.
 He hath chaules as a lyoun.
 Men seiȝh it as a dragon.

[p. 143]

and protected by
 scales which no
 weapon could
 pierce.

7165

It was swifter
 than a steed,
 and had claws
 like a lion.
 People said it
 was a dragon.
 It had wings,

The taille is grete and fuȝh long:
 In the worlde nys man so strong,
 Bee he armed neuer so,
 And he with taille smyte him to,
 Bot he shalbee dede anone:
 Ne shuld he neuere thense gooȝe.'

and a long tail,

7175

a stroke with
 which killed the
 strongest man.

WHANNE the king herde aȝh this
 That the men had tolde him, y-wis,
 A good while he sate in thoughte,
 That longe tyme speke he ne mighte.
 'Sir,' quoth Guy, 'kare the noughte,
 Ne therfor take noo grete thoughte.
 In-to Northumberlond y shaȝh wende,
 And if [y] may that best fynde,
 I him shaȝh ouer-come with godd's mighte;
 For with him, soȝhly, y shaȝh fighte.'

The King was
 sorry to hear this.

7180

But Guy offered
 to go to North-
 umberland to
 fight with the
 beast.

7185

The King asked
 him to take 100
 knights with him.

Of the king's leue he noȝe,
 And to his Inne he yede hoȝe.

7195

But Guy
 answered,
 'God forbid that
 so many people
 should be troubled
 on account of a
 single beast.'

His felawes he lete þer ichon :
 Wip him most go neuer on
 Bot Herhaud, þat was gode at nede,
 & oper to kniȝtes y-armed on stede. 7200

C. 6867. So þai come þider on a day,
 & spired where þat best lay,
 Gij armed him wel richeliche,
 & seyde to his felawes hastiliche
 þat so hardi þer be non 7205

O fot wip him for to gon.
 Now is Gij to a launde y-go
 Wher þe dragoun duelled þo.
 þo Gij him seye so griseli,
 Of him no was he nouȝt al trusti. 7210

Turnbull, p. 263,
 l. 6803.

¹ *schiuereþ* MS.

² *fleyþe* originally,
 but the þ struck
 out.

³ þ erased before
 so.

Wip þe spere he him smot smertliche,
 þat was kerueand scharpeliche,
 þat alto schiueres¹ it to-fleye; ²
 Ac þe bodi com it nouȝt neye.
 þo he had smiten þat best so,³ 7215

Wel heye he bar his heued þo,
 Wip-went him, & lepe him to :
 Him & his⁴ stede he feld bo.
 Gij of þat strok astounded is :
 Neuer hadde he non swiche, y-wis. 7220
 Up he stirt anon riȝt :

⁴ A letter (*d*?)
 erased after *his*.

C. 6888. 'God,' he seyde, 'fader almiȝt,
 þat made þe day & niȝt also,
 & for ous sinful þoldest wo,
 & heldest Daniel fram þe lyoun, 7225
 Saue me fram þis foule dragoun.'

His swerd he drouȝ anon riȝt :
 To him he lepe wip gret miȝt,
 & smot him in þe heued schod
 A wel gret strok wip-uten abod ; 7230
 Ac no-þing sen þan was his dent :
 Gij him held þan al schent,

He lefte his felawes ther' echon:
 Ther' muste noon with him goon
 Bot heraude, that was good at nede,
 And other twoo knyghtis armed on stede.
 Whan they bee thider come,
 And knowe where the beest doth wone,
 Guy armed him, surely,
 And seide to his folke hastily
 That so hardy ther bee noon
 A fote farther for to goon.
 Guy is in-to a launde goo
 Where the dragon woned tho.
 Whan Guy sawe him so grisely,
 Of him he was not all trusty.
 With a spere he him smote strangly,
 That was keruyng sharply.
 The spere to shyuers al to-flighe,
 And the body ne come it not nyghe.

7200

He took with him
 only Herhaud
 and two other
 knights.

[p. 144] 7205

Having learnt
 where the beest
 lay, Guy armed
 himself,

and forbidding
 his fellows
 to go with him,

7210

attacked the
 dragon with a
 spear,

which shivered to
 pieces without
 hurting the beest,

which, in its turn,
 leaping towards
 him, threw down
 himself and his
 horse,

so that he said,

'God save me
 from this foul
 dragon.'
 Drawing his
 sword,
 he struck the
 dragon's head
 with all his
 might,
 but it was to
 no effect.

- þat he no miȝt him deri nouȝt
 Wiþ no wepen of stiel y-wrouȝt.
 MS. fol. 146v. a. Bitvene hem was strong bateyle : 7235
 Aiper gan oþer for to aseyle.
 Turnbull, p. 264, At asaut wiþ Gyes partinge
 l. 6829. þat wers he hadde at þat wendinge,
¹ went struck out þe best him¹ neyed, & smot him
 after him. Wiþ his vp-coming so fel & grim, 7240
² The t added þat he a lappe rent out² anon
 above the line. Of his brini, þat alle his trust was on.
C. 6915. **N**ow haþ Gij michel to done :
 To a tre he went him sone ;
 þer he wille bateyle abide 7245
 Of þat best, what schauunce so bitide.
 þat best bisides him it went,
³ stroke struck & wiþ his³ teyle a strok him sent :
 out after his. On þe scheld he smot him an heye,
⁴ The α added þat euen ato⁴ it to-fleye, 7250
 above the line. Al-so it were wiþ a swerd broun.
 Well neye Gij him fel adoun.
 Wiþ his taile he bigirt sir Gij,
 & him prest so strongli,
 þat þre ribbes he brac atvo ; 7255
 & Gij wiþ strengþe smot him þo :
 Atvo he him karf smartliche,
 & deliuerd him seluen manliche.
 Bi þe nauel he carf him ato,
 & wiþ a gret pine deliuerd him fro. 7260
 Gij him perceyued in þat stounde
 þat neuer more þurch wepen y-grounde
⁵ To be omitted þ þat⁵ fram þe nauel vp-ward so
 Turnbull, p. 265, l. 6855.
 No slouȝ him man neuer mo.
⁶ The second s þo þat best hirt him feled,⁶ 7265
 underdotted. Read *feld*: *ȝeld*? Swiþe loude he grad & ȝeled,
 þat alle þat cuntre dined þere,
 & als wide as men herd his bere,

The dragon,
however,
succeeded in
damaging Guy's
coat-of-mail,

clearing his
shield,

and twisting its
tail round his
body so as to
break three of
his ribs.

But Guy freed
himself

by cutting off the
dragon's tail near
its navel.

He saw that it
could not be
wounded from its
navel upwards.

Feeling itself
hurt, the beast
roared fearfully.

- Nis man in þe werld þat wer þer neye
 þat him no miȝt agrise þat it seye. 7270
 To a tre þan drouȝt him sir Gij,
 & werd him wele for þe maistri.¹
 His hauberk was to-rent tofore
 As a clout þat were al to-tore.
 Stalworþli sir Gij þer fauȝt, 7275
 Ac wele he seye it gained him nauȝt
 To smite on the bodi bifore :
 He no miȝt him sle no no man bore.
 MS. fol. 146v. b. Also þat best him went aboute,
 Gij him biȝouȝt he was in doute : 7280
 Bineþen² þe wenge he him smot :
 þurch þat bodi þat swerd bot.
 þurch þe bodi he him³ carf atvo :
 Ded he fel to grounde þo.
 He grad & ȝelled swiþe loude, 7285
 þat it schilled into þe cloude.
 Gij wiþ-drouȝ him þer-fro anon :
 For stink þat of þe bodi come
 Neye þat bodi he no durste.
 Turnbull, p. 266, 1. 6881. After þat he ȝede him to reste. 7290
 C. 6953. When þat best þer ded lay,
 For soþe y ȝou telle may,
 þritti fote meten it was
 þer it lay in þat plas.
 þe folk of þe cuntre it mette 7295
 þer it lay wonderliche grete.
 þat heued he bar þe bodi fro,
 And wiþ þat Gij forþ went þo.
 He come to his feren, apliȝt,
 þat for him bad to god almiȝt. 7300
 To Warwike he is y-went,
 Wiþ þat heued he made þe king present.
 þe king was bliþe & of glad chere
 For þat he seye Gij hole & fere.

¹ The first *i* added
 above the line.

² þ erased between
bi and *neþen*.

³ *smot* struck out
 after *him*.

Guy withdrew
behind a tree.

Seeing it was of
no use to attack
its trunk,

Benethe the wynges he him smote :
Thurgh the body that swerde bote,
That the body he karf in two :
Dede he felled him to grounde tho.
Hit gradde and yelled swithe lowde,
That it schilled in-to the clowde.
Guy withdrowe him therfro anone
For the stencche that therof come.

he pierced it
beneath one of its
wings.

It fell down,
yelling very loud.

7285

On account of the
stench coming
from it,
Guy durst not
go near it.

Whan that beest ther' dede laye,
For sothe telle y you may,
That folke it mette of the contree
How longe it was : wonder to see,
Thritty fote longe of mesur' he was,
And not an ynche more ne lasse.
The hede he smote the body fro,
And forthe with him it bare tho.
Come he is to his felaw-rede,
That for him were in moche drede.
To Warrewik than he is wente,
With that hede the king to presente.
The kyng was blithe and glad of chere
That he sawe Guy hole and fere.

The dragon was
30 feet long.

7295

Its head Guy
took with him

7300

to the King at
Warwick.

The King was
rejoiced to see
Guy hale and
hearty.

[p. 145]

At Warwik þai henge þe heued anon : 7305

¹ Written twice,
but erased the
second time.

Mani¹ man wondred þer-apon.

God graunt hem heuen blis to mede 1
þat herken to mi romaunce rede

Al of a gentil kniȝt :

þe best bodi he was at nede

þat euer miȝt bistriden stede, 5

& freest founde in fiȝt.

þe word of him ful wide it ran,

Ouer al þis warld þe priis he wan

Turnbull, p. 267,
l. 6907.

As man most of miȝt.

Balder bern was non in bi : 10

His name was hoten sir Gij

Of Warwike, wise & wiȝt.

¶ Wiȝt he was, for soþe to say, 2

& holden for priis in eueri play

As kniȝt of gret bounde.

Out of þis lond he went his way

MS. fol. 147r. a.

þurch mani diuers cuntray, 5

þat was biȝond þe see.

Seppen he com into Ingland,

& Apelston þe king he fond,

þat was boþe hende & fre.

For his loue, ich vnder-stond, 10

He slouȝ a dragoun in Norphumberlond,

Ful fer in þe norþ cuntre.

c. 6967. ¶ He & Herhaud, for soþe to say, 3

To Wallingforþ toke þe way,

þat was his faders toun.

þan was his fader, soþe to say,

Ded & birid in þe clay : 5

His air was sir Gioun.

At Warrewik he henge that hede anone :
 Many wondred theron anone full sone.

7305 The head was
 hung up,
 and wondered
 at by many.

May God reward
 those who listen
 to my tale about
 a gentle knight.

His name was
 Sir Guy of
 Warwick.

He was a famous
 knight.

Having been in
 many foreign
 countries,

he came to King
 Athelstan,

and killed a
 dragon in
 Northumberland.

Guy of the king his leue nome,
 In-to his contree to wende home.
 To Walingford he is come,
 His free men there he fonde some,
 That of him were blithe alle
 That of him they herde so telle.

WARWICK.

Guy and Herhaud
 went to Walling-
 ford.

7310 Guy's father was
 dead and buried.

- Alle þat held of him lond or fe
 Deden him omage & feute,
 Turnbull, p. 268, & com to his somoun. 10
 1. 6931.
 He tok alle his faders lond,
 & ʒaf it hende Herhaud in hond
 Riȝt to his warisoun.
- ¶ & alle þat hadde in his seruise be 4
 He ʒaf hem gold & riche fe
 Ful hendeliche on honde,
 And seppen he went wiþ his meyne
 To þerl Rohaud, þat was so fre : 5
 At Warwike he him fond.
 Alle þan were þai glad & bliþe,
 & þonked god a þousand siþe
 þat Gij was comen to lond.
 Seþe on hunting þai gun ride 10
 Wiþ kniȝtes fele & miche pride
 As ʒe may vnderstond.
- C. 6991.** ¶ On a day sir Gij gan fond, 5
 & feir Felice he tok bi hond,
 & seyð to þat bird so bliþe :
 ‘Ichaue,’ he seyð, ‘purch godes sond
 Won þe priis in mani lond 5
 Of kniȝtes strong & stiþe,
 & me is boden gret anour,
 Kinges douhter & emperour
 Turnbull, p. 269, To haue to mi wiue.
 1. 6955.
 Ac, swete Felice,’ he seyð þan, 10
 ‘Y no schal neuer spouse wiman
 Whiles þou art oliue.’
- MS. fol. 147r. b. ¶ þan answerð þat swete wiȝt, 6
 & seyð oȝain to him ful riȝt :
 ‘Bi him þat schope mankinne,

Guy bestowed all
his inheritance
upon Herhaud,

and rewarded all
his other
companions.

To Warrewik he is than ryde
To the Erle, that moche honour him dide,
And all thoo of that contree
For his comyng gladde were they.
The Erle him honoured and all his :
Withoute him ne kouthe he bee, y-wys.
An huntynge they wente bothe in-fere
To the wodes and to the Ryuer.

Coming to Earl
Rohaud at
Warwick,
7315 he was very well
received.

7320

Guy to his lemman is than goo,
All his lif he tolde hir thoo.

One day he told
Felice

about the fame
he had won in
many countries,

and that he had
declined the hands
of the daughters
of emperors and
kings

out of love to her.

'Sir Guy,' she seide, 'graunt mercy !
And y the sey sikirly
That y haue desired bee

Felice answered

7325

Icham desired day & niȝt
Of erl, baroun, & mani a kniȝt. 5

For noþing wil þai blinne.
Ac Gij, sche seyde, 'hende & fre,
Al mi loue is layd on þe :

¹ The & is incomplete.

Our loue schal¹ neuer tvinne,
& bot ich haue þe to make 10
Oþer lord nil y non take,
For al þis warld to winne.'

¶ Anon to hir þan answerd Gij, 7
To fair Felice, þat sat him bi,
þat semly was of siȝt :

'Leman,' he seyde, 'gramerci !'
Wiþ ioie & wiþ melodi 5
He kist þat swete wiȝt.

þan was he boþe glad & bliþe :
His ioie coupe he noman kiþe

Turnbull, p. 270,
l. 6979.

For þat bird so briȝt. 10
He no was neuer þer-biforn
Half so bliþe seþe he was born
For nouȝt þat man him hiȝt.

C. 7011. ¶ On a day þerl gan fond, 8
& fair Felice he tok bi hond,
& hir moder beside :

'Douhter,' he seyde, 'now vnder-stond ;
Why wiltow haue non husbond 5
þat miȝt þe spouse wiþ pride ?

þou has ben desired of mani man,
& ȝete no wostow neuer nan
For nouȝt þat miȝt bitide.

² hende and fre
on an erasure.

Leue douhter hende and fre,² 10
Telle me now, par charite,
What man þou wilt abide.'

Of the richest of this contree,¹
 And noon to loue nas my wille,
 Ne neuer noon loue y nelle.

that she also had
 been desired in
 marriage very
 often,

¹ *Reigne MS.*

Bot the, to whom y yiue me:
 To thy wille y shaH always bee.'

7330

but she would
 take no other
 husband than
 Guy.

Guy hir kiste; so gladde he was,
 Neuere more ioyefull of noo cas.
 At hir than his leue he nome,
 And to his Inne he wente home.
 Nyghte and day he made solas,
 Of hir loue thoo he siker was.

Guy kissed Felice,
 and was very
 happy.

[p. 146]

7335

THE ERLE on a day cleped his doghter to:
 Bifore hir moder he seide hir tho,

One day the Earl
 asked Felice

'Doughter, thou take the an housebonde.
 Thou art heire to aH my londe.
 Dukes and Erles desire the,
 That come oute of farre contree:
 Noon of theim thou wolt take.
 How longe wolt thou bee withoute make?'

why she did take
 no husband.

7340

¶ Felice answerd ozain : 9
 'Fader,' quap hye, 'ichil þe sain
 Wiþ wordes fre & hende.
 Fader,' quap sche, 'ichil ful fayn
 Tel þe at wordes tvain, 5
 Bi him þat schop mankende,
 Opon sir Gij, þat gentil knizt,
 Y-wis, mi loue is alle alizt,
 In warld where þat he wende ;
 & bot he spouse me, at o word, 10
 Y no kepe neuer take lo[r]d
 Day wipouten ende.'

Turnbull, p. 271,
 l. 7003.
 MS, fol. 147v. a.

¶ þan seyð þerl wiþ wordes fre, 10
 'Douhter, y-blisced mot þou be
 Of godes mouþe to mede.
 Ich hadde wele leuer þan al mi fe
 Wiþ þan he wald spousy þe, 5
 þat douhti man of dede.
 He haþ ben desired of mani woman,
 & he haþ forsaken hem euerilcan,
 þat worply were in wede.
 Ac naþeles ichil to him fare, 10
 For to witen of his answare,
 þat douhti man of dede.'

C. 7047. ¶ On a day, wipouten lesing, 11
 þerl him rode on dere hunting,
 & sir Gij þe *conquerour*.
 Als þai riden on her talking
 þai speken togider of mani þing, 5
 Of leuedis brizt in bour.
 þerl seyð to sir Gij hende & fre,
 'Tel me þe soþe, par charite,
 Y pray þe par amoure :

Turnbull, p. 272,
 l. 7027.

'Sir, y shaH bethinke me,
 And telle you within thise dayes three.'
 Whan that it come to the thirde day
 The Erle cleped forth that faire may,
 Felice, that was so wise and free :
 'Thy wille, doughter, telle thou me.'
 'Sir,' she seide weH louely,
 'My wille y telle the blithely.
 There is Guy, your owne knyghte :
 In the worlde ther' nys man of his mighte.
 Bot if y haue him to my make
 I wot neuere noon take.'

7345 Felice confessed

7350 that she would
marry none but
Guy.

7355

'Thou seist weH, doughter,' seide he ;
 'Blissed of god mote thou bee !

The Earl was
 very glad of
 his daughter's
 answer,

And to him therof speke y shaH,
 And his answer therof the telle.'

7360 and was deter-
mined soon to
know Guy's
mind.

One day,
 being with Guy
 out hunting,

he asked him

'Guy,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me.
 Telle me thy wille, y bidde the :

Hastow ment euer in þi liue 10
 Spouse ani wiman to wiue
 þat falleþ to þine anour?'

¶ Sir Gij answerd & seyð þan, 12
 'Bi him,' he seyð, 'þat þis warld wan,
 To sauē al man-kende,

Bi nouȝt þat y tel can
 Y nil neuer spouse wiman 5
 Saue on is fre & hende.'

'Sir,' quæþ þerl, 'listen nov to me :
 Y haue a douhter briȝt on ble ;
 Y pray þe, leue frende,
 To wiue wiltow hir vnderstond ? 10
 Y schal þe sese in al mi lond,
 To hold wiþ-outen ende.'

¶ 'Gramerci !' seyð Gij anon ; 13
 'So help me Crist & seyn Ion,

¹ α is a later
 insertion in the
 same hand.

And y schuld spouse a¹ wiue
 Ich hadde leuer hir bodi alon
 Than winnen al þis warldes won 5

MS. fol. 147v. b.

Wiþ ani woman oliue.'
 þan seyð þerl, 'gramerci !'
 & in his armes he kist sir Gij,

Turnbull, p. 273,
 l. 7051.

& þonked him mani a siþe.
 'Sir Gij,' he seyð, 'þou art mi frende : 10
 Now þou wilt spouse mi dohter hende
 Was y neuer are so bliþe.

¶ Ac certes,' seyð þerl so fre, 14
 'Sir Gij, ȝif þou wilt trowe me
 No lenger þou no schalt abide :
 Now for fourtenizȝ it schal be
 þe bridal hold wiþ gamen & gle 5
 At Warwike in þat tyde.'

Yf thou thinke to wedde a wif
Telle it me, my leef lyf.'

[p. 147]

whether he ever
meant to marry.

Guy him answerd fote hote,
'In aH the worlde noo woman y wote
That y shaH take bot it bee oon,
That toucheth me in herte alloon.'

7365 Guy answered

'Guy,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me :
A doughter y haue, that wite ye.
Noon heire y haue bot that may :
Riche she shalbee after my day.
Guy, take hir ; y yiue hir the,
And of aH my londe lorde thou bee.'

that he would
never marry
woman save one
that was noble
and gentle.

7370

The Earl then
offered him the
hand of his
daughter.

'Sir,' quoth Guy, 'graunt mercy !
This is a faire yifte, sikirly.
Thy doughter weH leuere me is
In hir smokke alone, ywis,
Than to wedde with aH spaigne
The Emperours doughter of Almaigne.'

7375 Guy thanked him,

protesting
that he preferred
her bare body
to any other
woman with the
wealth of all the
world.

7380

The Earl kissed
Guy,

and was over-
joyed.

The wedding was
to take place
without delay.

þan was sir Gij glad & bliþe :
 His joie coupe he no man kiþe.
 To his ostel he gan ride.
 & þo Gij com hom to his frende, 10
 He schuld spouse his douhter hende
 He teld Herhaud þat tide.

C. 7091. ¶ þerl Rouhaud as swiþe dede sende 15
 After lordinges fer & hende
 þat pris wel told in tour.

When þe time was comen to þende
 To chirche wel feir gun þai wende 5
 Wiþ mirþe & michel anour.

Miche semly folk was gadred þare
 Of erls, barouns lasse & mare,

Turnbull, p. 274,
 l. 7075.

& leuedis brizt in bour.
 þan spoused sir Gij þat day 10
 Fair Felice, þat miri may,
 Wiþ ioie & gre[t] vigour.

¶ When he hadde spoused þat swete wiȝt 16
 þe fest lasted a fourtenniȝt,
 þat frely folk in fere

Wiþ erl, baroun, & mani a kniȝt,
 And mani a leuedy fair & briȝt, 5
 þe best in lond þat were.

þer wer ȝiftes for þe nones,
 Gold, & siluer, & precious stones,
 & druries riche & dere.

þer was mirþe & melody, 10
 And al maner menstracie
 As ȝe may forþeward here.

¶ þer was trumpes & tabour, 17
 Fiþel, croude, & harpour,
 Her craftes for to kiþe,

MS. fol. 148r. a.

Guy told Herhaud
of his happiness.

WHANNE the tyme was coṁe
Assembled there was many a goṁe,
Dukes, and Erles, and knyghtis many oon
That to the spousaille were boden echoon.
That mayde was dighṭe fuḥ richely,
And with grete worship hir spoused Guy.
Whereto shuld y of more discrye?
Of aḥ manere thinges ther' was grete plente.

The Earl invited
many guests.

When the time
had come

7385

Guy was married
to Felice.

The festivals
lasted for a fort-
night.

There was great
munificence.

There were all
sorts of music.

-Organisters & gode stiuous,
Minstrels of mouþe, & mani dysour, 5

To glade þo bernes bliþe.
þer nis no tong may telle in tale
þe ioie þat was at þat bridale

Turnbull, p. 275,
l. 7099.

Wip menske & mirþe to miþe ;
For þer was al maner of gle 10

¹ A faint dot over
the second e,
which seems to be
casual, but was
taken by Turn-
bull for the ab-
breviation for n.

þat hert miȝt þinke oþer eyȝe¹ se
As ȝe may list & liþe.

¶ Herls, barouns hende & fre, 18

þat þer war gadred of mani cuntre,
þat worpliche were in wede,
þai ȝouen glewemen for her gle
Robes riche, gold, & fe : 5

Her ȝiftes were nouȝt gnede.

C. 7107. On þe fiften day ful ȝare

þai toke her leue for to fare,
& þonked hem her gode dede.

þan hadde Gij, þat gentil kniȝt, 10

Feliis to his wil day & niȝt

In gest al-so we rede.

¶ When Gij hadde spoused þat hendy flour, 19

Fair Feliis, so briȝt in bour,

þat was him leue & dere,

Y-wis, in Warwike in þat tour

Fiften days wip honour 5

Wip ioie togider þai were.

So it bifel þat first niȝt

þat he neȝed þat swete wiȝt

Turnbull, p. 276,
l. 7123.

A child þai geten y-fere,
& seppen wip sorwe & sikeing sare 10

Her ioie turned hem into care

As ye may forward here.

No tongue can
tell all about the
wedding.

On the fifteenth
day the guests
departed.

Guy lived with
Felice at Warwick
for fifteen days in
great happiness.

The first night
they begot a child,

but afterwards
their joy was
turned to care.

¶ þan was sir Gij of gret renoun 20
& holden lord of mani a toun

As prince proude in pride ;
þat erl Rohaut & sir Gyoun,
In fretþe to fel þe dere adoun, 5
On hunting þai gun ride.

C. 7119. It bi-fel opon a somers day
þat sir Gij at Warwike lay
(In herd is nouȝt to hide) ;

MS. fol. 148r. b. At niȝt, in tale as it is told, 10
To bedde went þe bernes bold
Bi time, to rest þat tide.

¶ To a turet sir Gij is went, 21
& biheld þat firmament,
þat thicke wiþ steres stode.

On Iesu omnipotent,
þat alle his honour hadde him lent, 5
He þouȝt wiþ dreri mode ;

Hou he hadde euer ben strong werroure,
For Iesu loue, our saueour,

Turnbull, p. 277,
l. 7147.

Neuer no dede he gode.
Mani man he hadde slayn wiþ wrong. 10
'Allas, allas !' it was his song :
For sorwe he ȝede ner wode.

¶ 'Allas,' he seyde, 'þat y was born : 22
Bodi & soule icham forlorn.

Of blis icham al bare.
For neuer in al mi liif biforn
For him þat bar þe croun of þorn 5
Gode dede dede y nare ;

¹ *don wrouȝt*, MS. Bot wer & wo ichaue wrouȝt,¹
& mani a man to grounde y-brouȝt :
þat rewes me ful sare.

It was in may in somers tyde :
 Guy was at Warrewik in moche pride.
 From huntyng' on a daye he is come,
 Grete plente of venyson he hath nome.
 Moche ioye he made and solas,
 So that in the euenyng' so mery he was.

Having returned
 from hunting, one
 summer night,

7390

[p. 148]

The Contree he behelde aboute farre,
 And the skye thikke with sterre,
 And the weder that was mery and bright.
 Guy bethoughte him anone right
 That god him had so moche honour doo
 In aH londes that he come to,
 That he come neuere in noo fighte
 Bot he was holde the best knyghte,
 And neuer for his creatour',
 That had doon him so grete honour'.

Guy ascended a
 turret, and looked
 up to the sky
 thick with stars.

7395

He was struck
 with the thought
 that God had
 given him so
 much honour,

7400

whereas he had
 done nothing for
 Him.

He thought he
 was lost, body
 and soul.

Sore to sighe he beganne,

7405

To bote min sinnes ichil wende 10
 Barfot to mi liues ende,
 To bid mi mete wiþ care.'

¶ As Gij stode þus in tour alon 23
 In hert him was ful wo bigon :
 'Allas !' it was his song.

C. 7151. þan com Feliis sone anon,
 & herd him make rewely mon 5
 Wiþ sorwe & care among.

'Leman,' sche seyde, 'what is þi þouzt?
 Whi artow þus in sorwe brouzt?

Turnbull, p. 278,
 l. 7171.

¹ The *r* added
 above the line.

Mepenke þi pain wel strong.¹
 Hastow ouzt herd of me bot gode, 10
 þat þou makes þus dreri mode?
 Y-wis, þou hast gret wrong.'

¶ 'Leman,' seyde Gij ozain, 24
 'Ichil þe telle þe soþe ful fain
 Whi icham brouzt to grounde.

Seþþen y þe seyze first wiþ ayn
 ("Allas þe while," y may sayn) 5

MS. fol. 148v. n.

þi loue me haþ so y-bounde,
 þat neuer seþþen no dede y gode,
 Bot in wer schadde mannes blode

Wiþ mani a griseli wounde.
 Now may me rewe al mi liue, 10
 That euer was y born o wiue,
 Wayle-way þat stounde !

¶ Ac ȝif ich hadde don half þe dede 25
 For him þat on rode gan blede

Wiþ grimly woundes sare,
 In heuene he wald haue quit mi mede,
 In joie to won wiþ angels wede 5
 Euer-more wiþ-outen care.

And in his mynde bethoughte him anone
 That aH his lif he wolde chaunge tho,
 And in godd's seruyse he wolde him do.
 With that come the lady goyng',
 And, tho she fonde hir lorde so thinking',
 She seide, 'sir, concele it nought;
 Telle me sone what is your thought.'

He determined to
 do penance to the
 end of his life.

7410

Felice came,

and asked him
 what he was
 thinking of.

'Lemman,' he seide, 'y shaH the telle,
 And shewe the my hertes wille.
 Sithe that y first loued the
 In grete sorowe y haue bee:
 Than y haue for the doo
 Wrought moche sorowe and woo.

Guy answered

7415

that since he had
 seen her,

he had never
 ceased shedding
 blood,

And if y had doon so well,
 Without more the haluen deH
 Hadde for goddes loue wroughte,
 That in so moche honour had me broughte,
 In heuen, for sothe, y were,
 In blisse for euere angeH's fere.

but he had done
 nothing

7420

[p. 149]

towards attaining
 to the joy of
 heaven.

Ac for þi loue ich haue al wrouzt :
 For his loue dede y neuer nouzt.

Turnbull, p. 279,
 l. 7195.

Iesu amende mi fare !
 þerfore ich wot þat icham lorn : 10
 Allas þe time þat y was born !
 Of blis icham al bare.

¶ Bot god is curteys & hende, 26
 & so dere he haþ bouzt mankende,
 For noþing wil hem lete.

For his loue ichil now wende
 Barfot to mi liues ende, 5

Mine sinnes for to bete,
 þat whore so y lye anizt
 Y schal neuer be seyn wiþ sizt
 Bi way no bi strete.

Of alle þe dedes y may do wel 10
 God graunt þe, lef, þat haluendel
 And Marie, his moder swete.'

C. 2185.

¶ þan stode þat hende leuedi stille, 27
 & in hir hert hir liked ille,
 & gan to wepe anon.

'Leman,' sche seyde, 'what is þi wille ?
 Y-wis, þi speche wil me spille : 5

Y not what y may don.

Y wot þou hast in sum cuntre
 Spoused anoþer woman þan me,

Turnbull, p. 280,
 l. 7219.

þat þou wilt to hir gon. 10
 & now þou wilt fro me fare,
 Allas, allas, now comeþ mi care :
 For sorwe ichil me slon.

¶ For wer & wo þatow hast wrouzt, 28

MS. fol. 148v. b.

God þat al mankende haþ bouzt
 So curteys he is & hende,

And for him did y neuere nought; 7425

But trusting to
God's mercy,

Therfor' y am purposed in thought
In godd's seruyse now to goo,
To acquite some-what that y haue mysdoo;

he was resolved to
expiate his sins as
a pilgrim to the
end of his life,

And of all the goodnesse that y doo shall,
I graunte the euere haluendeH;

7430

sharing the fruits
of his penance
with Felice.

Felice began to
weep,

fearing lest he
should have
another wife in
some foreign
country,
for whom he
wanted to quit
her.

His sins might be
atoned for

Schriue þe wele in word & þouȝt,
& þan þe þarf dout riȝt nouȝt 5

Oȝaines þe foule fende.

Chirches & abbays þou miȝt make
þat schal pray for þi sake

To him þat schope mankende :
Hastow no nede to go me fro, 10
Saue þou miȝt þi soule fram wo
In joie wiþouten ende.'

¶ 'Leue leman,' þan seyð sir Gij, 29
'Lete ben alle þis reweful cri :

It is nouȝt worþ þi tale.

For mani a bern & kniȝt hardi

Ich haue y-sleyn, sikerly, 5
& strued cites fale,

& for ich haue destrued mankin

Y schal walk for mi sinne

Turnbull, p. 281,
l. 7243.

Barfot bi doun & dale.

þat ich haue wiþ mi bodi wrouȝt 10

Wiþ mi bodi it schal be bouȝt,

To bote me of þat bale.

¶ Leman,' he seyð, 'par charite, 30
Astow art boþe hende & fre,

O þing y þe pray :

Loke þou make no sorwe for me,

Bot hold þe stille astow may be 5

Til to-morwe at day.

Gret wele þi fader, þat is so hende,

& þi moder, & al þi frende

Bi sond as y þe say.

Grete wele Herhaud, y þe biseche. 10

Leman, god y þe biteche :

Y wil fare forþ in mi way.

by shrift,

and by the found-
ation of churches
and abbeys,

But Guy adhered
to his purpose

of doing penance
as a pilgrim.

He asked Felice

to conceal his plan
till next day,

¹ Read *greet*?

but then to tell
her father, her
mother, and her
friends,
and especially
Herhaud,

And to¹ thy fader Rouhaude, whan y am goo,
And the Countasse, thy moder, also,
And heraude of Ardern, y the beseche,
And aH my folke, that god y beteche.

Turnbull, p. 282,
l. 7267.
MS. fol. 149r. a.

¶ Leman, y warn þe biforn, 31
 Wiþ a knaue child þou art y-corn,
 þat douhti beþ of dede.
 For him þat bar þe crowne of þorn
 þerfore as sone as it is born 5
 Pray Herhaud wiþt in wede
 He teche mi sone as he wele can
 Al þe þewes of gentil man,
 & helpe him at his nede ;
 For he is hope gode & hende, 10
 & euer he haþ ben trewe & kende :
 God quite him his mede !

¶ Leman,' he seyð, 'haue here mi brond, 32
 & take mi sone it in his hond,
 Astow art hende & fre !
 He may þer-wiþ, ich vnder-stond,
 Winne þe priis in eueri lond ; 5
 For better may non be.
 Leman,' he seyð, 'haue now gode day :
 Ichil fare forþ in mi way,
 & wende in mi jurne.'
 þai kist hem in armes tvo, 10
 & boþe þai fel aswon þo.
 Gret diol it was to se.

¶ Gret sorwe þai made at her parting, 33
 & kist hem wiþ eyȝen wepeing :
 Bi þe hond sche gan him reche.
 'Leman,' sche seyð, 'haue here þis ring,
 For Iesus loue heuen-king 5
 A word y þe biseche :
 When þou ert in fer cuntre
 Loke heron, & þenk on me,
 & god y þe biteche.'

Turnbull, p. 283,
l. 7291.

Whan the tyme cometh that thou hast childe,
 Thou loke it well, and bee to him mylde,
 For it kanne by him self goon).

7435

by whom their
 expected boy was

Heraude betake him than anoon).

to be educated.

And this swerde, dame, y beteche the :
 To my soñes behoue kepte it bee.'
 The lady he kyste anone right tho,
 For pitee ne might he speke wordes moo.
 Allas the Reuthe that was there tho !
 In swowe they felle bothe two.

7440

He gave her his
 sword for his son.

They kissed each
 other,
 and swooned with
 sorrow.

WHANNE Guy is risen of swownyng' 7445
 Away he wente all sorowyng'.

'Sir,' she seyde, 'vnderstonde me
 For godd's loue, or thou hense goo, pardee,
 A-byd and take thys ryng with the.' [p. 150]
 Gye toke of Felice that Ryng.
 Grete dole was in that departynge.

7450

Felice gave him a
 ring as a keepsake.

Wip þat word he went hir fro 10
 Wepeand wip eyzen to
 Wipouten more speche.

C. 7267. **N**ow is Gij fram Warwike fare, 34
 Vnto þe se he went ful 3are,
 & passed ouer þe flod.

þe leuedy bileft at hom in care
¹ fare MS. Wip sorwe, & wo, & sikeing sare :¹ 5
 Wel drery was hir mode.

‘Allas, alas!’ it was hir song :
 Hir here sche drouz, hir hond sche wrong,
 Hir fingres brast o blode.
 Al þat niȝt til it was day 10
 Hir song it was ‘wayleway’ :
 For sorwe sche ȝede ner wode.

² Read *bifore* :
sore?

¶ Hir lordes swerd sche drouz biforn,² 35
 & pouȝt haue slain hirself for sorn²
 Wipouten more delay.

³ The *r* added
 above the line.
 MS. fol. 149r. b.

To sle hirseluē, er þe child wer born,
 Sche pouȝt hir soule it wer forlorn³ 5
 Euermore at domesday,

Turnbull, p. 284,
 l. 7315.

& þat hir fader, hir frendes ichon
 Schuld seyn hir lord it hadde y-don,
 And were so fled oway.
 þerfore sche dede his swerd oȝain, 10
 Elles for sorwe sche hadde hir slain,
 In gest as y ȝou say.

Then wente forth *sir* Gyouñ

Guy left her.

Oute of towne, that bolde barouñ.

He wolde speke *with* no wyght

Ne *with* herawde, the trew knyght; 7455

But forth he wente to the see:

At jerusalem feyne wold he bee,

And in other holy lande,

He crossed the
sea.

Ther holy men were lyuande.

IN the courte felice belefte there.

7460 Felice remained
at home

Her sorrow was euer more and more.

'Lord,' she seyde, 'what may I seye?

How shañ I leve thys ylke daye?'

in despair.

Her whyte handys can she wrynge,

And downe she feñ in sownynge.

7465

Her clothes she rent and her here:

Was neuer woman that fared so ere.

On her hand she brake the rynge:

She was a weñ sory thyng.

At the nayles the blode braste owt.

7470

Thys lyfe she had the nyght thorow-owte.

Ofte she seyde, 'alas, alas!'

Gret mornyng mad she in that place.

Owt she toke a swerd bryght,

And sett hyt to her herte Ryght,

7475 She would have
slain herself with
Guy's sword,

And thought to shede her herte blode,

For she had lorne her lord goode.

But than she be-thought her wyselye

but for her unborn
child,

That she shulde do grete Folye.

[p. 151]

She had a chyld her *with*-ynne:

7480 and for fear lest
her friends should
impute her death
to Guy.

To sle that it were grete synne,

And she myght not her selfe sloo

But she slew her chyld also:

And also she thought in her manere,

When he wyste her fader dere,

7485

Her fader and her fryndys añ

Shuld in sorrow and in synne fañ;

¶ Arliche amorwe when it was day 36

To chaumber, þer hir fader lay,

Sche com wringand hir hond.

‘Fader,’ sche seyde, ‘ichil þe say

Mi lord is went fro me his way, 5

In pilgrimage to fond.

He will passe ouer þe se,

Schal he neuer com to me

Ozain into Inglond.’

For sorwe þat sche hadde þat stounde 10

Aswon sche fel adoun to grounde :

O fot no miȝt sche stonde.

¶ ‘Douhter,’ seyde hir fader, ‘lat be. 37

Y trowe nouȝt þat sir Gij þe fre

Is þus fram þe fare.

Y-wis, he nis nouȝt passed þe se :

He ne doȝ nouȝt bot for to fond þe, 5

Hou trewe of hert þou ware.’

‘Nay, sir,’ sche seyde, ‘so god me spede,

He is walked in pouer wede,

Turnbull, p. 285,
l. 7339.

To beggen his mete wiȝ care.

& þerfore now singen y may, 10

“Allas þe time & wayleway

þat mi moder me bare.”’

¶ þerl ros vp with sikeing sare, 38

For sir Gij was fram him fare :

In hert him was ful wo,

& alle his frendes lesse & mare

For sir Gij þai hadde gret care, 5

For he was went hem fro.

For they wold sey sir Gyoun
Had her slayne or he wente owte of towne.

There-fore it had be grete folye 7490

Yf she had sleyne her selfe in hye.

Of aH the nyght had she no reste,

No more than had a wylde beste.

On the morrow she rose anone,

And to her fader gan she gone.

'Fader,' she seyð, 'wyte ye nought?

Wykyd tydyng's I haue brought:

My lord ys wente oute of this contre.

ShaH ye neuer here-after hym see.

In excile now ys he gone:

For sorrow I shaH my selfe slone.'

With that she feH to the grounde,

And swounyd thryes in a lytyH stounle.

Early in the
morning she

7495 informed her
father of Guy's
departure.

7500

He seyð, 'doughter, leve thy mornyng.

I may hyt leve for no thyng,

That he wold wende in excile,

Other to put hym in such peryle.

Day and nyght he was fuH yepe

How he myght thy love kepe.'

'Nay,' she seyð, 'so muste I thee,

Ye shaH hym neuer efte see.'

The Earl was of
opinion Guy had

7505

left her only to
test her love.

[p. 152]

7510 But Felice did not
believe it.

Vp he rose, and dwellyd nought,

Thorought the towne he hath hym sought.

When they no-where found syr Gye,

After hys men he sente in hye,

And tolde hem aH that sir Gye

Was gon), and no man wyste whye.

The Earl was very
sorry,

7515 and so were all his
friends.

þai souȝt him þan al about
 Wiþin þe cite & wiþout,
 þer he was won to go.
 & when þai founde him nouȝt þat day 10
 þere was mani a wayleway,
 Wrin-gand her hondes tvo.

C. 7335. ¶ And when Gij was fram hem gon 39
 MS. fol. 149v. a. Herhaud, & his frendes ichon,
 & oþer barouns him by
 To þerl Rohaut þai seyden anon,
 ‘ þe best rede þat we can don, 5
 Smertliche & hastily
 Messangers we schul now sende
 Ouer alle þis lond fer & hende,
 Turnbull, p. 286,
 L. 7363. To seche mi lord sir Gij.
 & ȝif he be nouȝt in þis lond 10
 He is in Loreyn, ich vnderstond,
 Wiþ his broþer Tirry.’

¶ Menssangers anon þai sende 40
 Ouer al þis lond fer & hende
 Fram Londen in-to Louþe,
 Ouer al biȝonde Humber & Trent,
 & est & west þurch-out al Kent 5
 To þe hauen of Portesmouth.
 þai souȝt him ouer al vp & doun,
 Ouer alle þe lond in euerich toun
 Bi costes þat wer couþe,
 & seþþen to Warwike þai gan wende, 10
 & seyð þai miȝt him no-whar fende
 Bi norþ no bi souþe.

C. 7355. ¶ Herhaud was wele vnder-stond 41
 þat Gij was fer in vncouþe lond.
 Ful hende he was & fre :

They sought Guy
everywhere,

When they wyste that tydyng,
Aȝ for Gye made mornynge.

but did not find
him.

When *sir* herraȝd herd seye
That hys lord was wente aweye,
He lefte neuer nyght ne daye,
But grete sorrow he made aye.

7520

Herhaud advised
the Earl to send

'Syr,' he seyde, 'what may I seye,
Now I haue loren my lord free?
I dred that I shaȝ hym neuer see.
I red yow sende your messengere
Thorougȝt thys lande far and nere.

7525

messengers all
over England.

And yf he be not founde here
He ys att loreyne *with* hys fere,
Wyth the Erle good terrye,
Whom he lovyth specyallye.'

7530

If he was not in
England, he was
sure to be with
Tirry in Lorraine.

A messyngere forth he sente,
And aȝ the land thorough he wente;
But when he found hym not there
Home a-geyne he com full yare,
And seyde he had the lond sought,
But of *sir* Gye herde he nowght.

But the search
of the messengers

7535

proved vain.

Tho thought herraude he wold fonde [p. 153]
To seche hym in other londe.
He toke two messengerys wyght,

Then Herhaud,

7540

Palmers wede he tok on hond,
To seche his lord he wald fond 5

Vnto þe Grekis see.

To þerl Rohaut he seyð anon
To seche his lord he most gon

Turnbull, p. 287,
l. 7387.

þurch alle Christiante.

When þerl seye him þus y-diȝt, 10

‘þou art,’ he seyð, ‘a trewe kniȝt :

Y-blisced mot þou be.’

¶ þo went Herhaud so trewe in tale 42

To seche his lord in londes fale :

For noȝing he nold abide.

He ȝede ouer alle bi doun & dale

To eueri court & kinges sale 5

Bi mani a lond side,

¹ The *r* added
above the line.

þurch Normondye¹ and alle Speyne,

Into Fraunce & þurch Breteyne :

He ȝede boȝe fer & wide

MS. fol. 149v. b.

þurch Lorain & þurch Lombardye, 10

& neuer no herd he telle of Gij

For nouȝt þat miȝt bitide.

¶ When Herhaud had souȝt him fer and hende, 43

& he no miȝt him no-whar fende,

Noiȝer bi se no sond,

Into Ingland he gan wende,

& þerl Rohaut & al his frende 5

At Warwike he hem fond,

Both a squyer and a knyght,
 And yaue hem treasure gret plente,
 And bad hem wende be-yonde the see
 To euery londe and euery towne,
 To aspye tydyngis of *sir* Gyoune.
 Herraud hym selfe forth ys gone,
 Wede of palmer he toke vpone.
 The Erle of Warwyke sone he fonde,
 And by-toke hym aH hys londe,
 And seyð, 'in wede of a palmere
 I wyH Gye seche fere and nere
 In euery stede and in euery londe
 There he hath bene in be-fore-hande.'
 When the Erle saw herraud so dyghit,
 'Thow arte,' he seyð, 'a trew knyght.'

in the habit of a
 palmer, went

7545

7550

7555

Herraud went forth, the Erle left there.
 To the see he come fuH yare :
 Shyp he founde and passyd in hye.
 Comyn he ys into normandye,
 From thense to fraunce and burgoyne,
 To almayne and to sosayne :
 Herd he neuer man speke *with* mouth
 That owte of Gye teH cought.

himself in quest
 of Guy.

7560

He visited every
 court in Nor-

mandy, Spain,
 France, Britany,

Lorraine, and
 Lombardy,
 but never heard
 anything about
 Guy.

Than he though[t] hym shente :
 Into ynglond ys he wente.
 AH that londe was weH sory,
 For he myghit not fynde *sir* Gye :
 Kyngis, Erlys, and barouns, [p. 154]
 AH made dole for *sir* Gyouns ;

7565 Unable to find
 him,

7570 he returned to
 Earl Rohaut at
 Warwick.

& teld he hadde his lord souzt,
& þat he no miȝt finde him nouȝt.

Turnbull, p. 288,
l. 7411.

In non skinnēs lond.

Mani a moder child þat day.

10

¹ MS. *waileway*
rather than
walleway.

Wepe & gan say, 'waileway,'¹

Wel sore wringand her hond.

C. 7391. **N**ow herken, & ȝe may here
In gest, ȝif ȝe wil listen & lere,
Hou Gij as pilgrim ȝede.
He welke about wiȝ glad chere
þurch mani londēs fer & nere,
þer god him wald spede.
First he went to Jerusalem,
& seȝþen he went to Bedlem
þurch mani an vncoupe þede.
ȝete he biþouȝt him seȝþen þo
For to sechen halwen mo,
To winne him heuen mede.

44

5

10

¶ þo he went his pilgrimage
Toward þe court of Antiage,
Bi þis half þat cite
He mett a man of fair parage :
Y-comen he was of heyȝe linage,
& of kin fair & fre.

45

5

Michel he was of bodi y-piȝt,
A man he semed of michel miȝt
& of gret bounte,
Wiȝ white-hore heued & berd y-blowe,
As white as ani driuen snowe :
Gret sorwe þan made he.

10

Turnbull, p. 289,
l. 7435.

¶ So gret sorwe þer he made,
Sir Gij of him rewþe hade.
He gan to wepe so sare,

46

For they wende vtterly
Neuer to haue seyne hym *with* eyze.

Many a mother's
child wept that
day.

As we fynde in storye
Now speke we of *sir* Gye.
Ah that yere Gye hath gone
Thorowgh-owte landys many on,
Ah hethenesse thorow and thorowe
Ryght to ierusalem ys borrowe.
Ful longe wold he not dwell thare,
Furthermore wold he fare

7575

Guy first went to
Jerusalem and
Bethlehem,

7580

Thorough all the hethen contree.
To Antyoche, the riche Cytee,
As he wente in that contrey
Halfe the day a grette jorney,
Vndyr a bussch ther he fonde
A pore pylgryme syttande.
He semed weh a saryzen.
He had gret sorrow and pyne.
He semed a man of gret lynage.
He had gret eyen and gret visage :
Hys hed was white, hys berd was longe.
He semyd a bold man and a stronge.

but on his way
to Antioch

he met with a
man of high
birth,

7585

who was very
sorrowful.

7590

He made dole ouer all thyng.
Gye had pyte of hys mornynge.
He drow hys berd, he brake hys here :

Guy was touched
with compassion,

7595

¹ *to torn* MS.His cloþ he rent, his here to-tore,¹² *born* MS.& curssed þe time þat he was bore :²

5

MS. 150r. a.

Wel diolful was his fare.

More sorwe made neuer man.

Gij stode & loked on him þan,

& hadde of him gret care.

He seyð, 'allas & walewo !

10

Al mi joie it is ago.

Of blis icham al bare.'

¶ 'Gode man, what artow,' seyð Gij,

47

'þat makest þus þis reweful cri

& þus sorweful mone ?

Mepenke, for þe icham sori,

For þat þine hert is þus drery,

5

þi ioie is fro þe gon.

Telle me þe soþe, y pray þe

For godes loue in trinite,

Turnbull, p. 290,
l. 7453.

þat þis world haþ in won ;

For Iesu is of so michel miȝt,

10

He may make þine hert liȝt,

& þou no[s]t neuer hou son.'

¶ 'Gode man,' seyð þe pilgrim,

48

'þou hast me frained bi god þin

To telle þe of mi fare,

And alle þe soþ wiþ-outen les

Ichil þe telle, hou it wes,

5

Of blis hou icham bare.

So michel sorwe is on me steke,

þat min hert it wil to-breke

Wiþ sorwe & sikeing sare.

Forlorn ich haue al mi blis :

10

Y no schal neuer haue joie, y-wis.

In erþe y wald y ware.

In sowne he feH oftyn there,
And seyde 'alas' that he was borne :
Herd sorrow was hym be-forne.

'Pylgrym,' quod Gye, ' what arte thou? [p. 155]

Whi makyste thou such sorrow now?

7600

and asked him
who he was.

I se full well be thy chere

Thou arte agrevyd in som manere.

Tell me now, I byd the

In the name of the trinite.'

'Good man,' quod the pylgrym,

7605 So the pilgrim

'Thou hast me bedyn at thys tyme

That I shaH [tell] wherefore and whye

That I am thys drerelye.

I wene thou shalt haue gret pyte

When I haue told the sothe to the.

7610

resolved to tell
his story.

- C. 7429.** ¶ A man y was of state sum stounde, 49
 & holden a lord of gret mounde,
 & erl of al Durras.
 Fair sones ich hadde fiftene,
 & alle were kniztes stout & kene. 5
 Men cleped me þerl Ionas.
 Y trowe in þis warld is man non,
 Y-wis, þat is so wo-bi-gon,
 Seþþen þe world made was ;
 For alle min sones ich haue forlorn : 10
 Better berns were non born.
 þerfore y sing, "allas !"
- ¶ For blipe worþ y neuer more : 50
 MS. fol. 150r. b. Alle mi sones ich haue forlore
 þurch a batayl vnride,
 þurch Sarrazins þat fel wore :
 To Ierusalem þai com ful zore 5
 To rob & reue wiþ pride,
 & we toke our ost anon,
 Ozaines hem we gun gon,
 Bateyl of hem to abide.
 þe acountre of hem was so strong, 10
 þat mani dyed þer-among,
 Or we wald rest þat tide.
- ¶ þurch mi fiftene sone¹ 51
¹ *som MS.* Were þe geauntes ouer-come,
 & driuen down to grounde.
 Fiftene amirals þer wer nome :
 þe king gan fle wiþ alle his trome 5
 For drede of ous þat stounde.
 Ich & mi sones, wiþouten lesing,
 Out of þat lond we driuen þe king,
 And his men ʒaf dedli wounde.

Turnbull, p. 291,
l. 7483.

Turnbull, p. 292,
l. 7507.

I was a dowty man of honde,
 And to me there fyH much lande.
 I was a man bold and wyght :
 Erle Ionas some tyme I hyghe.
 I had sonnes fuH fyftene,
 And bold men and kene.
 I wene there was neuer man levande,
 Syth crystendome was brought in hand,
 That had so many sonnes wyght :
 Euerych was a man att aH ryght.
 AH they be take fro me a-weye :
 Alas that euer I sye thys daye !

He was Earl
 Jonas of Durras,
 and he had fifteen
 sons.

7615

7620

Att a batayle I was stronge ;
 The sarzins dyd grete wronge :
 To Ierusalem com they were,
 And dystroyed aH that was there :
 I gaderyd an hoste of meny a towne
 Owte of the crysten nacioñ,
 I com to that bateyle thann :
 There dyed many a dow3ty man.

After a battle
 with Saracens
 near Jerusalem,

7625

[p. 156]

7630

I and my sonnes fyftene
 Mad the sarzins for to flene.
 In that tyme tokyn we
 Sevyn amerallys and kyng's thre.

in which the
 enemies were
 routed,

I and my sonnes chasyd thorough the lande
 A kyng that was fast fleande :

7635 Earl Jonas and
 his sons

þe king him hiȝt Triamour : 10
 A lord he was of gret honour,
 & man of michel mounde.

¶ þan dede we wel-gret folý : 52
 We suwed him wiþ maistrie
 Into his owen lond.
 Into Alisaundre þai fleýe owy :
 þe cuntre ros vp wiþ a cri, 5
 To help her king anhond.
 In a brom feld þer wer hidde
 þre hundred Sarrazins wele y-schridde
 Wiþ helme & grimly brond.
 Out of þat brom þai lepen anon, 10
 & bilapped ous euer-ichon,
 & drof ous alle to schond.

¶ þai hewen at ous wiþ michel hete, 53
 & we leyd on hem dintes grete,
 & slouwen of her ferred.
 & ar þat we were alle y-nome
 Mani of hem were ouercome, 5
 Ded wounded vnder wede.
 þai were to mani & we to fewe :
 Al our armour þai to-hewe,
 & stiked vnder ous our stede.
 3ete we fouȝten afot long, 10
 Til swerdes brosten þat were strong,
 & þan ȝeld we ous for nede.

Turnbull, p. 293,
 l. 7531.
 MS. fol. 150v. a.

¶ To þe king we ȝolden ous al & some 54
 þat we miȝt to raunsom come,
 To saue our liues ichon.
 Into Alisaunder he ladde ous þo,
 & into his prisoun dede ous do, 5
 Was maked of lime & ston.

Hys name was kyng tryamoure,
 A paynyme he was of gret honoure.
 To Alysaunder he fled fuH ryght,
 There he was kyng of mykyH myght.
 There we dyd foly stronge,
 For we chasyd hem to longe.

7640

pursued King
 Triamour
 as far as his own
 country,

There were redy in a wode
 Two hundreth knyȝt's goode.

Oute of the wod they cam anoñ,
 And ouercome euerychone.

7645 where they were
 attacked by 300
 Saracens,

Meny of hem we woundyd sare :
 For nothyng wold we spare.
 Oure good stedys gan they sloo :
 Tho come to vs fuH mykeH woo.
 On fote we faught faste than,
 And slow of hem many a man.
 Or we wold vs yeld hem to
 The beste of hem were for-do.
 We defendyd vs aH wey weH
 TyH oure swerdys brake of stele.

and, despite their
 valiant resistance,

7650

7655 after their horses
 had been killed,
 and their swords
 broken,
 were compelled to
 surrender.

When we saw no better socoure
 We yeld vs to kyng tryamore.
 We made *with* hym such comnaunte, [p. 157]
 And therto we held vp oure hande,
 That we shuld for grete raunsom
 Bene delyuerd owt of hys prisounl.

7660 They were
 imprisoned at
 Alexandria.

Litel was our drink & lasse our mete,
For hunger we wende our liues lete :

Wel wo was ous bigon.

So were we þer alle þat 3er 10

¹ Read *alle* ?

Wip michel sorwe boþe¹ y-fere,
þat socour com ous non.

C. 7487. ¶ So it bifel þat riche Soudan 55

Made a fest of mani a man,

Of þritti kinges bi tale.

King Triamour com to court þo,
& Fabour, his sone, dede also, 5

Wip kniȝtes mani & fale.

þe þridde day of þat fest,
þat was so riche & so honest,

Turnbull, p. 294,
l. 7555.

So derlich diȝt in sale—

After þat fest, þat riche was, 10
þer bifel a wonder cas,

Wher-þurch ros michel bale.

¶ þat riche Soudan hadde a sone 56

þat was y-hold a doughti gome :

Sadok was his name.

þe kinges sone Fabour he cleped him to :

Into his chaumber þai gun go, 5

þo kniȝtes boþe y-same.

Sadok gan to Fabour sayn

3if he wald ate ches playn,

& held oȝain him game ;

& he answerd in gode maner 10

He wald play wip him y-fere,

Wip-uten ani blame.

¶ Ate ches þai sett hem to playn, 57

þo hendy kniȝtes boþe tvayn,

² Read *siȝt* ?

þat egre were of siȝt :²

To Alysaunder he dyd vs fare,
 And put vs in hys prison thare :
 Mete and drynke we had fuH smaH,
 CarefuH lyfe we led with-aH.
 Hit is twelfe yere and mare
 That we haue bene in this care.

7665

Hyt be-feH vpon a tyde
 That the sowdan with mykyH pryd,
 Lord to the kyng tryamore,
 Made a feste of gre[t] honore :
 Thrytty kyng's were there fuH ryght,
 The sowdan ys men and to hym Iplyght ;
 Amerallys there were fourty,
 That were redy vnto hys crye.
 Thedyr wente the kyng tryamoure,
 And hys son, sir faboure :
 He was a yong man and a wyght,
 And a new-dubbyd knyght.

7670

At some festival
of the Soudan,to which King
Triamour and his
son Fabour had
repaired,

7675

Att the thyrd day of that feeste,
 That wa[s] so riche and so honeste,
 When they had etyn, and made hem at ease,
 And seruyd aH thyng to theire please,
 The sowdan ys sonne a-rose fuH ryght
 (Syr sadoyne of Percy he hyght) :
 'Faboure,' he seyde, 'I byd the,
 Come play at the chesse with me.'
 'Syr,' quod fabour, 'with myn entente [p. 158]
 I wyH do youre commaundmente.'
 To fabours¹ yn tho they wente,
 And after chesse sone they sente.

7685

Sadok, the
Soudan's son,

and Fabour

7690

¹ *sabours* MS.

Tho they setten the fyrste assise,
 They were wroth or they gan Ryse :

played at chess.

Er þai hadde don half a game,
 Wiþ strong wretþe þai gan to grame, 5
 MS. fol. 150v. b. þo gomes michel of miȝt.
 þurch a chek Fabour seyð, for soþ,
 Sadok in hert wex wroþ,
 Turnbull, p. 295, & missayd him anon riȝt,
 1. 7579. & clep[e]d him 'fiz a putayn,' 10
 & smot him wiþ miȝt and main,
 Wher-þurch ros michel fiȝt.

¶ Wiþ a roke he brac his heued þan, 58
 þat þe blod biforn out span
 In þat ich place.
 'Sadok,' seyð þan Fabour,
 'þou dost me gret deshonour 5
 þat þou me manace.
 Nar þou mi lordes sone were,
 þou schuldest dye riȝt now here :
 Schustow neuer hennes passe.'
 Sadok stirt vp to Fabour, 10
 & cleped him anon 'vile traitour,'
 & smot him in the face.

¶ Wiþ his fest he smot him þore, 59
 þat Fabour was agreued sore,
 & stirt vp in þat stounde.
 þe cheker he hent vp fot hot,
 And Sadok in þe heued he smot, 5
 þat he fel ded to grounde.

His fader sone he hap y-teld
 þat he hap the Soudan sone aqueld,
 Turnbull, p. 296, & ȝouen him depes wounde.
 1. 7603.

At a cheke that fabour seyð
 Sadoyne was wroth, and gan vp-brayd.
 For he was matyd so sone there,
 Wyth a Roke he smote hym sore ;

7695

Sadok, getting
 angry,

called Fabour
 names,

Vppon the heed he brake the browe :
 Abowt the shulders the blod gan¹ Rowe.

7700

and broke his
 head with a rook.

'Syr sadoyne,' quod faboure,²

¹ looks like *qan*.

² *saboure* MS.

'Thow hast me do grete dysshonoure

When thow hast broken my hede.

The grace of Mahoun be me be-revyð,

Yf thow ne were mi Lordys sonne,

7705

Thow shuldyst abyge that thow hast done.'

'Traytoure,' quod sadoyne, 'what seyst thow ?

Hast thow me manessid here nowe ?

In EuyH tyme thow it thought :

Thyne deth thow hast wrought.'

7710

was smitten by
 him in the face.

With hys fyste he wold hym smyte,

But faboure thought it was dispyte :

Vppon hys fete he gan stonde,

And toke the cheker in hys honde.

He smote sadoyne vndyr the ere :

He fel downe and dyed there.

When Fabour sye that he was dede,

He Fled fast from that stede.

He went as faste as he myght renne [p. 159]

Home to hys faders Inne,

And told hys fader how he had slone

Sadoyne, the sowdan ys sonne onne.³

Kyng tryamoure was adrad sare,

7715

So Fabour
 struck him dead
 with the chess-
 board.

7720

³ To be struck
 out ?
 As soon as
 Triamour heard
 of Sadok's death

On hors þai lopen þan bilue, 10
 Out of þe lond þai gun driue
 For ferd þai were y-founde.

C. 7551. ¶ When it was þe Soudan teld, 60
 þat his sone was aqueld,
 & brouȝt of his liif dawē,
 On al maner he him biȝouȝt
 Hou þat he him wreke mouȝt 5
 þurch iugement of lawe.
 After þe king he sent an heyȝe,
 To defende him of þat felonie,
 þat he his sone haȝ y-slawe;
 & bot he wald com anon 10
 Wiȝ strengþe he schuld on him gon,
 Wiȝ wilde hors don him drawe.

MS. fol. 151r. a. ¶ King Triamour com to court þo, 61
 & Fabour, his sone, dede also,
 To þe Soudans parlement.
 When þai bi-forn him comen beȝ
 þai were adouted of her deȝ 5
 Her liues þai wende haue spent;
 For þe Soudan cleped hem fot hot,
 & his sones deȝ hem atwot,
 & seyde þai were alle schent.

And for that dethe he gan to care.
 Vyppon her horse they lepynd in hye
 (In there hertis they were sorye),
 Faste fleand to Alexaundre,
 Or of hem rose ony slaundre.
 Oute of the londe tho they wente,
 Or eny wyste that sadoyne was shente.
 When they come to the Citee,
 Full sory and carefull tho was hee.

7725 he fled with his
son.

When that wyste that fell sowdan,
 That sadoyne, hys sonne, was slayne,
 He was sory, that grete syre,
 And he was full of tene and ire.
 He beryed hys son Richelye,
 And thought to avenge hym in hye.

7735

The Soudan
considered
how he could
revenge his son,

HE sent to tryamoure the kyng,
 As to a man¹ that he louyd no-thinge,
 And bad hym com to hym on hye,
 And defend hym of that felonye,
 And bryng with hym hys son faboure,
 That slow hys sonne, that foule treytoure :
 But he wold do hys commaundement
 He shuld be slayne and brente,
 Or ellys such Iugement suffer there
 As in hys court² ordeyned were.

7740

and summoned
King Triamour.
¹ aman MS.

7745

² contrey MS.

The kyng dyght hym full yare, [p. 160]
 And to the sowdan can he fare,
 And with hym fabour, the good knyght,
 Be-fore the sowdan com full ryght.

7750

He appeared,
with Fabour,
before the
Soudan's
parliament.

The sowdan askyd hym anone
 How he had hys sonne slone :

Bot þai hem þerof were miȝt 10
 In strong perile he schuld hem diȝt
 And to her iugement.

¶ þan dede he com forþ a Sarrazine, 62
 Haue he Cristes curs & mine
 Wiþ boke & eke wiþ belle.
 Out of Egypt he was y-come,
 Michel & grislich was þat gome 5
 Wiþ ani god man to duelle.
 He is so michel & vnrede,
 Of his siȝt a man may drede,
 Wiþ tong as y þe telle.
 As blac he is as brodes brend : 10
 He semes as it were a fende,
 þat comen were out of helle.

¶ For he is so michel of bodi y-piȝt, 63
 Oȝains him tvelue men haue no miȝt,
 Ben þai neuer so strong ;
 For he is four fot, sikerly,
 More þan ani man stont him bi : 5
 So wonderliche he is long.
 Ȝif king Triamour þat þer was
 Miȝt fenden him in playn place
 Of þat michel wrong,
 þan is þat vile glotoun 10
 Made þe Soudans champioun,
 Batayl of him to fong.

Turnbull, p. 298,
 l. 7651.

C. 7593. ¶ King Triamour answerd þan 64
 To þat riche Soudan
 In þat ich stounde
 þat he wald defende him wele y-nouȝ
 þat he neuer his sone slouȝ, 5
 No ȝaf him dedli wounde.

Yf he myght hym not defende,
Thorough deth hys deth he¹ shuld^t amende.

7755

¹ *it* MS.

Forth he brought a blake sarzine :
A fowler thefe dranke neuer wyne.

The Soudan
brought forward
a Saracen

He was blake as any piche,
Men saw neuer none suche.

7760

Hys breste was brode, his body grete :
He was thykker than a nete.

Comyn he ys oute of ynde,
A feller thefe shuld no man fynde.

of gigantic pro-
portions,

black as a fiend.

There be none thre at that londe
That durste ageyne that one stonde.
He was a fote and a halfe more
Than eny man that euer was bore.

7765

He was so strong
that twelve men
could not prevail
over him.

Yf the kyng durste *with* hym fyght,
And prove on hym *with* mayne and myght
That sir Sadoyne was neuer dede
Thorough hym ne thorough hys sonnys rede,
Yf he myght hym to deth brynge,
He shuld go quyte of aH thynge.

7770

King Triamour
was to fight with
him.

Syr tryamoure had drede stronge
Of that Geaunte gret and longe.
Neuer the lesse a-monge hem aH there²
He forsoke that the sowdan on hym bere,
And seyde that sadony was neuer dede [p. 161]
Thorough hym ne thorough his sonnys rede ;

7775

He accepted the
combat,

² *all thre there*
MS.

7780

When he seye Amoraunt so grim
 (þer durst no man fiȝt wiþ him :
 So grille he was on grounde),
 MS. fol. 151r. b. þan asked he respite til a day, 10
 To finde anoper ȝif he may
 Ozaines him durst founde.

¶ þan hadde he respite al þat ȝere 65
 & fourti days : so was þe maner
 þurch lawe was þan in lond,
 ȝif him seluen durst nouȝt fiȝt
 Finde anoper ȝif he miȝt 5
 Ozaines him durst stond.

þe king as swiþe hom is went,
 Ouer alle his lond anon he sent
 Turnbull, p. 299,
 1. 7675. After erl, baroun, and bond,
 & asked ȝif ani wer so bold : 10
 þriddendel his lond haue he schoold
 þe batayl durst take an hond.

¶ Ac for nouȝt þat he hot miȝt 66
 þer was non durst take þe fiȝt
 Wiþ þe geaunt for his sake.
 þan was ich out of prisoun nome,
 Biforn him he dede me come, 5
 Conseyl of me to take,

And asked me at worde fewe
 ȝif y wist oper y-knewe
 A man so miȝti of strake
 þat for him durst take þe fiȝt : 10
 Were he buriays oper kniȝt,
 Riche prince he wald him make.

¶ & ȝif y miȝt ani fende 67
 He wald make me riche & al mi kende,
 & ȝif me gret honour,

but he asked for
some respite, in
order to find a
substitute.

And an hole yere of trewes [was] tane
And fourty dayes tiH it be gane.
Suche is the law of that contree,
Euer was, and euer shaH bee :

So a respite of a
year and forty
days was granted
him.

And yf he durste not *with* hym fyzte,
He shuld fynde a nother knyght.

7785

Home to Alysaundre hys he wente,
After hys barons he hath sente,
And dyd crye thorough that londe,

But in his own
country the king

Yf he eny man fonde

7790

That durst that bateyle take in honde,
He shuld yeve hym halfe hys londe ;

But he ne founde no man so wyght
That durste *with* that geaunt fyght.

found none ready
to undertake the
fight with the
giant.

He toke me than owte of prisoun,
And askyd me tho than reasoun
Yf I knew euer any knyght

7795

He therefore
took Earl Jonas
out of his prison,

That durste *with* the Geaunte fyght.
FuH riche man he wold hym make,
And do me worshyp for hys sake :
He shuld haue gold gret plentee
And halfe hys land euer more free.

and asked him if
he knew any.

7800

I seyð, 'I know none such of name ;'

WARWICK.

F F

& wold sese into min hond
To helden þriddendel his lond 5

Wip cite, toun, & tour.

Ac ichim answerd þan

In alle þis warld was þer [no] man

Turnbull, p. 300,
l. 7699.

To fiȝt wip þat traitour,
Bot ȝif it Gij of Warwike were, 10

Or Herhaud of Ardern, his fere :

‘ In warld þai bere þe flour.’

C. 7633. ¶ When þe king herd þo 68

þat y spac of þo kniȝtes to,

Ful bliþe he was of chere.

He kist me, so glad he was.

‘ Mercȝ,’ he seyde, ‘ erl Ionas ! 5

MS. fol. 151v. a.

þou art me leue & dere.

ȝif ich hadde here sir Gij,

Or Herhaud, þat is so hardi,

Of þe maistri siker y were.

& þou miȝtest bring me her on, 10

þe & thine sonas y schal lete gon

Fram prisoun quite & skere.’

¶ Bi mi lay he dede me swere 69

þat y schuld trowelich bode bere

To þo kniȝtes so hende,

& seyde to me as swiþe anon

Wip michel sorwe he schuld me slon 5

Bot ichem miȝt fende,

For to lye me thought shame.

'In none contre ne in no londe 7805

Is none that durste it take in honde

But it were Gye, the noble knyght,

Earl Jonas

That aH men seyn ys so wyght.

Yf I myght hym fynde in eny contre [p. 162]

Other herrawd, to fyght for the,

7810 named Guy of
Warwick and
Herhaud of
Ardern.

Thow myghtist be seker, *with*-owt fayle,

For to wynne that bateyle.'

When the kyng, that stode me bye,

The king was

Herd speke of herrawd and of *sir* Gye,

Hys ryght hond he leyd on me,

7815 very glad,

And seyð, 'but I haue helpe of the

and kissed Earl
Jonas.

ShaH I neuer of man levande

Haue helpe, I vndyrstonde.

Yf I myght haue *sir* Gye,

I were seker of the mastrye,

7820

Other *sir* herrawd, the knygt herdye :

Be-fore aH other I desyre *sir* Gye.'

If he could bring
one of them, he
and his sons were
to be free.

He seyð, 'to englond shalt thou fare,

To loke yf he be founden thare.

Yf he may not fownden be,

7825

Loke *sir* herrawd com *with* the :

I wyH then delyuer the owte of prison

And aH thy sonnes *with*-oute rawmsoH,

And thou shalte haue for thi seruice,

Yf thou wylte be ware and wyse,

7830

And to me be both trew and hold,

Ten somers chargyd *with* gold.'

Then swere I there in aH manere

To bene hys trew messyngere ;

And yf I found of hem none,

7835

I shuld com home alone :

I shuld be hangyd on a galow tree

But he and all his
sons were to be
killed if he should
come back with-
out a champion.

And my fyftene sonnys *with* me.

- & al mine sones do to-drawe,
 & ichim graunt in þat þrawe,
 Turnbull, p. 301, To bring hem out of bende.
 l. 7723. Out of þis lond y went þo 10
 Wiþ michel care & michel wo :
 Y nist wider to wende.
- ¶ Y souzt hem into the lond of Coyne, 70
 Into Calaber, & into Sessoyne,
 & fro þennes into Almayne,
 In Tuskan & in Lombardye,
 In Fraunce & in Normondye, 5
 Into þe lond of Speyne,
 In Braban, in Poil, & in Bars
 & in-to kinges lond of Tars,
 & þurch al Aquitayne,
 In Cisil, in Hungri, & in Ragoun, 10
 In Romaine, Borgoine, & Gascoine,
 & þurch-out al Breteyne.
- ¶ & into Ingland wenden y gan, 71
 & asked þer mani a man,
 Boþe 3ong & old,
 & in Warwike þat cite,
 þer he was lord of þat cuntre, 5
 For to hauen in wold ;
 Ac y no fond non lite no miche
 þat coupe telle me sikerliche
 Turnbull, p. 302, Of þo to kniztes bold,
 l. 7747. Wher y schold Gij no Herhaud fende 10
 In no lond fer no hende :
 þefore min hert is cold.

Out of that lond went I in hye,
A carefuH man and a sorye.

[p. 163]

7840

I went ryght vnto aHmayn,
And forth to fraunce and to spayne,
Syth to pollayne and to Sesayne,
To pavy and to burgayne;

He sought for
Guy and Herhaud
everywhere.

Sethen I wente to ynglonde,
And asked euery man that I fonde;
Sethyn to warwyke dyd I me,
There he was wonte lord to be :
Herd I no man speke *with* mouth
That ought of Gye teH couth,
Ne of *sir* herra wd ne of *sir* Gye,
And therfore a sory man was I.
But hys men vppon a daye
Seyden that they herd saye
'That Gye was wente in excile
I-passyd a fuH longe while,
And *sir* herra wd is forth wente
To sech Gye *with* aH hys entente.
Lenger wold I dwell there nought,
In many londis I haue hym sought :
Myght I neuer fynde man

7845 Even in England,

at Warwick,

7850

no one could tell
him

7855

where to find Guy
or Herhaud.

7860

¶ For ich haue þe king mi trewþe y-þliȝt 72
 MS. fol. 151v. b. þat y schal bring Gij now riȝt
 ȝif ich oliues be.
 & ȝiue y bring him nouȝt anon
 Wele ich wot he wil me slon : 5
 þer-fore wel wo is me.
 & min sones he schal don hong,
 & to-drawe wiþ michel wrong,
 þo kniȝtes hende & fre.
 & ȝif þai dye gret harm it is. 10
 For hem ich haue swiche sorwe,¹ y-wis :
 Mine hert wil breken on þre.'

¹ *sorwe* added at
the end of the
line.

C. 7703. 'G od man,' seyð Gij, 'listen me now. 73
 For pine sones gret sorwe hastow,
 & no wonder it nis.
 When þou Gij & Herhaud hast² souȝt,
 & þou no may hem finde nouȝt, 5
 þi care is michel, y-wis.
 þurch hem pine hope was to go fre,
 & þi sones al forþ wiþ þe,
 þurch godes help & his.

² *hap* MS.

Turnbull, p. 303,
l. 7771.

That owte of Gye tell can.

Now I come heder this ilke daye,

And reste me here be the weye.

Hit is twelmonythis and more

7865

Sythen that I fro the kynge gan fare.

Now wyH I wende to hym a-geyne :

WeH I wote I shaft be slayne ;

But for the deth wyH I not flee

[p. 164]

To yeve answer how it bee,

7870

For I haue hym my trowth plyght

To com a-geyne to hym full ryght.

WeH I wote I shaft be dede

And also my sonnes *with*-owte rede.

Of my selfe yeve I nought,

7875

But of my sonnes is all my thought ;

For they be knyghtis bold and wyght,

And weH assayd in meny a fyght.

Yf they myght leve and old men bee,

They myght much helpe crystiante.

7880

Now to hym wyH I fare,

And take the deth *with* hem thare.'

With that he sowned be-fore *sir* Gye ;

Therfor he was full sorye.

Gye had sorrow and much care,

7885

For he saw Ionas so fare.

'L eeefe pilgrym,' quod *sir* Gye,

Guy, feeling for
Earl Jonas,

'For thy sonnes thow arte sorye :

Gye and herrawd hast thow sowght

In meny londys, and foundyst hem nought.

7890

Thought thow make doel hit is no ferlye,

When thow ne foundyst nother herraud ne Gye :

Thorough hem thow hopedist to delyuerd be

Of prison and thi chyldre free.

¹ *men þat wer*
MS.

Sum time bi dayes old 10
For douhti man y was¹ told
& holden of gret priis.

¶ þurch godes helpe, our driȝt 74
(He be min help, & ȝiue me miȝt,
& leue me wele to spede!),
& for Gyes loue & Herhaud also,
þat þou hast souȝt wiþ michel wo, 5
þat douhti were of dede,
Batayl ichil now for þe fong
Oȝain þe geaunt, þat is so strong,
þou seyst is so vnrede.
& þei he be þe fende out-riȝt, 10
Y schal for þe take þe fiȝt,
& help þe at þis nede.'

¶ When þerl herd him speke so, 75
þat he wald batayl fong for him þo,
He biheld fot & heued :
Michel he was of bodi piȝt,
A man he semed of michel miȝt, 5
Ac pouerliche he was biweued ;
Wiþ a long berd his neb was growe.
Miche wo him þought he hadde y-drowe.
He wende his wit were reued,
For he seyde he wald as ȝern 10
Fiȝt wiþ þat geaunt stern
Bot² ȝif he hadde him preued.³

Turnbull, p. 304,
l. 7795.
MS. fol. 152r. a.

² Read *As þ*

³ *proued* MS.

¶ 'God man,' þan seyde he, 76
'God al-miȝten for-ȝeld it þe,
þat is so michel of miȝt,
þatow wost batayl for me fong
Oȝain þe geaunt, þat is so strong. 5
þou knowest him nouȝt, y pliȝt.

I was in myn owen londe
Som tyme a doughty man of hande :

7895 told him that he
had once been
held a doughty
man,

Now for the love of god aH-myght,
That he me yeve grace to fyght,

For Gye and herra wdys sake
That bateyle for the wyH I take, '
And thorow the grace of hevyn-kyng
Thy sonnes of prison shaH I bryng.'

[p. 165]

7900 and, for the sake
of Guy and Her-
haud,

offered to under-
take the fight with
the giant.

When Erle Ionas herd *sir* Gye,
That he was so bold and so hardye
To do that bateyle yf he myght,
And *with* that grete Geaunte for to fyght,
He devysed hym fuH weH,
Hede and fote, euery deale.
He sye hys body gret and longe,
And weH I-made to be stronge,
Wyth bones grete and bare of flesshe.
He semyd a man of wildernesse :
Hys berd was longe and thiike of here.
He lokyd on hym fuH ofte there.

7905 Jonas looked at
him :
he was tall and
seemed strong,
but was poorly
clad.

7910

He thought Guy
was out of his
wits.

'Syr,' he seyde, 'for thy reason
Haue thou goddys benysoH ;
But thou knowest not that paynym
That ys so much and so gryme ;

7915 He thanked him

for his good-will,

- For 3if he loked on þe wiþ wrake
 Sternliche wiþ his ey3en blake,
 So grim he is of siȝt,
 1 So MS. Wastow neuer so bold *in* al þi teime,¹ 10
 þatow durst batayl of him nim,
 No hold oȝaines him fiȝt.'
- ¶ 'Gode man,' seyð Gij, 'lat be þat þouȝt, 77
 For swiche wordes help ous nouȝt
 Oȝain þat schrewe qued.
 Mani haþ loked me opon
 Wiþ wicked wil, mani on 5
 þat wald han had min hed ;
 & þei no fled y neuer ȝete,
 No neuer for ferd batayl lete
 Turnbull, p. 305,
 1. 7819. For noman þat brac bred. 10
 & þei he be þe deuels rote,
 Y schal nouȝt fle him a fot,
 Bi him þat suffred ded.'
- ¶ 'Leue sir,' þan seyð he, 78
 'God of heuen forȝeld it te :
 þine wordes er ful swete.'
 For ioie he hadde *in* hert þat stounde
 On knes he fel adoun to grounde, 5
 & kist sir Gyes fet.
 Gij tok him vp in armes to.
 C. 7755. Into Alisaunder þai gun go,
 Wiþ þe king to mete ;
 & when þai com *in-to* þe tour 10
 Bifor þe king sir Triamour,
 Wel fair þai gun him grete.
- ¶ And when he seye þerl Ionas, 79
 Unneþe he knewe him *in* þe fas :
 So chaunged was his ble.

For, and yf he lokyd angrylye
Ons on the *wit*h hys¹ eye,

7920

but expressed his
apprehension,
lest, in the pre-
sence of the giant,

¹ *hys* MS.

his heart should
fail him.

He wold the so a-gaste make,
That thow shuldyst the bateyle for-sake.'

'Pylgryme,' quod Gye, 'dred the nowght.

But Guy prom-
ised

God ys myghtfuH as I haue thought.

Many on hath provyd to do me scathe,

7925

And *wit*h hys eyen lokyd wrathe,

Yet fled I neuer fro hym in bateyle.

I tryste on god, he wyH not fayle.

Though thow thinke I feble be,

[p. 166]

He² ys of so grete poweste,

7930 ² *And he* MS.

That he may yeve me grace & myght

To slee that Geaunte in that fyght.'

not to recede for
a foot.

'Sir,' quod the pilgrym, 'graunt *mercy*e !

Earl Jonas

He that was borne of that mayd marye

Yelde the or thow be dede.'

7935

For joye he sowned in that stede.

'My frende,' quod Gye, 'so haue I hele,

Go we forth, we shaft fare wele.'

fell on his knees,
and kissed Guy's
feet.

To Alysaunder they them dyght,

Then they went
to Alexandria.

To-fore the kyng they com fuH ryght.

7940

When the kyng Erle Ionas sawe,

Vnneth he cowth hym knowe.

'Sir Ionas,' quod the kyng¹ than,

Earl Jonas was so
changed that the
King hardly knew
him.

'Erl Ionas,' seyð þe king,
 MS. fol. 152r. b. 'Telle me now wiþ-uten lesing, 5
 Gij & Herhaud where ben he?'
 þerl answerd, & siked sore,
 'Gij no Herhaud sestow no more ;
 Turnbull, p. 306, For soþe y telle þe,
 1. 7843. For hem ich haue in Ingland ben, 10
 & y no miȝt hem no-whar sen :
 þer-fore wel wo is me.

¶ Ac þe lond folk teld me in speche 80
 þat Gij was gon halwen to seche
 Wel fer in vncouþe lond,
 & Herhaud after him is went
 For to seche him, verrament : 5
 Noiþer of hem y no fond,
 Ac þis man ich haue brouȝt to þe
 þat haþ ben man of gret bounte,
 þat wele dar take on hond
 Oȝain þe geaunt þat is so fel, 10
 Al for to fende þe ful wel :
 For drede wil he nouȝt wond.'

C. 7779. ¶ 'Erl Ionas,' seyð þe king, 81
 'Loke wiþ him be no feynting,
 þat y deseyued be.
 & ȝif þer be, þou schalt anon
 Be honged & þi sones ichon.' 5
 'Y graunt, sir,' þan seyð he.
 þe king cleped sir Gyoun,
 & asked him at schort resoun,
 Turnbull, p. 307, 'What is þy name? tel me.'
 1. 7867. Sir Gij answerd to þe king, 10
 'Youn,' he said, 'wiþ-uten lesing,
 Men clepeþ me in mi cuntre.'

'Where is Gye, that noble man,
 Other herrawd that thow hast sowght?
 Hast thow Eny of hem brought?'
 'Sir,' he seyde, 'I wiȝt yow seye :
 I wiȝt not lye, be this daye.
 I have hem sowght longe and fferre :
 Herrawd ne Gye found I nether.
 I was fuȝt fer into Englonde,
 And asked aȝ that I fonde.

7945

He asked him
where Guy and
Herhaud were.

The Earl replied

7950

that he had not
found them,

They seide that Gye is in excile wente,
 Therfor that londe is now nere shente,
 And *sir* herrawd hath take his weye
 To seke Gye both nyght and daye.

7955

But I have browȝt a noble knyȝte,
 That in armes is bold and wyȝte :
 For yow he wiȝt do this bateyle,
 With helpe of god he shaȝt not fayle.
 He shaȝt weȝt defende your ryght,
 And *with* that false paynyme fyȝht.'

[p. 167]

7960

but yet brought
a man

that durst to fight
with the giant.

Quod the kyng to Erle Ionas,
 'Loke thow lye not in this case.
 Yf I be trayed thorought the rede of the,
 Fuȝt hye hangyd shalt thow be,
 And thi sonnes euery-chone
With wikyd deth shaȝt dye anone.'
 'I Graunte,' quod Ionas, 'that ye seye :
 God vs helpe, that beste maye.'
 The kyng clepyd *sir* Gyoune,
 And toldȝ hym a gret reasoune.
 'Pylgryme,' he seyde, 'what is this name?'
 Then he seyde, 'Ioȝn, *with*-owten blame.'

7965

The King
threatened to
hang Jonas and
his sons if he
should be
betrayed by him.

7970

He asked the
pilgrim's name.

Guy answered
that he was called
'Youn'

¶ 'What cuntre artow?' þe king sede. 82

'Of Ingland, so god me rede :

¹ *y born MS.*

þerin ich was y-bore.'¹

'Owe,' seyð þe king, 'artow Inglis kniȝt,
þan schuld y þurch skil and riȝt

5

Hate þe euer more.

² An erasure
before *gode*.

Knewe þou nouȝt þe gode² Gij

Or Herhaud þat was so hardi?

Tel me þe soþe bifore.

Wele ouȝt ich be Gyes foman :

10

He slouȝ mi broþer Helmadan ;

þurch him icham forlore.

³ *Minem MS.*

MS. fol. 152v. a.

¶ Min em³ he slouȝ, þe riche Soudan,

83

Ate mete among ous euerilkan.

Seyȝe y neuer man so bigin : ⁴

⁴ The first two
letters are indis-
tinct; Turnbull
ingin.

Y seyȝe hou he his heued of smot,

& bar it oway wiþ him fot hot,

5

Maugre þat was þer-inne.

After him we driuen þo,

þe deuel halp him þennes to go :

Turnbull, p. 808,
l. 7891.

Y trowe he is of his kinne.

Mahoun ȝaf þat þou wer he !

10

Ful siker miȝt y þan be

þe maistri for to winne.'

¶ Sir Gij answerd to þe king,

84

'Wel wele y knowe, wiþouten lesing,

Herhaud, so god me rede.

& ȝif þou haddest her on here,

Of þe maistri siker þou were,

5

þe bateyl for to bede.'

- 'Leve frende,' then seyð the kyng, 7975
 'TeH yow¹ me *with*-owte lesynge,
 Where were thou borne & in what londe?
 Was there no brede ne corne growande?'
 'Sir,' he seyð, 'in Englonde
 Was I borne and moste dwellande : 7980
 Sethen that I was dubbyd knyȝte,
 I haue bene in meny fyȝht.'
 'Arte thou Englissh,' quod the kyng,
 'I owte to hate the ouer all thinge.
 Knew thou owte *sir* Gyoun 7985
 And herrawd, the bold baroun?
 They be dowȝty men of hand,
 Yf they be in the world leuand.
 I owght to hate Gye *with* gret^e Ire : [p. 168]
 He slowe my fader, the kyng of tyre, 7990
 And he slow my Eme *with* his honde,
 The sowdan, at his mete sittand :
 I saw hym smyte of his hede,
 And *with* myȝt and streng[t]h a-wey hit leede.
 Away he prikyd ther-with full faste : 7995
 All we chasyd hym at the laste.
 The devyH hym savyd, that he was not slone,
 But he slow of vs meny one.
 Lord Mahoun wold he were here !
 Than wold I make weH good chere. 8000
 Yf that he wold fyȝht for me,
 Also for-yeve shuld hyt be.'
 Gye answeyrd full curteslye,
 'Syr,' he seyð, 'full weH know I Gye
 And herrawd also ; both two 8005
 I know hem weH, so must I goo.
 Yf ye had herraw[d]e other Gye,
 Ye were seker of the mastrye.'
 Guy answered
 that, if either
 Guy or Herhaud
 would fight for
 the King,
 he might be
 sure of victory.

þe king asked him anon riȝt,
 'Whi artow þus iuel y-diȝt
 And in þus pouer wede?
 A feble lord þou seruest, so þenkeþ me, 10
 Or oway he haþ driuen þe
 For sum iuel dede.'

¶ 'Nay, sir, for god,' quap Gij, 85
 'A wel gode lord [ar] þan serue[d] y:
 Wiþ him was no blame.'

Wel michel honour he me dede,
 & gret worþschipe in eueri stede, 5
 & sore ich haue him grame[d],¹
 & þer-fore icham þus y-diȝt,
 To cri him merci day & niȝt,
 Til we ben frendes same.
 & mi lord & y frende be, 10
 Ichil wende hom to mi cuntre,
 & liue wiþ ioie & game.'

¹ The *r* added
 above the line.

Turnbull, p. 309,
 l. 7915.

C. 7838. ¶ 'Frende Youn,' seyde þe king, 86
 'Wiltow fiȝt for mi þing?
 Oþer y schal anoþer puruay.'
 'þerfor com ich hider,' quap Gij,
 'þurch Godes help & our leuedi 5
 As wele as y may.'

² The *t* added
 above the line.
³ A line erased
 after this.

MS. fol. 152v. b.

Bot first þerl Ionas & his sones
 Schal be deliuerd² out of prisonnes
 þis ich selue day.³
 þe king answerd, 'y graunt þe. 10
 Mahoun he mot þine he[l]p be,
 þat is mi lord verray.'

'Telt me,' quod [the] king than,
 'Whi arte thou so lene a man?
 An onkynd man hast thou *seruyd* aye,
 When thou departidyst so power aweye,
 Eyther hit is thyn folye,
 That thou departist secretlye.'

8010 The King further
 asked Guy
 why he was so
 poorly clad.

He must have
 served a bad lord.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'weH may faH,
 But myn Estate know ye not aH.
 For soth, I was in good servyse :
 My lord me lovyd in aH wyse.

8015 But Guy replied
 that he had once
 had a good lord,

For hym I had grete honoure [p. 169]
 Of kyng, prince, and maydens in bowre.

8020

But for a lytiH hastines
 AH I loste, both more and lesse.

but he had
 incensed him
 greatly.
 He would not
 cease to cry to
 him for mercy,
 till they were
 friends again.

Tho went I fro my contree,
 TyH it myght after better be.
 Thus wiH I walke in this estate,
 TyH his wrath be abate.

8025

When he and I accordyd be,
 Then wiH I wende to my contree.'

Now quod the kyng so free,
 'WiH thou this bateyle take for me?

8030

Or ellys I shaH Gett another.
 Telt thou me, my leve brodyr.'
 Gye seyde, 'therfor com I hedyr,
 I and Ionas to-geder.

At last the King
 asked him if he
 would undertake
 the fight.

Guy answered
 he would

With helpe of god in trinite
 This bateille wiH I take for the,

8035

And sle the paynym with my honde,
 With that thou graunte me this coveaunde,
 That Ionas and his sonnes ecchone
 ShaH be delyuerd, and that anone.'
 The kyng seyde, 'I the graunte.
 Mahoun me helpe & turmegaunte.'

on condition that
 Jonas and his
 sons should be set
 free at once.

8040

Granting this,
 the King wished
 him the help of
 Mahomet.

¹ *me*] *þe* erased
in MS.

Turnbull, p. 810,
l. 7989.

¶ 'Nay,' seyð Gij, 'bot Marie sone : 87

He mot me¹ to help come,

For Mahoun is worþ nouȝt.'

'Frende Youn,' seyð þe king,

'Under-stond now mi teling, 5

Al what ich haue y-pouȝt.

Ȝif þat þou may ouercom þe fiȝt,

& defende me wiþ riȝt

(þe wrong is on me souȝt),

So michel y schal for þe do, 10

þat men schal speke þer-of euer mo

As wide as þis wald is wrouȝt.

¶ Alle þe men þat in my prisoun be 88

þai schul be deliuerd for loue of þe

þat Cristen men be told.

Fram henne to Ynde þat cite

Quite-claym þai schul go fre 5

Boþe ȝong and old.

And so gode pes y schal festen anon,

þat Cristen men schul comen & gon

To her owen wille in wold.'

'Gramerci,' þan seyð sir Gij. 10

'þat is a fair ȝift, sikerly.

God leue þe it wele to hold.'

C. 7881. ¶ þe king dede make a baþe anon riȝt, 89

For to baþe Gij & better diȝt :

In silk he wald him schrede.

'Nay,' quod Gye, 'but Mary is sonne,
 That for vs on the rode was done :
 He be myn helpe for his mercye ;
 For I the sey weH sikerlye
 That Mahoun hath no poweste
 Nother to helpe the ne me.'
 Quod the kyng, 'my frende so dere, [p. 170]
 I wyH make a covenante here. 8045 For Mahomet is
 Yf thow myght the Geaunte sloo, worth nothing.'
 And bryng me owt of my woo, The King
 Thi god for the love of the promised
 Grete honoure shaH haue of me. if 'Youn' should
 8050 vanquish the
 giant,

AH crysten that I haue taken here 8055 to deliver all his
 ShaH be delyuerd with good chere. Christian
 In aH my lond of Alexaundre prisoners,
 Men shaH not the crysten dere.
 Ther shaH be none in hethenes,
 Man ne woman, more ne lesse, 8060
 That ys of crystiante
 But he here shaH delyuerd be ;
 And such a statute shaH I make
 For the and for goddes sake,
 That aH crysten her wey shaH wende 8065 and to grant
 Thorough-owt this land fayre & hende, Christians
 And, yf any be so hardye privileges in his
 To do them shame other villany, country.
 Be he neuer so bold ne stowte,
 He shaH be hanged with-owte dowzt. 8070
 'Sir,' quod Gye, 'graunte mercye !
 This [is] a feyer graunt, sekerlye.'

The kyng bad he shuld bathed be,
 'And yf hym Robes two or thre :
 AH his desire be hym brought ;

8075

- 'Nay, sir,' þan seyð sir Gij,
 'Swiche cloþes non kepe y, 5
 Also god me rede,
 To were cloþes gold-bi-go
 (For y was neuer wont þerto)
 No non so worþliche wede.
 Mete and drink anouȝ ȝiue me, 10
 & riche cloþes lat þou be :
 Y kepe non swiche prede.
- 1 In MS. the first three lines of st. 90 are written as if belonging to st. 89. ¶ 1 & when þe time com to þende, 90
 þat þai schuld to court wende,
 þer sembled a fair ferred.
 King Triamour maked him ȝare þo,
 And Fabour his sone dede also, 5
 Wiþ kniȝtes stiþe on stede.
 To court ward þan went he,
 MS. fol. 153r. a. To Espire, þat riche cite,
 Wiþ joie & michel prede.
 To þe Soudan þai went on heye 10
 Wiþ wel gret cheualrie,
 Bateyle² for to bede.
- 2 of him erased after Bateyle.
 C. 7899. ¶ Gij was ful wele in armes diȝt 91
 Wiþ helme, & plate, & brini briȝt,
 þe best þat euer ware.
 3 Read eluis ? þe hauberk he hadde was renis,³
 þat was king Clarels, y-wis, 5
 In Ierusalem when he was þare.
 A þef stale it in þat stede,
 & oway þerwiþ him dede :
 To heþenesse he it bare.
 Turnbull, p. 312, 1. 7987. King Triamours elders it bouȝt, 10
 4 þai it bouȝt MS. & in her hord house þai bouȝt⁴
 To hold it euer mare.

Loke that hym wante nowgh̃t.'

Rich clothes Guy
declined.

'Sir,' quod Gye, 'hold the styll.

Hit is nothing my wil

Riche Robis for to have :

[p. 171]

I am now but a pore knave.

8080

Mete and drynke geve me my fi

And then haue I a

He only wanted
enough to eat and
drink.

The kyng bad than that he shuld have

A that euer he wold crave.

The terme ys now come fu

8085

That the bateyle shuld be done :

The kyng was nobley dy

Triamour and
Fabour

And a

repaired to the
Soudan's Court.

To the sowdan wil they fare.

Forth they went, and that fu

8090

Sir Gye was armed and well dyght

Guy was well
armed.

As it fel to a worthi kny

On he had a good hawberke :

Hit was of a fu

His hauberk had
once been King
Clarel's.

In fer lond was hit wrought,

8095

And to the kyng for a present brought.

When hit com to Ierusalem,

Hit shone as the so

A theef hit stale with robberye,

And brought hit to Alexandrye.

8100

The auncetres of kyng tryamoure

Kepte hit with a gret tresoure.

¶ Sir Gij þai toke it in þat plas. 92

þritti winter afrayd it nas :

Ful clere it was of mayle,

As briȝt as ani siluer it was :

þe halle schon þerof as sonne of glas, 5

For soþe wiþouten fayle.

His helme was of so michel miȝt,

Was neuer man ouer-comen in fiȝt

þat hadde it on his ventayle.

It was Alisaunders, þe gret lording, 10

When he fauȝt wiþ Poreus þe king,

þat hard him gan aseyle.

¶ A gode swerd he hadde, wiþ-outen faille, 93

þat was Ectōrs in Troye batayle,

In gest as so men fint.

Ar he þat swerd dede forgon,

Of Grece he slouȝ þer mani on, 5

þat died þurch þat dint.

Hose & gambisoun so gode kniȝt schold,

A targe listed wiþ gold

Turnbull, p. 313,
l. 8011.

About his swere he hint.

Nas neuer wepen þat euer was make[d] 10

þat o schel miȝt þerof take,

Na more þan of þe flint.

¹ For MS,

¶ Or¹ king Triamours elders it lauȝt, 94

King Darri sum time it auȝt :

þat Gij was vnder piȝt.

MS. fol. 153r. b.

Ich man axe oþer bigan

Whennes & who was þat man 5

þat wiþ þe geaunt durst fiȝt.

C. 7939. King Triamour seyð wiþ wordes fre,

‘Sir Soudan, herken now to me,

Astow art hendy kniȝt.

- Hit was take for¹ tresorye
 At that ned to sir Gye.
 Thritty wynters and weH more
 Was hit not on-folden ore :
 Hit was so clere and so brygh^t,
 AH the haH shone of the lygh^t.
 He had an helme of oold werke, [p. 172]
 On euery syd styfe and sterke.
 Who that on his hed hit bere
 Shuld not be convicte in were.
 Hit was Alexaundris the kyng :
 He hit wan at a fyghtyng.
 He slow the kyng priamoure therfore,
 And wanne there much more.
 8105
- Although it had
 not been rubbed
 for thirty years,
¹ Read fro ?
 it was as bright
 as silver.
- His helmet
 8110
- had been King
 Alexander's when
 he fought with
 King Porus.
 8115
- He bare a swerd in hys honde :
 Ectour, the good knyzt, hyt fonde.
 Ther-with the grekⁱs many one,
 Or he lese [hyt], had he slone.
 He wold have yove for the fyndyng
 The weyght of gold and of other thyng.
 He had a ryght noble targe :
 Hit was grete, stronge, and large.
 There was no thyng that mygh^t hit dere,
 Knyfe, ne swerd, ne sharpe spere.
 8120
- His sword had
 belonged to
 Hector.
- His shield
 8125
- could be damaged
 by no weapon.
- When he was dight aH thus *sir* Gye,
 The paynymys of hym had ferlye.
 Euerych askyd other what he mygh^t be,
 Whens he com and fro what contre
 That for the kyng shuld fygh^t :
 Saw they neuer a fayrer¹ knygh^t.
 The kyng seyde than to the sowdan,
 'Heryth me now anon.
 I am com be-fore yow here
 8130
- Everybody
 wondered who
 Guy was.
 King Triamour
 8135

To þi court icham now come 10
 To defende me of þat ich gome
 þat is so stern of sizt.

¶ Þis litel kniȝt þat stont me by 95
 Schal fende me of þat felonie,
 & make me quite & skere.
 'Be stille,' seyð þe Soudan þo,
 'þat batail schal wel sone be go, 5
 Also brouke y mi swere.'

Turnbull, p. 314,
 l. 8035.

He dede clepe Amorant so grim,
 & Gij stode & loked on him,
 Hou foule he was of chere.
 'It is,' seyð Gij, 'no mannes sone : 10
 It is a deucl fram helle is come.
 What wonder doþ he here ?

¶ Who miȝt his dintes dreye, 96
 þat he no schuld dye an heye ?
 So strong he is of dede.
 þan speken þai alle of þe batayle :
 Where it schuld be, wiþ-outen fayle, 5
 þai token hem to rede.
 þan loked þai it schuld be
 In a launde vnder þe cite :
 þider þai gun hem lede.
 Wiþ a riuer it ern al about : 10
 þer-in schuld fiȝt þo kniȝtes stout.
 þai miȝt fle for no nede.

¶ Ouer þe water þai went in a bot, 97
 On hors þai lopen fot hot,
 þo kniȝtes egre of mode.

To deffend me in aH manere
 Of that wiked felonye
 That was put on me wikydlye.

Thorough this knyght that stondyth here [p. 173]

presented Guy to
 the Soudan as his
 champion.

I wiH prove that youre son dere 8140

Thorough his owen pursuet was dede,

My sonne defendaunte of that quede.'

'Kyng,' quod the sowdan, 'hast thou [hym] brought,

Hit shaH sone be don I have thought.'

He bad bryng forth that Geaunte, 8145

Of ynd a paynym, ameraunte.

He was armyd noblye :

Euery man of hym had ferlye.

His body was gret and swith longe :

He semyd to be wondyr stronge. 8150

Amoraunt was
 called,
 and Guy looked
 at him.

When Gye saw that ilke paynyme,

That was so much and so gryme,

'Iesu,' quod sir Gye than,

He said he was a
 devil of Hell.

'Hit is the devyH, it is no man.

Who shuld euer hys stroke stonde 8155

With-owten deth? noman levand !'

The battle was
 to take place on

Forth they wente to that bateyle

Hastily, with-oute fayle,

a lawn before the
 city.

In a feld with-owte the Cyte :

Ther was hyt ordeyned to be. 8160

When they com there they shuld fyght,

They daltyn strokis anone ryght.

The opponents
 mounted their
 steeds,

Tho they smytten to-geder faste,

- þai priked þe stedes þat þai on sete,
 & smiten togider wiþ dentes grete, 5
 & ferd as þai wer wode,
 Til her schaftes in þat tide
 Gun to schiuer bi ich a side
 Turnbull, p. 315, About hem þer þai stode. 1. 8059,
 þan þai drouȝ her swerdes grounde, 10
 & hewe togider wiþ grimli wounde,
 MS. fol. 153v. a. Til þai spradde al ablode.
- C. 7975.** ¶ Sir Amoraunt drouȝ his gode brond, 98
 þat wele carf al þat it fond,
 When he hadde lorn his launce :
 þat neuer armour miȝt wiþstond
 þat was made of smitþes hond 5
 In heþenesse no in Fraunce.
 It was sir Ercules þe strong,
 þat mani he slouȝ þer-wiþ wiþ wrong
 In batayle & in destaunce.
 þer was neuer man þat it bere 10
 Ouer-comen in batayle no in were,
 Bot it were þurch meschaunce.
- ¶ It was baped in þe flom of helle : 99
 A goddes¹ ȝaf it him to wille,
 He schuld þe better spede.
 Who þat bar þat swerd of miȝt,
 Was neuer man ouercomen in fiȝt, 5
 Bot it were þurch vnlede.
 þer worþ sir Gij to deþ y-brouȝt,
 Bot ȝif god haue of him þouȝt,
 Turnbull, p. 316, His best help at nede. 1. 8083,
 Togider þai wer ȝern heweinde 10
 Wiþ her brondes wele kerueinde,
 And maden her sides blede.

Euer whiles her sperys wold laste ;

and commenced
their fight.

But full sone that ylke tyde
They brokyn on pecys hem besyde.

8165 After their lances
had shivered to
pieces,

Then drew the[y] swerdys of good stele,
And fawght to-gedyr nobly wele.

they drew their
swords.

Ameraunte hys swerd drew owte :
Hyt was well sharpe all abowte.

[p. 174]

Amoraunt's

8170

sword could be
withstood by no
armour.

Hyt was Ercules swerd the wyght :
He had hyt borne in many fyght,
And therwith slayne many a mane.
Ameraunte hym selfe hyt wane.

It had once
belonged to
Hercules.

Hyt was put in water of hell,
Therfor hyt was kene and fell.

8175 It had been
bathed in the
river of Hell.

But god of hevyn thynke on Gye,
He shall be ded full hastilye.
With wrath sterte forth ameraunte,
To Gye he made a gret assawte.
Then to-Gedyr gan they fyght,
And daltyn strokis anone ryght.

Guy will meet
with his death
unless God think
of him.

8180

¶ Sir Amoraunt was agreued in hert, 100
& smot to Gij a dint ful smert

Wip alle þe miȝt he gan welde,
& hitt him on þe helme so briȝt,
þat alle þe stones of michel miȝt 5

Fleyȝe doun in þe feld.
Al of þe helme þe swerd out stint,
& forþ riȝt wip þat selue dint

Oþer half fot of þe scheld,
þat neuer was atamed ar þan 10
For kniȝt no for no noper man,
No were he neuer so beld.

¶ þe sadel bowe he clef atvo, 101
þe stedes nek he dede also,

Wip his grimli brond.

¹ MS. *when*.

Wip-uten wem¹ or ani wounde 5
Wele half a fot in-to þe grounde

þe scharp swerd it wond.

Sir Gij to grounde fallen is,

He stirt vp anon, y-wis,

Turnbull, p. 317,
l. 8107. MS.
fol. 153v. b.

& loked, & gan wip-stond.

Anon riȝt in þat ich stede 10

To god almiȝten he bad his bede,

& held vp boþe his hond.

¶ Sir Gij anon vp stirt 102

As man þat was agremed in hert,

Nouȝt wel long he lay.

'Lord,' seyde Gij, 'god al-miȝt,

þat made þe þerkenes to þe niȝt, 5

So help me to-day.

Scheld me fro þis geaunt strong,

þat y no dep of him afong,

Astow art lord verray.

Ameraunte smote Gye on the helme ryȝt
With hys swerd, that was so bryght :

Sir Amoraunt

He fellyd the flowres aȝ a-bowte
Of hys helme, that was so stoute,

8185 hit Guy on his
helmet,
so that all its
stones flew down.

That was neuer blemysshed ere
In no bateyle where it were.

The same stroke
cut off one foot
and a half of
Guy's shield,

Thorough hys sadyȝ he smote also
Hys good sted evyn in two,

8190 and cleft his
saddle-bow and
his steed's neck.

And yet felȝ the stroke down thore
To the erth a fote and more.

Sir Gye fyȝ to ground anone ;
Hys good stede vnder hym was slone.

Sir Guy fell to the
ground,
but rose again at
once.

After a prayer to
God,

'Lord,' he seyde, 'god aȝ-myȝte,
That madyst both day and nyȝt,
Sheld me from deth to-daye,
For well I wot that thow maye.
Kepe me, for thi swete grace,
That I be not slayne in this place.'

8195

[p. 175]

8200

þat dint,' he seyð, 'was iuel sett. 10
 Wele schal y com out of þi dett
 3if þat I libbe may.'

C. 8007. ¶ Gij hent his sward, þat was ful kene, 103
 & smot Amoraunt wiþ hert tene

A dint þat sat ful sore,
 þat a quarter of his scheld
 He made to fleye in þe feld 5

Al wiþ his grimli gore.
 þe stedes nek he smot atvo,
 Amoraunt to grounde is fallen þo :

Turnbull, p. 318,
 l. 8131.

Wo was him þerfore.
 þan wer on fot þo kniȝtes bold : 10
 Fiȝt ofot 3if þai wold.
 Her stedes þai han forlore.

¶ Amoraunt wiþ hert ful grim 104

Smot to Gij, & Gij to him,
 Wiþ strokes stern & stiue.
 Hard þai hewe wiþ swerdes clere,
 þat helme & sward, þat strong were, 5

þai gun hem al to-driue.
 Hard fouȝten þo champiouns,
 þat boþe plates & hauberiouns
 þai gun to ret & riue,
 & laiden on wiþ dintes gret. 10

Aiþer of hem so oper gan bete,
 þat wo was hem oliue.

C. 8025. ¶ Sir Amoraunt was agreued strong, 105

þat o man stode him þo so long.

To Gij a strok he rauȝt,
 & hit him on þe helme so briȝt,
 þat al þe floures fel doun riȝt. 5

Wiþ a ful grimly drauȝt

MS. fol. 154r. a.

Vpon hys feete he sterte full lyght,
As he that bold was and wyght.

Guy was resolved
to pay the giant
his debt.

He toke hys swerd *with* gret envye,
And smote Amaraunte tho in hye.

Of the helme the stroke glode,
And by the horse the stroke rode.

8205 Guy damaged
Amoraunt's
shield,

The stedys neke he smote in two :
The Geaunte fell to the erth tho ;

and killed his
steed.

But vp he stert *with*-owte dwellyng :
Therof playned he no-thing.

8210

He smote to Gye *with* all hys myzt,
And he hym, as a noble knyzt.
Tho they fowghten ryght faste there :
Nothor of hem wold other spare.

They fought very
obstinately.

They fowght *with* so grete Ire :
Oute of ther helmis sprange the fyre.

8215

They breke hawberkis¹ & shyldys :
The pecis flew in-to the fyldys.

¹ *hawberberkis*
MS.

They fought so faste *with* her brondys :
They corue theire armour *with* streng[t]h of handys.

Be-twene them was bateyle stronge,
And hyt lastyd swyth longe.

8221

Tho thought Amaraunt the² knyght
That he had be in many a fyght :

Vp he lyfte his arme on hye,

And thought to smyte sore *sir* Gye.

On the helme he hym smote,

The sercle of gold of hys swerd bote.

² *tho* MS.
Sir Amoraunt was
angry because he
could not van-
quish Guy.

8225

He damaged
Guy's helmet

- þe cercle of gold he carf ato,
 & forþ wiþ his dint also
 Turnbull, p. 319,
 l. 8155. þer bileued it nouzt :
 On þe scheld þe swerd doun fel, 10
 And cleue it in-to haluendel,
 Almost to grounde him brouzt.
- ¶ What wiþ þe swerdes out draweing, 106
 & wiþ his hetelich out braiding,
 þer fel a wonder cas :
 Sir Gij fel on knes to grounde,
 & stirt vp in þat selue stounde, 5
 & seyð, 'lord ful of grace,
 Neuer dint of kniȝt non
 No miȝt me are knele don
 In no stede þer y was.'
 Sir Gij hent vp his swerd fot hot, 10
 Amoraunt on þe hod he smot,
 1 þe þe MS. þat he stumbled in þe¹ place.
- ¶ He hit him on þe helme an heyȝe, 107
 & wiþ þat dint þe swerd it fleyȝe :
 Bi þe naseł it gan doun founde,
 & so it dede bi þe ventayle,
 & carf it ato, saunfaile, 5
 & in-to his flesche a wounde.
- His targe wiþ gold list
 He carf atvo þurch help of Crist,
 Turnbull, p. 320,
 l. 8179. He cleue þat ich stounde.
 So heteliche þe brond out he pliȝt, 10
 þat Amoraunt anon riȝt
 Fel on knes to grounde.

The swerd went down by hys chyne, [p. 176] and shield.
 The good sheld hyt stekyd Inne. 8230

Then to Gye he stert weſt stoute,
 And *with* so gret Ire he drow yt oute,

That on knees he fellyd *sir* Gye ; Guy was brought
 But vp he sterte full hastilye. on his knees,

Then was hys herte full of tene : 8235

‘Lady,’ he seyde, ‘hevyn quene,
 Never, sith I was borne in londe,
 Knelyd I erste for stroke of hande.’ which had never
 happened to him
 before.

Vp he caught hys swerd good,
 And smote the Geaunte ther he stode : 8240

With all hys streng[t]h & all hys myȝt Guy, hitting
 Vppon the helme he hyt hym Ryȝht. Amoraunt,

He fellyd hys sercle sett *with* stonys,
 That was Riche for the nonys.
 The aventaille, that was so thyke, 8245
 Held no more than a styke.

He karve the Flessh, the swerd in yode : wounded him,

Hys face was coueryd all *with* blode.
 Hys good hawberke he all to-reefe,
 The good shyld all to-cleefe. 8250

In the shyld the swerd *with*-stode :
 Of that stroke *sir* Gye thought good.
 As he wold the swerd draw owte,
 Amoraunte, that was so stoute,
 On knees and handys he mad hym fall ;
 But vp he sterte forth *with*-all,

8255 and made him fall
 on his knees.

C. 8071. ¶ So strong batayle was hem bitvene : 108

So seyð þai þat miȝt it sene

þat seye þai neuer non swiche,

þat neuer was of wiman born

Swiche to kniȝtes as þai worn, 5

þat fouȝten togider wiþ wreche.

On a day bifer þe natiuite

Of seyn Ion, þe martir fre,

þat holy man is to seche,

Togider fouȝt þo barouns boþe, 10

þat in hert wer so wroþe.

MS. fol. 154r. b.

Of loue was þer no speche.

¹ ¶ wanting in MS.

¶¹ Sir Amoraunt wiþ-drouȝ him 109

Wiþ loureand chere wroþ & grim,

For þe blod of him was lete,

þat drink he most, oþer his liif forgon :

So strong þrust ȝede him opon, 5

So michel was his hete.

‘ Fourti batayls ichaue ouercome,

Ac fond y neuer er moder sone

Turnbull, p. 321,
l. 8203.

þat me so sore gan bete.

Tel me,’ he seyð, ‘ what artow ? 10

Felt y neuer man ar now

þat ȝaf dintes so grete.

¶ Tel me,’ he seyð, ‘ wennes þou be ; 110

For þou art strong, so mot y the,

& of michel miȝt.’

As a bold man and a wyght,
 And hys swerd he hent a-none ryght.
 He smote full faste to *sir* Gye, [p. 177]
 And he to hym, full hardelyc. 8260

The erthe dynned all abowte
 Of her strok's herd and stowte.
 The fyre flye from her helmys bryght :
 That was a weH strong fyght !
 There was never
 so strong a battle!

Men [sayden] that syen that bateyle, 8265
 So faste eche other gan assayle,
 That such a fyght was neuer be-forne
 Of creatures that were of women borne.

The sonn was hote, the wedyr was clere,
 As ye mowe in the story here : 8270
 The morne after seynt Iohns daye
 In somers tyd, as I yow seye,
 This bateyle was ordeyned soo
 Betwene these noble knyght's two.

A Meraunte stode styH ryght 8275
 As a man that was very of fyght.

For hys blode that was aweye,
 And for the hete of the daye
 He was grevyd for thyrste so sore,
 That he muste drynke, or dye ryght thore. 8280

'Abyde,' he seyde, 'thow noble knyght :
 Founde I neuer none so wyght.
 Fourty Geaunt's haue I slayne :
 Strenger saw thou neuer nane ;
 Yet ne founde I neuer knyght, 8285
 Yf that I hyt hym a-ryght,

That myght stond me eny whyle,
 But he was slayne *with*-in a myle,
 But thow alone this ilke daye. [p. 178]

Tell me, knyght, by the laye, 8290
 Where were thow borne? in what londe,
 That thow arte so dowghthy man of honde?'

Sir Gij answerd, ' wip-outen bost,
 Cristen icham, wele þou wost, 5
 Of Ingland born, y plizt.
 King Triamour me hider brouzt
 For to defenden him, 3if y mouzt,
 Of þat michel vnriht
 þat 3e beren on him wip wou3, 10
 þat Fabour neuer Sadony slou3
 Noiper bi day no nigt.²
 ¶ 'O, artow Inglis?' seyde Amoraunt. 111
 'Now wald mi lord Teruagaunt
 þat þou were Gij þe strong!
 Mahoun 3af þat þou wer he!
 Blipe wald y þan be 5
 Batail of him to fong:
 For he hap destrud al our lawe,
 His heued wald ichaue ful fawe,
 Or heize on galwes hong;
 For keuer schal we neuer¹ more 10
 þat he hap don ous forlore
 Wip wel michel wrong.
 ¶ Wip michel wrong & michel wou3 112
 Fourti pousend of ous he slou3
 In Costentin on a day:
 He &² Herhaud, his felawe,
 Michel han destrud our lawe, 5
 þat euer-more mon y may.
 3if he wer slain wip brond of stiel
 þan were y wroken on hem³ ful wel
 þat han destrud our lay.
 Sir Gij answerd, ' whi seistow so?
 Hap Gij ani þing þe misdo?
 Amoraunt seyde, ' nay,
 ¶ Ac it wer gret worpschip, y-wis, 113
 To alle þe folk of hepenisse,
 þat y hadde so wroken mi kende.

Turnbull, p. 322,
l. 8227.

¹ MS. *neuer er*

² & added above
the line.

MS. fol. 154 v. n.

³ MS. *him*.

'Lysten,' quod Gye, 'and thow shalte here :

I with the tell in fayre manere.

I was borne in Englonde,

8295

And crystoned with pristis honde.

Now am I here for this thyng

To defende triamoure the kynge

That was wronge on hym leyde,

And with false wittnesse seyde.'

8300

'Arte thow Englysshe?' quod ameraunte.

'Lord It wold Termagaunte,

That thow were sir Gye, the noble knyghte,

That all men seyen ys so wyght!

A glad man shuld I be one :

8305

Hys hede were myn a-none.

Hit shaft neuer be restoryde a-geyne

That he & his men haue distroyde and slayne.

He and his men with-oute bateyle

Slown on a day, with-owten fayle,

8310

Fourty thowsand of oure men,

And of hem were not dede ten.

Yf he were slayne in ony gyse,

And eke sir herrawd the wise,

Of all that in the world were

Ne yave I not an here.'

'Wherfor,' quod Gye, 'arte thow wroth?

Dyd they the ony lothe?

Hit were gret synne and shame

[p. 179]

To slee sir Gye with-oute blame.'

8320

'Nay,' he seyde, 'it were no synne,

Hearing that he
was an English-
man,

he wished he
were Guy,

who had done
much harm to
Amorant's
religion

by killing 40,000
men at Con-
stantinople

with the help
of Herhaud.

To slay Guy and
Herhaud

But greates honoure for me to wyne.'

Quod ameraunte to hym thanne,

would be a great
honour to all
cheatendom.

C. 8105.

Cristen,' he seyde, 'listen to me.

þe weder is hot, astow may se ;

5

Y pray þe, leue frende :

Leue, to drink þou lat me gon

For þe lordes loue þou leuest on,

Turnbull, p. 323,
l. 8251.

Astow art gode & hende.

For þrist mi hert wil to-spring,

10

& for hete, wip-uten lesing,

Mi liue wil fro me wende.

¶ & 3if y schal be þus aqueld

114

þurch strong hete in þe feld

It were ozain þe skille :

Unworþschipe it war to þe,

It were þe gret vilete

5

¹ Another *loud*
expunged.

In wat lond¹ þou com tille.

Ac lete me drink a litel wiȝt

For þi lordes loue ful of miȝt

þat þou louest wip wille,

& y þe hot bi mi lay,

10

3if þou haue ani þrest to-day,

þou shalt drink al þi fille.'

¶ Sir Gij answerd, 'y graunt þe,

115

& 3ete to-day þou 3eld it me

Wip-uten ani fayle.'

C. 8127.

² *ful* struck out
after *glad*.

& when he hadde leue of sir Gij

He was ful glad,² sikerli :

5

No lenger nold he dayle.

To þe riuer ful swiþe he ran,

His helme of his heued he nam,

Turnbull, p. 324,
l. 8275.

& vnaced his ventayle.

When he hadde dronken alle his fille

10

He stirt vp wip hert grille,

& sir Gij began to asayle.

¶ 'Kniȝt,' he seyde, '3eld þe biliue ;

116

For þou art giled, so mot y priue.

³ *adrink* MS.

Now ichaue a drink,³

' Here thow me, thow c̃rysten manne !
 Hit is grete hete, as thow mayste see :
 For thi goddis love and thi crystiantee,
 Yeve me, leve, yf hit be thi wiȝt,
 Ons leve to drynke my fiȝt.

He asked Guy

8325

to let him slake
his thirst,

For thryste I haue so much woo :
 Me thyneketh my herte wiȝt breke in two.

which otherwise
would kill him,

8330

And yf so be thow slow me here
 Thus for thurste in any were,
 Schuldyste thow neuer preysed be
 Here ne in no contre,
 But grete shame hit were for the.
 This respite I aske of the
 For his love that dyed on tree,
 And such a covenante I make wiȝt the,
 Here-after, yf nede bee,
 Yf thow thirste, and wiȝt drynke here,
 I wiȝt the graunte wiȝt weȝt good chere.'

to his opponent's
shame.

8335

8340 Guy should have
the same favour,
when needed.

' Syr,' quod Gye, ' thow seyst wele.
 Go drynke I-nough, be seynt mygheȝt.'
 When he herd that word than
 He was a fuȝt Ioy-fuȝt man.
 He opyned vंबर that tyde,
 And keeled hym on euery syde.
 He dranke Inowgh at his wyȝt,
 And euer stode Gye ther stone styȝt. [p. 180]
 When he com sir Gye nere
 He resoned hym on this manere.

8345 Having got
Guy's permission,Amoraunt ran
to the river,

8350

drank his fill,

' Sir knyght,' he seyde, ' yeld the now :
 Thow shalt be dede sone as I-trow.
 Of thi prow haddyst thow no thought,

and recommenced
the fight,

MS. fol. 155v. b.

Icham as fresche as ich was amorwe :

þou schalt dye wiþ michel sorwe,

5

For-soþe, wiþouten lesing.¹

þan þai drowen her swerdes long,

þo kniȝtes þat wer stern & strong,

Wiþ-outen more dueling,

& aiþer gan oþer þer asayle ;

10

& þer bi-gan a strong bataile

Wiþ wel strong fiȝting.

¶ Amoraunt was ful egre of mode,

117

& smot to Gij as he wer wode

(Ful egre he was to fiȝt),

þat a quarter of his scheld

He made it fleye into the feld,

5

¹ Read on ?And of¹ his brini briȝt :

Of his scholder þe swerd glod doun,

þat boþe plates & hauberioun

Turnbull, p. 325,
l. 8299.

He carf atvo, y pliȝt,

Al to þe naked hide, y-wis,

10

& nouȝt of flesche atamed is

þurch grace of god almiȝt.

- Of thi deth lytill thow rought,
 When thow in thyn herte myz[t] thynke¹
 To yeve me leve for to drynke.
 My maner I shaß the saye :
 Had I fought aß the somers daye
 Fro the morrow to the derke nyght,
 Yf that I ons drynke myght,
 In the world is none so dowghly a knyght,
 That I nere hardy wíth hym to fyght.
 Deffende the now,' quod ameraunte.
 'Yes,' quod Gye, 'wíth-oute defendaunte.'
 They smyt to-gedyr at the laste
 With swerdís on her helmis faste.
Now there begynneth a gret bateyle,
 Eche gan other faste assayle :
 Here none wold, for deth to drede,
 Flee from other owte of that stede.
 Her strokís were so vnryde,
 Her armoure brake vnto the hyde.
 Her helmys breke and her schyldys :
 The pecis flew in-to the fyldys.
 The mayles of her good hawberkís
 Sprongen owte as it were sperkís.
 They fall on knees full ofte both :
 Hit semyd weß that they were wrothe. [p. 181]
 Ameraunte wíth Grete Envye
 With aß hys myzte he smote sîr Gye :
 The creste of hys helme he hyt so,
 That he smote yt evyn in two ;
 And a grete pece of hys sheelde
 He smote a-weye in-to the feelde,

8355 being again as
 fresh as in the
 morning.
¹ MS. *myzthynke*

8360

8365

8370

8375

8380 Amoraunt

damaged Guy's
 shield,

8385 coat of mail,

¶ þe scharp swerd doun gan glide 118

Fast bi sir Gyes side

(His knew it com ful neye),

þat gambisoun & iambler

Boþe it karf atvo y-fere : 5

¹ MS. originally
fleyee.

Into þerþe þe swerd it fleye¹

Wip-uten wem or ani wounde

Half a fot in-to þe grounde,

þat mani man it seye.

& when Gij seye þat fair grace, 10

þat noþing wounded he was,

Iesu he þanked on heye.

¶ & when Gij feld him so smite 119

He was wroþ, 3e mow wite :

To Amoraunt he gan reken.

He hent his brond wip wel gode wille,

& stroke to him wip hert grille : 5

His scheld he gan to-breken.

So hetelich Gij him smot,

þat into þe scholder half a fot

Turnbull, p. 326,
l. 8323.

þe gode swerd gan reken ;

& wip þat strok Gij wip-drou3 : 10

Weri he was forfou3ten y-nou3 ;

MS. fol. 155r, a.

To Amoraunt he gan speken.

C. 8173.

¶ ' Sir Amoraunt,' þan seyde Gij, 120

' For godes loue now merci,

3if that þi wille be.

Ichau swiche þrist þer y stonde,

Y may vnneþe drawe min hond ; 5

þerfore wel wo is me.

3eld me now þat ich dede :

Y 3af þe leue to drink at nede.

Astow art hende & fre,

Leue, to drink þou lat me go, 10

As it was couenaunt bitven ous tvo :

For loue y pray þe.'

doublet, and
armour for the
legs,

And into the erthe a fote and more :
Aȝ spake therof that were thore.
Of that dynte Gye had wondre :
Hys armoure smetyn was in sondre,
But his Flessch had no scathe :
He thankyd god of hevyn rathe.

8390 but Guy himself
was not wounded.

But he was astonyed swyth sare :
Therof he had grete care.
To hym he had gret Envye,
That he ne were a-vengyd̃ hastylye.

Guy was very
angry,

8395 and hit Amoraunt
with a will.

He smote Ameraunte the knyght,
He smote hym in the shild ryght
Halfe a fote and som dele more :
Therwith the Geauntis flessch he shore.
Therwith a-bakwarde drew *sir* Gye ;
For he was a-thryst, sykyrly.

8400 But Guy was
weary,

‘ For my love I the praye,
Geve me leve to drynke this daye.
I am so a-thriste, I may not stonde,
Ne hold my swerd vnneth in hande.
I pray the now of drynke thi grace,
Other I for thryste dye in this place.

and asked
Amoraunt

Do me now that ilke deed
That I dyd to the in thy nede,
That thou me hyȝht vtterlye
With-oute any shame or velanye,
I shuld me reste vtterly at my wyȝ,
And drynke therto aȝ my fiȝ.’

8405

to give him leave
to drink.

[p. 182]

8410

¶ 'Hold þi pes,' seyð Amoraunt, 121

'For, bi mi lord sir Teruagaunt,

Leue no hastow non.

Ac now þat y þe soþe se,

þat þou ginnes to feynt þe, 5

þine heued þou schalt forgon.'

¹ *gij* added in the margin.

'Amoraunt,' seyð Gij,¹ 'do ariȝt:

Lete me drink a litel wiȝt

Turnbull, p. 327,
l. 8347.

As y dede þe anon,

& togider fiȝt we: 10

Who schal be maister we schal se,

Wiche of ous may oþer slon.'

¶ 'Hold þi pays,' seyð Amoraunt, 122

'Y nil nouȝt held þe couenaunt

For ful þis toun of gold;

For when ichaue þe sleyn now riȝt

þe Soudan, treweli, haþ me hiȝt 5

His lond ȝif me he schold

Euermore to haue & hold fre,

& ȝiue me his douȝter briȝt o ble,

þe miriest may on mold:

When ichaue þe sleyn þis day 10

He schal ȝiue me þat fair may

Wiþ alle his lond to hold.

¶ Ac do now wele & vnarme þe, 123

& trewelich ȝeld þou þe to me:

Oliue y lat þe gon.

& ȝif þou wilt nouȝt do bi mi red

þou schalt dye on iuel ded: 5

Riȝt now y schal þe slon.'

'Nay,' seyð Gij, 'þat war no lawe:

Ich hadde leuer to ben to-drawe

þan swiche a dede to don.

- Quod ameraunte, 'so muste I the,
 Thou shalt haue no leue for me. 8415
 I wiȝt rygȝt here a-none the sloo,
 Or thow shalte to the water goo.'
 'For Iesu crystes love,' seyd sir Gye,
 'Gentiȝ knyȝt, now mercy.
 Yf I were in this stede 8420
 For strengith of thriste done to dede,
 Shuldyst thow neuer preysed be
 Here ne in no contre.
 Do now as an hende knyȝt,
 And abyde a lytiȝ wight, 8425
 Tiȝ I haue dronke as I haue tighȝt :
 Than to-gedir wiȝ we¹ fyȝt.
 Then shaȝ we seen sone in hye
 Who shaȝ haue the maistrie.'
 'Nay,' seyd ameraunte, 'be my honde, 8430
 I wiȝ to no covenauante stonde
 For this Cite fuȝ of treasure,
 That I ne shaȝ distroye kyng triamoure.
 When I haue smytten of thine he[v]eȝt,
 And kyng triamoure his honour be-revyȝt, 8435
 The sowdan be-hyȝt me his land,
 And therto he held vp his rygȝt honde.
 The sowdan hath a dowȝter dere,
 She is feyer in aȝ manere : [p. 183]
 I haue her desyred ouer aȝ thyng ; 8440
 I shaȝ her haue, that mayden yenge.
 My frend,' he seyd, 'yeld the nowe :
 Hit shaȝ be much for thi prowte.
 Do of aȝ thine armoure as tyte,
 Yf thow wilt passe with thi lyfe quyte : 8445
 But thow wilt I shaȝ the sloo,
 For-soth, or thow to water goo.'
 Then answeyȝt sir Gye fuȝ hastilye,
 'That shaȝ neuer be, fuȝ sekerlye.
 I wold not that for aȝ this londe, 8450

Amoraunt,
 however,

refused to do so,

hoping to kill
 Guy now,

¹ MS. J.

and to be re-
 warded by the
 Sultan

with the hand of
 his daughter

and all his land.

If Guy would
 surrender,

his life should
 be spared ;

but Guy answered
 he would rather
 die.

Ar ich wald creaunt zeld me 10
 Ich hadde leuer an-hanged be,
 & brent boþe flesche & bon.'

C. 8215. ¶ þan seyð Amoraunt, 'at a word, 124
 Bi þe treuþe þou owe þi lord,
 þat þou louest so dere,
 Tel me what þi name it be,
 & leue to drink ȝiue y þe 5
 þi fille of þis riuer.
 þou seyð þi name is sir Youn :
 It is nouȝt so, bi seyn Mahoun,
 It is a lesing, fere.
 Ȝif þi name were Youn riȝt 10
 þou nere nouȝt of so miche miȝt,
 No þus vnþiknowen here.'

¶ 'Frende,' seyð Gij, 'y schal telle þe : 125
 Astow art hendi man & fre,
 þou wray me to no wiȝt.
 Gij of Warwike mi name it is :
 In Inglond y was born, y-wis. 5
 Lete me now drink wiþ riȝt.'
 When Amoraunt seye, sikerly,
 þat it was þe gode Gij
 þat oȝaines him was diȝt,
 He loked on him wiþ michel wrake 10
 Sternliche wiþ his eyȝen blake,
 Wiþ an vnsemli siȝt.

¶ 'Sir Gij,' he seyð, 'welcom to me ! 126
 Mahoun, mi lord, y thank þe
 þat ich haue þe her-inne.
 Michel schame þou hast me don :
 þi liif þou schalt astite forgon, 5
 þi bodi schal atvinne,

While I may endure on fote to stonde
 Certes, I wil not yeld me in this fyght,
 While that I haue ony mayne or myzte.'

'Sey me,' quod the paynyme thann ;
 'WeH I wote thow arte a crysten man :

Then Amoraunt
 8455

I se weH thow arte both bold & wyzte,
 And me thow haste fuH yH I-dyghit ;
 For I haue many a sore wounde,
 And thou arte both hole & sounde.

offered to let Guy
 drink if he would
 tell him his right
 name.

So god of hevyn the shyld fro shame,
 Tell me here now thi ryght name.

8460

With that forward thow make no lesynge,
 Thow shalt haue of me aH thyn askynge.

Thow seyst thy name ys clepid Iohn :
 Thow hast a nother name, be my crown.

8465

Certes, yf thow aryght so clepyd were,
 Hit were more knowen, be my swere.'

'I shaH the seye,' quod Gye than,

So he told him

'So thow tell it to no notherman. [p. 184]

My name ys Gye of warwyke :

8470

I trow thow wilt me not be-swyke.

he was Guy of
 Warwick.

I fyght for kyng triamoure

With-owte any more tresoure.'

When ameraunte herd fuH ryght

Amoraunt, know-
 ing his opponent
 was Guy,

That he was sir Gye, the noble knyzt,

8475

'Sir,' he seyde, 'be hevyn kyng,
 Now haue I my desire in aH thyng.

WeH art thow now fownden here.

I fynd hit soth in aH manere

That many man hath seyde of the.

8480 threatened him
 with death,

Yeld the now ryght here to me.

& þine heued, bi Teruagaunt,
 Mi leman schal haue to presaunt,
 þat comly is of kinne.
 Hennes-forward, siker þou be, 10
 Leue no tit þe non of me,
 For al þis world to winne.'

C. 8247. ¶ 'Allas,' seyð Gij, 'what schal y don? 127
 Now y no may haue drink non
 Mine hert brekeþ ato.'

MS. fol. 155 v. a. Anon he biþouzt him þenne
 Riht to þe riuer he most renne : 5
 He turned him, & gan to go.
 Amoraunt wiþ swerd on hond
 He thouzt haue driuen Gij to schond :

Turnbull, p. 330, Wip sorwe he wald him slo.
 l. 8419. Gij ran to þe water riht : 10
 Bot on him þenke god almiht
 Vp comeþ he neuer mo.

¶ þo was sir Gij in gret drede. 128
 In þe water he stode to his girdel stede,
 & þat þouzt him ful gode.
 In þe water he dept his heued anon,
 Ouer þe schulders he dede it gon ; 5
 þat keled wele his blod.

& when Gij hadde dronken anouz
 Hetelich his heued vp he drouz
 Out of þat ich flod ;
 & Amoraunt stode opou þe lond 10
 With a drawen swerd in hond,
 & smot Gij þer he stode.

¶ Hetelich he smot Gyoun : 129
 Into þat water he fel adoun
 Wip þat dint vnride,

I shaſſ haue my wiſſ to-day

Of that I haue longid aye.

Certeis, thyn hed here wiſſ I of smyte,

And bere hit to the mayde also tye.

8485

Now shaſſ thow weſſ vndyrſtond

That I wold not for aſſ this lond

Onys to let the drynke aſſ thi fyſſ :

Then myȝt I hope te ſped fuſſ yſſ.'

and would not let
him drink for all
the world.

'Kyng of heven,' quod *sir* Gye,

8490 So Guy

'But I drynke ſhortly I dye.'

He hath thouȝt for aſſ hys ſaw

To wend and drynke a litiſſ thraw.

He toke his cours & Ran fuſſ ryȝt :

ran to the river,

Drynke he muſte, or faſſ down tyȝht.

8495

Ameraunt gan faſte after to goo

With hys ſwerd hym for to ſloo.

followed by Amo-
raunt.

Gye ſtert in-to the water depe :

But Ieſu cryſte hym ther did kepe, [p. 185]

Out of the water ſhaſſ he not wyn :

8500

He was nere-hand a-drownyd theryn).

Now ys Gye in a ſtronge caſe :
The water ouer hys gyrdyſſ was.

Guy went into the
water to his waſt,

Hys hed he ſmote depe down) :

The water was ouer hys crown.

8505 and dived

Ameraunder ſmote at hym ſo wele,

That in the water he made hym knele.

to cool his blood.

The water hym cloſyd aſſ abowte :

Having drunk
enough, he raiſed
his head,

He held hym in, he myȝht not oute.

and was ſo vio-
lently attacked by
Amoraunt,

When *sir* Gye had dronke I-nough

8510

He thankyd god, and faſte he lough.

Vp he ſterte as knyȝt fuſſ ſtoute :

that he fell down
in the water.

- þat þe water arn him about.
 Sir Gij stirt vp in gret dout : 5
 For noþing he nold abide,
 & schoke his heued as kniȝt bold.
 ‘In þis water icham ful cold
 Turnbull, p. 331, Wombe, rigge, & side,
 1. 8443. & no leue, sir, ich hadde of þe, 10
 & þer-fore haue þo[u] miche maugre,
 & iuel þe mot bi-tide.’
C. 8269. ¶ Sir Gij stirt vp, wiþouten fayl, 130
 & Amoraunt he gan to asayl :
 To fiȝt he was ful boun.
 Hard togider þai gan to fiȝt :
 Of loue was þer no speche, y pliȝt, 5
 Bot heweing wiþ swerdes broun.
 ‘Amoraunt,’ þan seyde Gij,
 ‘þou art ful fals, sikerly,
 & ful-filt of tresoun.
 No more wil y trust to þe 10
 For no bihest þou hottest me :
 MS. fol. 155 v. b. þou art a fals glotoun.’
 ¶ Hard togider þai gun fiȝt : 131
 Fro þe morwe to þe niȝt
 þat long somers day,
 So long þai fouȝten boþe þo.
 Wiche was þe better of hem to 5
 Noman chese no may.
 Bot at a strok as Amoraunt cast,
 Sir Gij mett wiþ him in hast,
 Turnbull, p. 332, & tauȝt him a sori play :
 1. 8467. þe riȝt arme wiþ þe swerd fot hot 10
 Bi þe scholder of he it smot,
 To grounde it fleye oway.
 ¶ When Amoraunt feld him to smite 132
 In his left hond wiþ michel hete
 þe swerd he hent fot hot :

The water ran down hym all abowte.
 He shoke hys hed, & seyde full ryght:
 'I-thankyde be Iesu full of myghte. 8515
 In cold water hast thou bathid me,
 But name had I none for the.'

Oute of the water he made a sawte,
 Anon he smote to Amoraunte.
 An hard bateyle ther began : 8520
 They fowght *with* gret hertis than.
 They thougt how eche myght other scath :
 Were they neuer be-fore so wrath.
 'Theef,' quod Gye, 'haue thou mawgrye.
 I-thankyde be god in trynite : 8525
 Now am I colyde at my wyll,
 And therto haue dronke all my fill.
 In the shall I neuer affye ;
 For thou arte a treytour, sekerlye.' [p. 186]
 Tho they fowghten to-gedyr faste, 8530
 While the somers day wold laste :
 Tyll hit come to the mone lyght,
 Euer fast gan they fyght ;
 Yet couth no man the soth seye,
 Who bare hym best that ilke daye. 8535
 The Geaunte had a venu caste,
 And *sir* Gye counteryde hym at the laste.
 The ryght hand was the swerd *with-yn* :
 Gye smote hyt of *with* Ioye and wyn).

But, springing up,
 he closed with
 Amoraunt,

reproaching him
 with his treach-
 ery.

They fought from
 the morning to
 the night.

At last, Guy

cut off Amoraunt's
 right arm.

When the Geaunt was wounded sare, 8540
 Hys hert was full of Ire and care.
 Vp he toke his good bronde

Then Amoraunt
 tried to continue
 the fight with his
 left hand,

As a lyoun þan ferd he,
 þritti sautes he made & þre 5
 Wiþ his swerd, þat wel bot ;
 Bot for þe blod þat of him ran
 Amoraunt strengþe slake bigan.

When Gij þat soþ wot,
 þat Amoraunt was¹ faynting, 10
 Sir Gij him folwed wiþouten dueling :
 þat oþer hond of he smot.

¶ When Amoraunt had boþe hondes forlore 133
 A wreche he held him-self þefore :

His wit was alto-dreued.
 On sir Gij he lepe wiþ alle his miȝt,
 þat almast he had feld him doun riȝt, 5

& sir Gij was agreued,
 & stirt bisiden fot hot,
 & Amoraunt in þe nek he smot :

Turnbull, p. 333,
 l. 8491. His miȝt he haþ him bireued.
 He fel to grounde, wiþouten faile, 10
 & sir Gij vnaced his ventayle,
 & he strok of his heued.

C. 8313. ¶ Ouer þe water he went in a bot, 134

& present þer-wiþ fot hot
 þe king, sir Triamour.

þe king, sir Triamour, þan
 Went to þat riche Soudan, 5
 & also his sone Fabour.

¹ was added under
 the line. þan was¹ þe Soudan swiþe wo :

MS. fol. 156 r, a. Quite-claim he lete hem go

Wiþ wel michel honour.

FuH sone in hys lyfte honde :

Twenty sawtes he mad to *sir* Gye

In a stounde, and that fuH hastyly, 8545

As he were a wod lyon,

But euer he kept him¹ weH *sir* Gyoune.

but his strength
began to fail,

Ameraunt tho at the laste

Began for to febyH faste :

For he had so fought aH this daye, 8550

And his blod [was] nyȝe a-weye,

and Guy bereft
him of his other
arm.

His streng[t]h gan faste to slake,

And his body gan for to ake.

Gye a-perceyved hit fuH weH,

And besteryd hym faste, so haue I hele : 8555

That other arme he smote in two,

That arme and shuldre feH hym froo.

When that other arme was lore,

‘Alas,’ he seyde, ‘that euer I was bore ;’ [p. 187]

To Gye rode as an hounde, 8560

And bare *sir* Gye nere to the grounde

He sprang on
Guy,

With hys hed be-fore the herte,

That *sir* Gye aH a-bakward sterte.

But Gye kept hym weH with-aH,

And mad hym to the erth to faH. 8565

but was wourded
in his neck,

Hys aventayle tho from hym he revyde,

And then he smote of hys he[v]ede.

and fell down.

In hys hond he hit hent,

Guy struck off his
head,

And to kyng tryamoure sone he went.

The kyng hit toke sone anone,

8570 which was taken
by him to King
Triamour,

And sent it to the proud sowdan.

When the sowdan hit gan seen

who as well as his
son Fabour

He for-yave the kyng aH his tene ;

Therwith he yave hym noble thyng,

Gold, siluer, and rich clothyng.

8575 was acquitted by
the Sultan,

¹ MS. *hem*.

Into Alisaunder þai went, þat cite, 10
 & ladde wiþ hem sir Gij þe fre,
 þat hadde ben her socour.

¶ þe king tok þerl Ionas þo, 135
 & clept him in his armes to,
 & kist him swete, ich wene,
 An hundred times & ȝete mo,
 & quite-claim he lete him go 5
 & his sones fiftene.

‘Erl Ionas,’ seyd þe king,
 ‘Herken now to my teling,

Turnbull, p. 334,
 l. 8515.

& what ichil mene :
 ‘For mi liif þou sauedest me, 10
 Half mi lond ich graunt þe

Wiþ þis kniȝt strong & kene.
 ¶ Vnderstond to me, sir kniȝt : 136
 Mahoun ȝaue ful of miȝt

þou wost duelle wiþ me !
 þridde part mi lond y ȝiue þe to :
 Michel honour ichil þe do, 5
 A riche prince make þe.

¹ þow added over
 the line.

Y nil nouȝt þou¹ forsake god þine :
 þou art bileueand wele afine
 Better may no be.’

Sir Gij answerd him ful stille, 10
 ‘Sir, of þi lond nouȝt y nille,
 For-soþe y telle þe.’

C. 8335. ¶ þat erl to Ierusalem went anon, 137
 Gij of Warwike wiþ him gan gon
 & alle his sones on rawe.

þerl wold ȝif he miȝt
 Wite þe name of þat kniȝt, 5
 ȝif he him euer-more sawe.

In conseyl, ‘sir kniȝt,’ þan seyd he,
 ‘þat þou Youn dost clep þe,
 þou no hatest nouȝt so, y trowe.

Turnbull, p. 335,
 l. 8539.

and took Guy to
Alexandria.

Triamour set Earl
Jonas

'Erle Ionas,' tho quod the Kynge,
'Good tydyng I wiȝ the brynge.
Thow hast savyd my lyfe so dere
Thorowgh this knyȝt, that stondith now here.
By that god on whome I trowe,
I wiȝ make the lord nowe
Of aȝ my land fere and nere :
I make the lord and master here.'
'Sir,' he seyȝ, 'Graunte mercy !
God yow yeld and seynt marye.'

8580

and his 15 sons at
liberty,

8585

and offered to
bestow on Jonas
and Guy half his
kingdom.

Tho seyȝ the kyng to Gye so free,
'Sir,' he seyȝ, 'I prey the to dwell *with* me :
Thou shalte haue of me ryȝt gret honoure,
Meny a good Cite, casteȝ, and towre. [p. 188]
I wiȝ season into thyn hande
Evyn halfen deale of my lande.
I wiȝ not thow leve thi laye :
Thow arte a trew knyȝt, be this daye.'
'Sir,' quod Gye, 'graunte mercye !
I wiȝ hit not, sekerlye.'

8590

8595

But Guy did not
accept anything.

The Erle toke leve of the kyng,
And forth they went, *with*-oute lesyng.
With hym he toke *sir* Gye the wyȝht,
And went to Ierusalem full ryȝht.
The Erle hym be-thought vpon a daye
He wold wit yf that he maye
From whens he cam that noble knyȝte,
'And what his name ys he sey me aryȝht.'
On the morne he com to *sir* Gye,

He went with
Jonas to Jerusa-
lem.

Jonas wanted to
know his ryȝt
name.

8600

For Iesu loue y pray þe,
 þat died on þe rode tre,
 þi riȝt name be aknawe.' 10

¶ Sir Gij seyð, 'þou schalt now here, 138
 Seþþen þou frainest me in þis maner :
 Mi name ichil þe sayn.

MS. fol. 156 r. b. Gij of Warwike mi name is riȝt.

Astow art hende & gentil kniȝt, 5
 To non þou schalt me wrayn.
 Batayl for þi loue y nam,
 & þe geaunt ouer-cam ;
 þerof icham ful fain.'

When þerl seye it was sir Gij 10
 He fel doun on knes him bi,
 & wepe wiþ boþ his ayn.

¶ 'For godes loue,' he seyð, 'merci ! 139
 Whi artow so pouer, sir Gij,
 & art of so gret valour ?
 Here ich ȝiue þe in þis place
 Al þerldam of Durras, 5
 Cite & castel tour :

þi man ichil bicomē & be,
 & alle mi sones forþ wiþ me

Turnbull, p. 336,
 l. 8563.

Schal com to þi socour ;
 For þe priis of heþen lond 10
 þou hast purch douhtines of hond
 Wonne wiþ gret vigour.'

And asked hym fuȝ prevelye, 8605

‘Sir knyȝt,’ he seid, ‘what is thi name?

Teȝ me, so god shyld the from shame.

Thow seydyȝt that thow hyȝtyst Ioȝn :

Thow hast a nother name, be my crowȝ.

For that goddis love I byd the 8610

That sufferd deth vppon a Rood tre,

And *with* his preciose blode vs aȝ dere bowȝt,

Teȝ me thi name here, and lye me nouȝt.’

Then seyde Gye, ‘thow shalt here,

So Guy told him

For thow me askyst in feyre manere. 8615

Loke thow discouer me neuer more,

For gret shame and synne yt wore.

Gye of Warewyke ys my name :

his right name
was Guy of War-
wick,

Though I be pore thynketh me no shame. [p, 189]

charging him to
keep his secret.

Now have I fought for the here, 8620

And sleyn the Geaunte stoute & fere.’

When Ionas herd vtterlye

That he was the noble knyȝt *sir* Gye,

He feȝ on knees be-fore hym in hye :

Gye hym toke vp fuȝ hastilye. 8625

Jonas wept at
Guy’s feet,

‘A lord,’ he seyde, ‘Gye, mercye !

Why go ye now thus porelye ?

Ne be ye man of mykeȝ myȝt ?

Ther was neuer on erth a trewer knyȝt.

Myn Erldom, *sir*, wiȝ I yow yeve 8630

and offered him
the earldom of
Durrus.

Euer more whilest that I leve.

My sonnes aȝ fyftene *with* me

We wiȝ yow *serue* as oure lord free.¹

¹ MS. *dere*.

We shaȝ yow swere by god on rode

That we shaȝ neuer chalenge therof good 8635

The mowntenaunce & valure of on peny,

For ye have hyt won vtterlye :

And ye ne had be, *sertes*, we had be dede.

Now, gentiȝ *sir* Gye, do be my rede.’

¶ ‘Erl Ionas,’ þan seyð sir Gij, 140
‘Mi leue frende, gramerci
For þi gode wille!
þan schustow hire me al to dere
To ȝiue me þi lond in swiche manere; 5
þer-of nouȝt y nille.
To ȝour owen cuntre wendeþ hom :
God biteche y ȝou euerichon.
Mi way ichil ful-fille.’
þan went & kist him eueri man : 10
þerl so sore wepe bigan,
þat miȝt him no man stille.
¶ þerl to Durras went anon 141
& his sones euerichon,
Were scaped out of care.
Gij þan in his way is nome :
For þat þe geaunt was ouer-come, 5
Ful bliþe þan was he þare.
Into Grece þan went he,
& souȝt halwen of þat cuntre,
þe best þat þer ware.
Seþþe forþ in his way he ȝede 10
þurch-out mani vncouþe þede :
To Costentyn he is y-fare.

Turnbull, p. 337,
1. 8587.

MS. fol. 156v. a.

[Cf. Reinbroun 1—31]

Sir Gye answeyrd full noblye, 8640 But Guy

'Sir, much thanke and graunte *mercy*!

To weſt ye quyte me my *servyse*

Yf that ye dyd in ſuch a wiſe.

To my land now wiſt I fare :

Haue good day for euer-mare.' 8645 declined it,

They kyſſed to-geder when they ſhuld goo :

They wept whan gye departid, & made mykyſt woo.

and left him.

The Earl returned
to Durras,

Now wendyth *sir* Gye fro that place,

And thanked allmyghty god of hys grace. [p. 190]

Forth he went to grece full ryght,

8650 ¹ MS. *ther a*
stonde ther.

Of hys ded he was full lyght.

When he had dwellyd a stonde thare¹

To costantyne the noble can he fare.

went through
Greece
and other
countries to Con-
stantinople.

Speke we now of² this storye

² Read *in*?

C. 8397.

Of hys wyfe, that trew ladye.

8655 Now let us ſpeak
of Guy's wife.

In all the world ys none here pere,

So trew and ſo good in all manere.

Sethen that *sir* Gye wente a-weye

She blan nether nyght ne daye

Power to fede, and chyrches to make,

8660

And abbeyes to helpe for cryſt's ſake,

Weyes to make, & bryggis that were broke,³

And men that were in preſon faſte ſtoke.

³ ll. 8662 and 8663
muſt change
places, I think.

Nother for game, myrth, nor for glee

Wold ſhe lawze that men myzt ſee.

8665

The lady had a chyld full fayer :

Of all her lond he ſhuld haue bene eyre.

She had a ſon

They cryſtyned hym, with-oute blame,

- named Reinbroun. And clepyd hyt Reynbroun be name.
 The chyld was to herawd brought, 8670
 As the lady had in her thought.
- Herhaud was his tutor. Herawd hyt kept *wit*h gret honoure
 In hys owen wyves bowere :
With two knyghtis he dyd it kepe,
 Whether hit woke other slepe.¹ 8675
- When he was When hyt was vii yere old
 Hyt was both fayre, gentill, & bold :
 ten years old, In ten yere, sertes, he waxed mor
 Than eny of xii yere that were thore. [p. 191]
- C. 8421.** Hyt be-feh so that rych merchauntis 8680
 foreign merchants *Commyn* from fer be-yonde Fraunce :
 Both syluer and gold they had plente,
 Menyvere and grice grete deynte,
 Clothes of gold and riche *precieuse* stonys,
 Spicery rich and good for the nonys. 8685
 At london they aryved than,
 And founden there kyng athelstone :
 A riche *present* they hym sente,
 And *wit*h her merchaundyse forth they wente
 Thorough-oute the lond in eche contre, 8690
 And to walyngford, that towne so free.
 Then was that towne grete and stronge
 I-closed *wit*h walles fayre and longe :
 Wel faire nobley was than there,
 That sythen was dystroyed *wit*h were. 8695
 The merchauntis were both curteys & hend,
 And to *sir* herawd gun they wende,
 And yaue hym ryght a fayre *present*,
 For he was lord of that londe.
 He toke hit *wit*h weh good chere, 8700
 And thanked hem on feyre manere.
- Seeing Reinbroun The merchauntis sye the chyld goand,
 And in the haft fayre playande :
 Of hym they hadden swyth gret ferlye,

- For he was so fayer & eke so semlye. 8705
 They askyd hys maisters¹ two or thre
 Whoes was the chyld, þat was feyre & free.
 Hys maisters told hem a-none ryght
 He was *sir* Gye ys sonn, the noble knyght. [p. 192] and hearing he
 They preysed the fayernes of that chyld, 8710 was Guy's son,
 And thought in her hertis myld,
 Yf they myȝt gett the chyld ouer the see,
 All riche men shuld they than bee.
 Tho they yave the porter yeftis grete,
 For he schuld hem the chyld gette, 8715 they stole him
 And so he dyd *with*-oute mare : with the porter's
 To london faste gan they all fare. assistance.
 To schyppe they wente *with* grete traveyle :
 The wynd was good, they lyfte vp sayle.
 To RocheH¹ they commyn full ryght : 8720
 The lond thei knew weH, & were glad & lyght.
 They went to have Ryven ther at her wyH, Near their country
 But in a while they sped full yH :
 The wedyr be-gan to ouer-caste,
 Hit thondred and lyȝtned faste. 8725
 The weders smyten to-geder thene :
 A gret tempeste ther be-ganne.
 The see be-gan so harde to flowe,
 That they ne wiste whedir to rowe.
 The waves resyn as hye as the maste : 8730
 Tho was eueryche of hem sore a-gaste.
 The gret cabuH brast in two :
 Tho wende thei to deth have goo.
 They hadden sorrow, I vndyrstonde :
 They cryed to god all weldande. 8735
 The wynde hem drofe in-to the see :
 They ne wyste in-to what contre.
 They sayled all a day and all a nyght :
 In Aufryke they aryved ryght. [p. 193] and carried away
 The merchaundys weH founde 8740 to Africa.
 C. 8477.

They presented
Reinbroun to the
King of the
country.

That they were a-ryved in vn-couth lande :
Forth they toke the chylde so yenge,
And presentid hym to the kyng
For to wende sikyrlye
Thorough aH the lond to seH and bye. 8745
A IoyfuH man was the kyng,
And graunted them aH theyre askyng.
The kyng, for-sothe, had a doughter dere,
A feyre mayden and mery of chere :
She was as old and no more 8750
As Reynbrowne when he com thore.
The mayd be-sowght her moder dere
To byd her fader on aH manere
That she myght kepe the chylde there :
The kyng her graunted with weH good chere. 8755

C. 8497.

Herhaud searched
for Reinbroun
everywhere,

When sir herrawd herd seye
That the chylde was a-weye,
He sowght hym thorrouw that Cyte
And thorrough aH that ylke contree.
When herrawd had sought aH that londe, 8760
And none of them that chylde founde,
Herrawd sorrowed nyght and daye
For hys lordys son, that was a-weye.
Herrawd hym sought in aH manere
In many dyuerse contree Far and nere, 8765
But fuH carefuH was hys rede,

but he did not
find him.

For he ne myght fynd hym in no stede.
After that fuH sone in hye

King Athelstan
summoned all his
men.

Kyng athelstone made a crye, [p. 194]
That ther shuld com be-fore hym ryght 8770
Erle, baron, squyer, and knyght :
AH the wyse men of that londe
Shuld be redy at hys honde.
Sir herrawd gan thedyr fare.
For the kyng hym loued mare 8775
Than any man in that contree,

The King's regard
for Herhaud

For he was both hend and Free,		
Therfor a-monge them had thei Envye,		excited the envy of others.
And seyð amongis them redylve		
That the kyng dyd on-ryght	8780	
To honoure so pore a knyght		
That was no better than ¹ a page :		¹ MS. <i>and</i>
To hys barons he did outerage.		
'Lordyngis,' he seyð, 'yeld yow to me :		C. 8523.
Ye beth my men, and owte to be.	8785	
I byd yow yevyn me good counseyle		Athelstan asked his men's advice with regard to the King of Den- mark's impending invasion.
That may aH my londe aveyle.		
The kyng Awlaffe of Denmarke		
Will com on vs with oost starke :		
He hath caste, by this day,	8790	
To wynne this land yf he maye.		
Many wynters beth passid on honde,		
Sith thei fyrste chalengid this lande.'		
'Sir,' quod herrawd, 'dred you nought :		
Ye shaH do weH as I have thought.	8795	Herhand coun- selled
Yf he wiH com in-to your londe		
Ye shaH fynd men hem to with-stonde.		him to find men against the enemy,
Ye haue meny a dowzty knyght,		
And men that dare ryght weH fyght. [p. 195]		
Yf they com thei shaH a-bye :	8800	
Makyth no doele, ne be not sorye.		
Of myn Eldren told me a kny3te		
In-to this lond thei com fuH ryght,		
And sethen longe tyme a-goone		
Many of hem were here sloone :	8805	
A grete bateyle there they tynte		
Right with streng[t]he of swerdus dynte ;		
Therfor haue thei loste there ryght :		who had no longer any claim to Eng- land.
Thei were dyscomfyt in that fyght.		
Commaundith now youre barouns,	8810	
Lordys of castellis and townes,		
And youre knyghtis of Armes aH,		

- ¹ *Then MS.* That¹ thei be redy when ye hem call,
 And that thei yow helpe in all manere
 What tyme ye of hem haue mystere, 8815
- ² *hond MS.* For to hold youre lond² to ryght
 Yf the Danys wilth *with* yow fyght.
 Your men shaH be all redye,
 And fyght *with* hem full manfullye :
 Thorough grace of god all weldande 8820
 We shaH haue the hyer hande.'
- C. 8559.** 'Sir,' quod the kyng, 'sanȝ fayle,
 This is a weH good cownseyle.
 As thow haste seyde euery deale
 Hit shaH be, so have I hele.' 8825
- The King was ready to do so.
 Vp ther sterte the Duke moderyse in Ire :
 Of Cornweyle he was lord and sire.
 'Sir kyng,' he seyde, 'for your honoure,
 Levyth no more that losyngoure. [p. 196]
 Your barons have full yH wyH 8830
 Yow for to *serue* lowd or styH,
 When ye levyth more hym on
 Than your barouns euery-chone.
 WeH better we can yow counceyle
 Both in werre and in bateyle 8835
 Than the traytour that I se there :
- who (he said) had betrayed Guy by
 Hys lord he hath be-trayed are,
 That made hym knyght of gret honour
 From a pore vavyssoure.
 He hath quyt full yH his dede 8840
 When he hath sold hys son for nede :
- selling his son to foreigners.
³ *Oyseb MS.* To men of Oyseb³ he hym sold,
 instead of
Ruseye; cf. l.
 8873 *Oysel*,
 l. 8720 *RocheH*.
⁴ *he MS.* He shaH do yow, be ye⁴ aweye,
 All the scath that he maye, 8845
 And also your owen son be-gyle,
 And so wyH he quyte your while.'
- C. 8587.** When herrawd herd that gret syre

Vnneth he myght speke for tene & Ire.

Herhaud

Vppon hys feete he sterte full yare

8850

As man, that was full wo thare.

'Thow lystest,' quod herrawd, 'sothlye,

gave him the lie,

When thow me clepyste of felonye.

Thow doeste me velony and shame

With-owte eny gylte or blame,

8855

When thou¹ before my lord the kyng

¹ thou me MS.

Seyest on me ony such thyng.

Yf thou wylt hyt avowe

That thow hast seyde on me nowe, [p. 197]

Arme the full hastyly anone ryght,

8860

and challenged
him to combat.

And prove thi false word with thi myght.

Yf I may not defende me

Lett me be hangyd on a galoo tree.

Thow haste me slaunderd of such thyng¹

Here be-fore my lord the kyng¹,

8865

That I shuld seih the child reynebrown),

My lordys sonn sir Gyoum):

As helpe me god, that me dere bought,

As that thyng com neuer in my thought.

Marchauntis, be god, verylye,

8870

He protested that
merchants had
stolen the child.

Stale the chylde be nyght prevylye.

Sethen I wente and other three

To Oyseht,² that fayre contree,

² So MS; cf. l.
8842.

But I found hym in no stede;

Therfor sorrowfull ys my rede.

8875

Whether I be false other nought,

I am here in slaunder brought:

Be-fore the kyng now here ryght

I shaH here my trouthe plyght:

Out of this land wyH I fare,

8880

He would once
more go in search
of him, nor return
till he was found.

And com neuer ageyne mare,

Or that I fynde my lordys sonn),

Yf he be levyng vndyr the mone.

Yf god with geve me grace

To fynd hym in eny place, 8885
 And com ageyne hole & fere,
 I shaſt the ſlee on aſt manere.
 ‘Be ſtiſt,’ quod the Duke ſo feſt,
 ‘The devyſt the ſlee, that ys in heſt. [p. 198]
 While that thow arte in this contre, 8890
 Certes, traytoure ſhalt thou be.’
C. 8627. And that herd a noble knyght,
 That *sir* herraude wyſte not whate he hyght.
 Be-fore the Duke he ſtood vp on hye,
 And ſeyd to hym *with* grete envye : 8895
 ‘Thow lyest, *sir* duke, be heven kyng,
 When thow on herraud ſeyest ſuch thyng.
 Of felony and of treasoun
 Thow lyest, ſo broke [I] my croun.
 God helpe the neuer at thi nede 8900
 But thou arme the on a ſtede,
 And alone *with* me thow fyght :
 Than ſhaſt we ſee who hath the ryght.
 The helpe of god be me berevyd
 But I ſmyte of thyn he[*v*]ede.’ 8905
 The kyng commaundyd on her lyfe
 That there ſhulde be no more ſtryfe.
 When the kyng had aſt ſeyd,
 And hys arrend on hem¹ leyd,
 That thei ſhuld kepe hys lande, 8910
 And bene aſt redy at hys hande,
 Home thei went the knyztis fre,
 ‘Euery man to hys contre.
C. 8653. Home tho went herraud the free :
 To Walyngford, certes, went hee. 8915
 Herraud had both ſorrow and ſhame,
 For he was brought in much blame.
 He clepyd to hym *sir* Edgarde :
 ‘What redyſt thow, *sir* ſtewarde, [p. 199]
 Sith that it ys in this land ſeyd, 8920

A noble knight
 ſtood up for Her-
 haud,

and offered to
 fight the Duke.

But the King for-
 bade all ſtrife.

¹ *hym* MS.

Herhaud, after his
 return to Walling-
 ford,

told his ſteward
 Edgar

- And with wrong on me leyð,
 That I shuld seþ reynbrown),
 My lordys son *sir* Gyoung?
 Yet had I, for-soth, lever hangid be
 Than such slaunder ryse on me. 8925
 I wyþ wend forth on my weye,
 And sech reynebrowne nyght and daye :
 I wyþ leve for no mannus rede
 Tyþ I hym fynde quyke or dede.
 Yf I dweþ here at hame 8930
 Aþ men shaþ speke of me shame,
 And seye that hit were no lesyng'
 That the Duke told the kyng'.
 Edgare,' he seyð, 'dweþ thow here,
 And kepe my lande *with* thy powere, 8935
 And my chylð, and my wyfe,
 And my land *with*-owte stryfe.
 For-soth, a good man arte thow on':
 Trewer found I neuer none.'
 'Sir,' he seyð, 'for goddys love, *mercy* !
 Belevyþ at home, and leve youre foly,
 And I yow swere by the trynyte
 I wyþ wende to fer contre :
 I ne shaþ blynne day nor nyght
 Tyþ I have founden that chylð rygh[t]. 8945
 I was onys sevyn yere
 In the see A marynere :
 In crystendome ther ys no ðonde
 Tha[t] I ne have be there dwelland. [p. 200]
 Ye bene old and hore weþ yare, 8950
 And ye have ssofferd sorrow and care :
 Hyt fallyth for yow to leve at hame,
 And send some other in youre name.'
 'Edgare,' he seyð, 'speke no mare.
 I wyll not leve, but I wyþ fare, 8955
 For aþ the good in) crystyante,

that he intended
 to go in search of
 Reinbroun,

entrusting his
 estate, his child,
 and his wife to
 Edgar's care,

who offered

to go himself,

but in vain.

¹ e in myne
altered from d.

But that I wil seche reynbrowne the free.
Thow shalte here dweH, be myne¹ hand,
And kepe my good and my lande;
For weH I wot, when I am gone, 8960
Myn Ennemyes wyH come anone,
And be-sett the with bateyle:
Defende the weH, with-owte fayle.
'Sir,' he seyde, 'so god me amende,
Yf they come we wil vs defende.' 8965

C. 8683.

So Herhand left
England,

N Ow wendith herrawd from the cite,
And toke leve of hys meyne.
He hyed hym faste from that contre:
A full carefull man was he.
A shyp he found and passed yare, 8970
And sowght reynbrowne wyd whare:
In Denmarke and in Irelande,
In northwey and in scotlonde,
In allmayne and in russye,
In Sisoyne and in tu[r]kye 8975
Euer his lordis son he sougHt,
But, for-soth, he found hym nougt.
When he myght not founden be
In aH this ylke straunge contre, [p. 201]

At last he wanted
to go to Constan-
tinople, but a
tempest drove him
to the shore of
Africa.

To constantyne the noble than wold he. 8980
Tho come there a tempeste in the se,
And hem chasyd full blyve:
At Awferyke they guñ aryve.
He saw be-sydys hym on the lond
A ryght fayer Cite stonde, 8985
But, for-soth, the wallis of that town
To the erth were brokyn down.
'Lord,' quod than a marynere,
'Moche sorrow we shaft get here.

A mariner told
him

We be now faste a-ryvand 8990
Into the kyng Argus land.
He ys a ryght rich kyng

they were near
King Argus'
country,

Of gold, syluer, and other thyngt.'

Quod herraŵd, 'who oweth this contre,

That ys thus dystroyed, and this Cite?' 8995

Then be-spake hym a shipman,

'Sir, I shaH tell yow aH that I can.

Hit is amerallys persane :

There is no man so felt to¹ flamiordan.

¹ MS. *in*.

He hateth crysten men ychone : 9000

Well I wote we shaH be slone.

Kyng argus hath be-segyd hym here,

And dystroyed his land ferre and nere.'

who was just then
waging war
against Amiral
Persan.

With that there cam sarsynnys kene,

And toke hem aH, for-soth, be-dene, 9005

Herraŵd and hys company,

And browt hem to her lord in hye :

Herhaud and his
companions were
taken prisoners.

He caste hem in his preson aH ;

Mete and drynke they had fuH smaH. [p. 202]

Tho the Duke Moderyse had vndyrstond 9010

C. 8725.

That the knyzt sir herraŵd was owt of lond,

He gaderyd hys hooste of cornwayle :

The steward faste he can assayle ;

But he hym defendyd day and nyzt

FuH weH as a noble knyzt. 9015

The Duke of Corn-
wall, hearing of
Herhaud's ab-
sence,
attacked his
steward,

He waged men of that londe :

FuH rychely he hem fand,

And yave hem gold and rich tresoure,

And kept that lond with gret honoure.

AH that yere owt and owte 9020

He defendyd hym weH with-owte dowte.

He yave the Duke bateyle stronge,

And euer he slow hys men a-monge.

A thowsand men he slow anone

but, after losing
many men,

Of the Duk's men echone.

9025

The Duke myght sped for no thyng

Of hys long besegyng :

To corneweyle he wente ageync,

returned home

- C. 8747.** ¶ When Gij in Costentin hadde be 142
 Out of þat lond þan went he,
 Walkand in þe strete
 On pilgrimage in his iurnay,
 His bedes bidand niȝt & day, 5
 His sinnes for to bete.
 In Almaine þan went he, y-wis,
 þer he was sumtime holden of gret *pris*.
 He com to a four way lete
 Biȝonde Espire, þat riche cite : 10
 Under a croice, was maked of tre,
 A pilgrim he gan mete,
 ¶ þat wrong his honden, & wepe sore, 143
 & curssed þe time þat he was bore :
 ‘Allas,’ it was his song.
 ‘Wayleway,’ he seyð, ‘that stounde !
 Wickedliche icham brouȝt to grounde 5
 Wiþ wel michel wrong.’
 Sir Gij went to him þo :
 ‘Man,’ he seys, ‘whi farstow so ?
 So god ȝeue þe ioie to fong,
 Tel me what þi name it be, 10
 & whi þou makest þus gret pite :
 Meþenke þi paynes strong.’
 ‘**G**odeman,’ seyð þe pilgrim þo, 144
 ‘What hastow to frein me so ?
 Swiche sorwe icham in souȝt,
 þat, þei y told þe alle mi care,
 For þe miȝt y neuer þe better fare : 5
 To grounde icham so brouȝt.’
 ‘Ȝis,’ seyð Gij, ‘bi þe gode rode,
 Conseył y can ȝiue þe gode,
 & tow telle me þi þouȝt ;

And lefte hys men *with* shaine slayne.

with continually.

Speke we now of *sir* Gyoune,
The noble knyzt, the bold baroun.

9030

At aH seynt's hath he bené

Leaving Con-
stantinople,

That beth in grece or constantyne.

He thought in hys herte thare

That to ynglond wold he fare.

9035

Fro thens hys wey hath he take,

And walkyd thorough fryth and lake :

With grete traveyle and grete payne

Guy reached
Germany.

Comyn he is to Allmayne.

[p. 203]

As he com on a daye

9040

Ther as a brod wey leye,

A feyre crose he saw stondyng,

Near Spire he
met with a pil-
grim,

And ther-vndyr a pore pilgrym syttyng.

He mad sorrow in aH thyng,

And euer he seyde *with* gret mornyng,

9045

who was cursing
the time when he
was born.

'Alas, my sorrow that ys so stronge,

And my lyfe that lastyth longe !'

When Gye hym saw he had pyte,

And seyde to hym *with* herte free,

'I requere the here nowe,

9050

So god the shyld fro sorrow,

Guy asked him

That thow me sey *with* good herte

Fro whens thow come, & what thow arte.'

who he was,
and what ailed
him.

And he answeyde, 'leve fere,

Yf that I tel the here,

9055

The pilgrim
answered,

I wote weH thow woldyst have gret pyte,

And I neuer the better be.'

Gye answeyde, 'leve *sir*, naye :

'Thou canst not
help me';

Thou myzt be amendid in som weye.

Par aventure I may tel the in faye :

9060

but Guy replied,
'I might give
thee some good
advice.'

How thy sorrow shaH a-weye ;

For hyt fallyth weH to straunge men

For oft it falleþ vncoupe man 10

þat gode *conseyle* ȝiue can.

þerfore hele it nouȝt.¹

¶ 'For god,' he seyde, 'þou seyst ful wel. 145

C. 8783. Sumtime ich was, by seyn Miȝhel,

An erl of gret pouste.

þurch al cristendom, y-wis,

Ich was teld a man of gret priȝ 5

& of gret bounte,

& now icham a wroche beggare :

MS. fol. 156 v. b.

No wonder þei icham ful of care.

Hurnbull, p. 339,
l. 8635.

Allas, wel wo is me !'

For sorwe he miȝt speke na more : 10

He gan to wepe swiȝe sare,

þat Gij hadde of him pite.

¹ *wrong* added
above the line.

¶ þan seyde þe pilgrim, 'þou hast gret wrong¹ 146

To frain me of mi sorwe strong,

& miȝt noȝt bete mi nede.

To begge mi brede y mot gon :

Seþþen ȝistay at none ete y nou, 5

Also god me rede.'

Eyther other wysdom to ken.'

'Sir,' he seyð, 'the soth I sey the,

Hyt were gret Almes to tech me.

Trewly, *sir*, I shaft yow tell

AH my sorrow, how that hyt be-fell.

I was a knyȝt of Riche londe,

And had castellis & toures in my hande. [p. 204]

Of Good me[n] I had plentee :

AH the land full sore dred me.

In crystendome was ther no land

That I [ne] was in preysed for dred of hond ;

For I was both bold and hende,

And had many a good freende.

Gold and siluer I had plente

For me and my meyne :

Now have I nought on peny

Where-*with* I may my mete bye,

Now am I a pore caytyfe :

Hit ys no wonder though I hate my lyfe.'

For sorrow myȝht he speke no more :

With hys eyen he wept sore.

'Pylgrym,' quod Gye, 'what is thi name ?

Whedir wylt thou, & fro wens thou came ?' 9085

'Sir,' he seyð, 'lett be thy fare :

For goddis love, aske me no mare

What I hyȝht, ne what I am :

Certes, to tell the me thynkyth shame.

Yf I shuld aH my lyfe tell

AH to long shuld I dwell.

Whi askyst me such thyng,

When thou myȝt do me no mendyng ?

I had lever som-what to get

Where-*with* I myȝt bye me mete.'

Gye answeyrd, 'now tell thou me :

For hys love that dyed on tree,

9065

So the pilgrim
told Guy that he
had formerly been
an earl of great
power,

and famous
throughout Chris-
tendom,

9070

but now he was
full of sorrow.

9075

9080

9090

9095

He was obliged to
beg his bread.

'3is, felawe,' quap Gij, 'hele it nauzt.
 Telle me whi þou art in sorwe brauzt :
 þe better þou schalt spede ;
 & seþþen we schul go seche our mete. 10
 Ichaue a pani of old bizete :
 þou schalt haue half to mede.'

¶ 'Gramerci, sir,' þan seyð he ; 147
 ' & alle þe soþ y schal telle þe.

C. 8819. Erl Tirri is mi name,
 Of Gormoys þerls sone Aubri.
 Ich hadde a felawe þat hiȝt Gij, 5
 A baroun of gode fame.
 For þe douk of Pauli sir Otoun
 Hadde don him oft gret tresoun,
 He slouȝ him wiþ gret grame.
 Now is his neue þemperour steward, 10
 His soster sone, þat hat Berard :
 He has me don alle þis schame.

Turnbull, p. 340,
 l. 8659.

- Tell me thy name, spare thow nouȝt,
 And who hath the in such sorrow brought, [p. 205]
 For god, in whome ys thi creaunce, 9100
 And as he the sent allegeaunce.
 Oure mete than wiȝt we bye;
 For I have yet a peny or twaye.
 'Sir,' he seyde, 'I wiȝt yow seye :
 I wyȝt not lye, be thys daye. 9105
 My name was som-tyme Erle terry :
 A full riche man was I,
 And now I am a wrecchyȝ caytyf;
 Me for-thynkyth I have my lyfe.
 In Gornoyse was I bore, 9110
 And aȝ that lond was to me swore.
 I had a fellow that hyȝt gyoun :
 Sithen that god suffred bitter passioun,
 Was neuer trewer knyȝt borne,
 No better man that rose on morne. 9115
 We were fellowes and trouȝth-plyȝte :
 We lovyd weȝt to-geder day and nyȝt.
 So lovyd he me, thorough hys rede¹
 That twyes he savyd me fro the dede.
 Hit be-feȝ so, that ilke Gye 9120
 Slow the Duke of Pavye :
 He hym slow, trewlye,
 For he had hym don velonye.
 Amonge hys men euery-chone
 He hym slow, and hys way was gone. 9125
 He brouȝt from hym my² leman dere,
 For whom I goo in this manere.
 Thys ylke duke had a cosyn,
 Hys syster son, a weȝt bold hyn. [p. 206]
 Berrard of pavy ys hys name ; 9130
 God geve hym som worldly shame.

Guy had a penny
left, and offered
him half of it.

The pilgrim was
Earl Tirri.

His fellow had
been Guy,

who killed Otoun
of Pavia.

Otous' nephew,
however, Berard,

² his MS.

¹ Line 9118 is the last but one in p. 205, but has a reference to its right place.

¶ þemperour he hap serued long. 148

For he is wonderliche strong

& of michel miȝt,

He no comeþ in non batayle

þat he no hap þe maistri, saunfayl :

5

So egre he is to fiȝt.

In þis warld is man non

þat ozaines him durst gon,

Herl, baroun, no kniȝt,

& he loked on him wiþ wrake,

10

þat his hert no miȝt quake :

So stern he is of siȝt.

He was tho but a esquier :

He had *seruyd* the Emperere[r].

a very strong
man,

The Emperoure lovyd hym weH,

And yave hym pavy euery deale.

9135

That ilke¹ berrard tho be-gan

¹ MS. *ilke jlike*.

For to be a stowte man,

And so prowde, and so felH,

of whom every
one was afraid,

That no man myzt with hym dweH.

In this world ys none hys pere,

9140

Ne non so stronge, ne non so fere ;

For he ys more dred alone

Than a hundryth knyztis ychone.

Yf² a man were armyd weH

² MS. *But*.

Both in Iren and in stele,

9145

And he hym hyt in the fylde,

But he hyt kept in the shyld,

Clenly with hys swerdys dynte

Fro the hede, or hyt wold stynte,

Hit shuld wade to the GyrdyH Evyn,

9150

And slee hym, by god of hevyn.

Thow herdyst neuer speke of knyzt

In thys world that ys so wyzte.

There ys none so stronge borne in this lond,

And he hym hyt with hys hond,

9155

But he wyH breke hys nek in two

At on stroke with-owte moo.

Berrard ys so felH a page,

And so stowte of hys parage,

[p. 207]

There ys no knyzt in aH thys lond

9160

That ys so bold and wyzt of hond,

Yf they were wroth, the knyztis stowte,

And hys yen ran abowte,

But that he shuld for dred quake,

And fle a-way for hys sake.

9165

For he ys so wyght of honde,

He ys drad ouer aH the londe.

- ¶ & for his scherewdhed sir Berard 149
 þemperour haþ made him his steward,
 To wardi his lond about.
 MS. fol. 157 v. a. þer nis no douk in al þis lond
 þat his hest dar wiþ-stonde : 5
¹ *is* altered from *it*. So michel he is¹ dout.
 3if a man be loued wiþ him,
² *for* struck out before *of*. Be he neuer so pouer of² kin,
 Turnbull, p. 341, & he wil to him lout,
 l. 8683. He makeþ hem riche anon riȝt, 10
 Douk, erl, baroun, or kniȝt,
 To held wiþ him gret rout.
- ¶ & 3if a man wiþ him hated be, 150
 Be he neuer so riche of fe,
³ *his lond* expunged after *him*. He flemep him³ out of lond :
 Anon he schal ben to-drawe,
 Als tite he schal ben y-slawe, 5
 & driuen him al to schond.
- C. 8901.** So it bifel, our emperour
 Held a parlement of gret honour :
⁴ *he* altered from *hen*. For his erls he⁴ sent his sond.
⁵ *Y* altered from *pai*. Y⁵ come þider wiþ michel prede 10
 Wiþ an hundred kniȝtes bi mi side,
 At nede wiþ me to stonde.
 ¶ & when y come vnto þe court 151
 þe steward, þe wicked pourt,
 To me he ȝan to reke :
 He bicleped me of his emes ded,
 & seyð he was sleyn purch mi red : 5
 On me he wald be wreke.
 &, when ich herd þat chesoun
⁶ *of town* MS. Of þe doukes deþ Otcun,⁶
 Turnbull, p. 342, Mine hert wald to-breke.
 l. 8707. To þemperour y layd mi wedde an heiȝe 10

Hys steward hym made the emperoure,

And yave hym ryght gret honoure ;

For he ys more dred alone

Than hys barounys euery-chone.

Yf thow were Duke or erle in lond,

But yf thow were to hym bowand,

The steward wold sone aryse

And dystroy the in all wyse,

Other he wold the take sone,

And to stronge preson I-done.

Yet men dredyth hym wel more.

Yf a pore man the[r] wore,

And he hym lovye with herte free,

He myzt be man of gret poweste.

Were he Duke, Erle, or knyzt,

Were he neuer so riche¹ a wyzt,

Yf hym had wrothyd pryncce or kyng,

Were he neuer so hye a lordyng,

He wold hym bryng to the grownde,

And make hym power in a stounde.

Hyt be-feh that the emperoure

Had a counceh in this manere

Of dukis, Erlis, and barouns :

They com to hym, he made somons.

Thedyr I com with gret maine :

An C knyztis cam with me.

When I cam be-fore the Emperoure,

Berrard acouped me thore,

And seyde Duke Otoun thorough my rede,

Hys cosyn, was done the² dede.

When I hym herd of treason speke,

Me thought myn herte wold to-breke.

Forth I sterte hardyly,

For to defend me of that felonye.

I yave my glove be-fore the kyng,

With hym to fyght, with-owt lesyng,

was made the
Emperor's
steward.

9170

He had the power
to make a poor
man rich,

9175

¹ power MS.
and to ruin a rich
one.

9180

9185

The Emperor
once holding a
parliament,

[p. 208]

9190

² Read to /
Berard accused
Tirri of having
caused the death
of Otoun.

9195

9200

To defende me of þat felonie

þat he to me gan speke.

¶ No wonder þei y war fordredde. 152

þemperour tok boþe our wedde,

As y þe telle may.

For in alle þe court was þer no wiȝt,

Douk, erl, baroun, no kniȝt, 5

þat durst me borwe þat day,

þemperour comand anon

Into his prisoun y schuld be don

Wiȝ-outen more delay.

¹ *Bernard*
originally.

Berard¹ went, & sased mi lond ; 10

Mine wiif he wald haue driuen to schond :

MS. fol. 157 r. b.

Wiȝ sorwe sche fled oway.

¶ þan was ich wiȝ sorwe & care 153

Among min fomen nomen þare,

& don in strong prisoun.

Min frendes token hem to rede,

To þemperour þai bisouȝt & bede 5

To pay for me ransoun.

þemperour & sir Berard

Deliuerd me bi a forward

Turnbull, p. 343,
l. 8731.

& bi þis enchesoun,

Y schuld seche mi felawe Gij, 10

To defende ous of þat felonie

² *of toun* MS.

Of þe doukes deȝ Otoun.²

- And a-yen all other men
 That couth owte seye ageynste me then). 9205
 The emperoure hit toke full ryght,
 But I ne wyste when I shuld fyght.
 In all the courte ne founde I man
 That durste be my borrow than
 For dred of the Duke berrarde. 9210
 Tho hit fel with me so harde :
 He put me tho at hys wyth
 In hys depe preson stih. but, finding no securities,
was ordered by the emperor to be imprisoned.
 He seasod all my land sone,
 And so he wold my wyfe have done, 9215
 But she ys hyd in stronge stede,
 But I not where, so god me spede.
 When I was in preson thare,
 Nyght and day I was in care. [p. 209]
 Thorough me he¹ wende to wynne 9220
 Sir Gye with som false Gynne.
 Were he a-vengid of s^rr Gyounne
 Thorowgh falsed and treasoune,
 Also sone shuld I be dede :
 For me shuld go no gold so rede. 9225
 In hys preson was I longe,
 And suffred paynes ryght stronge.
 There-in was neuer more lyght
 Than if were derke myd-nyght.
 Ete I neuer ther my fith, 9230
 Spake I neuer ther with man my fyth.
 My frendys com at the laste,
 And prayed the Emperoure for me faste,
 And gave him meny yeftis thoo,
 And they dyd berrard also, 9235
 That I myght wend oute of preson
 Vndyr such a condicion),
 That I shuld wend and feche Gyoun
 Thorough euery lond and euery towne.

¶ Out of þis lond went y me, 154
 & passed ouer þe salt se :
 In Ingland y gan riue.
 At Warwike ichim souzt :
 When y com þider y fond him nouzt 5
 (Wo was me oliue),
 No sir Herhaud fond y nouzt tare :
 To seche Gyes sone he is fare,
 þat was stollen wiþ striue.
 þefore y wot þat Gij is ded : 10
 For sorwe can y me no red ;
 Mine hert wil breke o fiue.'

C. 8989. Sir Gij biheld Tirri ful riht, 155
 þat whilom was so noble a kniht,
 & lord of michel mounde.
 His bodi, was sumtim wele y-schredde,
 Almost naked it was bihedde, 5
 Wiþ sorwe & care ful bounde.

- I shaH neuer blyn day ne nyzte 9240
 TyH I fynd Gye, the noble knyghT,
 And bryng hym be-fore the Emperoure,
 For to defend hym of that treytoure,
 And of that grete owtrage
 Before aH hys baronage, 9245
 And for to defende hym and me
 For thyng that we apechyd be.
 Tho went I forth *with* care and tene :
 In many a lande sethen have I bene. [p. 210]
 Fer have I sowght Gye, my trew fere, 9250
 In Englonde fer and nere.
 When I come there, I founde hym nought :
 On *sir* herrawd was aH my thought.
 Both were they fer owte of londe :
 That tydyng doth me both shame & shonde.¹ 9255
 Herrawd sowght² nyght and daye
 Hys lordys son, that was stole a-weye.
 Sir Gye was in excile wente :
 Therfor I hold me but shente.
 Was neuer man, there as I couth Goo, 9260
 That couth owte tell of hem twoo.
 Sethen I have sowght Gye the free
 In many a lande and many a contree,
 Found I neuer man by the weye
 That ought of Gye couth me seye. 9265
 FuH weH I wote that he ys dede :
 Therfor fuH sorow-fuH ys my reede.
With that he syghed swyth sare
 As man that was in mykyH care.
 When Gye saw terry so dyghT, 9270
 That was som-tyme a noble knyghT,
 He lokyd on hym vtterlye ;
 For he hym lovyd trewlye.
 He saw him pore for the nonys :
 He had not to hiH *with* hys bonys. 9275

At Warwick he
found neither Guy

nor Herhaud.

¹ *shende* MS.
² *sowght I* MS.

in such a miser-
able condition,

- His legges, þat wer sumtime hosed wel,
 To-brosten he seiȝe hem eueridel.
- Turnbull, p. 344,
 l. 8755. 'Allas,' seyð Gij, 'þat stonde.'
 For sorwe þat he hadde þo 10
 Word miȝt he speke no mo,
 Bot fel aswon to grounde.
- ¶ Sir Tirri anon com to him þan, 156
 & in his armes vp him nam,
 & cleped opon him þare.
 'Man,' he said, 'what aileþ þe?
 þou art iuel at aise, so þenkeþ me. 5
 Hard it is þi fare.'
- Sir Gij answerd þer-after long,
 'þis iuel greueþ me so strong,
 MS. fol. 157v. a. In erþe y wold y ware;
 For, seþþen þat y was first man, 10
 Nas neuer sorwe on me cam
 þat greued me so sare.'
- ¶ þan seyð Tirri, 'felawe, y-wis, 157
 To-day a ȝer gon it is
 Out of þis lond y went
 To seche Gij, mi gode frānde,
 Y no finde nouȝt fer no hende :¹ 5
 þerfore icham al schent;
 For now it is teld me our emperer
 Haþ taken a parlement of þis maner
- Turnbull, p. 345,
 l. 8779. For mi loue, verrament,
 þat douk no erl in his lond be, 10
 þat he no schal be at þat semble,
 For to here mi iugement.
- ¶ & now no lenge abide y no may, 158
 þat ne me bi-houeþ hom þis day,
 Oper for to lese min hed.²
- ³ The u of *treuthe*
 added above the
 line. þemperour ichaue mi treupe³ y-pliȝt,
 Y schal bring sir Gij to-niȝt 5
 To fiȝt ozain þat qued,

Hys leggis were bare and yH be-sene,
 That were wonde to were scarlet & grene.
 For sorrow *sir* Gye felt to grounde,
 And laye in a sownde a grete stounde. [p. 211]

When Terry sye hym so lye,
 He toke hym vp fuH hastilye.
 Quod terry, '*sir*, beth of Good herte.
 This EvyH begynneth yow to smerte.
 TelH me, yf hit be youre wiH,
 How longe ye have fared thus yH.'
 Quod Gye, 'hit ys not longe agone,
 Seth this EvyH com me one.'
 'For-soth,' quod terry thanne,
 'Hit ys grevaunce to ech mane.

fell into a swoon.

9280

Tirri raised him,

asking what ailed
 him.

9285

Guy answered he

wished he were
 dead.

This day twelmoneth,' quod terry, 'hit was
 To seche Gye that I can passe.
 Sethen I restyd neuer on daye
 There I on the nyght laye,
 That I have bene euer travellande,
 What by see, and what by londe.
 As I me walkyd in my weye
 Here *with*-yne this thyrd daye
 Hit was me told, *with*-oute fayle,
 At spire ther shuld be a gret counceyle
 Be-fore the Emperoure Reynere :
 AH his lordis shuld be thare.
 Ther ys no lord in that contree
 But he shaH at that counceyle be.
 Ryght thanne ys my terme¹ daye
 To come a-geyne, yf that I maye,
 And bryng Gye in my honde,
 Yf that he be in world levande ;

9290

It was just a year
 since Tirri had
 left his country in
 quest of Guy.

9295

9300

That day he was
 to appear before
 the emperor

9305

¹ *tenne* MS.

with Guy.

To fende ous of þat felonie

Ozain þe douke Berard of Paui

¹ *ded* altered from
dede.

Al of his emes ded.¹

Y wot wele, 3if y pider fare,

10

þai schal me sle wiþ sorwe & care :

Certes, y can no red.'

C. 9033.

Gij biheld Tirri wiþ wepeand eiȝe,
& seiȝe him al þat sorwe dreiȝe,

159

þat was him lef & dere :

'Allas,' þouȝt Gij, 'þat ich stounde

þat Tirri is þus brouȝt to grounde !

5

So gode felawes we were.'

He þouȝt, 'miȝt y mete þat douke,

His heued y schuld smite fro þe bouke,

Turnbull, p. 346,
l. 8803.

Or hong him bi þe swere.

Y no lete for al þis warldes won

10

þat y no schuld þe traitour slon,

To wreke Tirri, mi fere.

¶ Tirri,' seyd Gij, 'lat be þi þouȝt :

160

Y-wis, it helpeþ þe riȝt nouȝt,

For sorwe it wil þe schende.

MS. fol. 157v. b.

To court go we boȝe y-fere :

Gode tidinges we schul þer here ;

5

Swiche grace god may sende.

Haue gode hert, dred þe no del ;

For god schal help þe ful wel :

So curteys he is & hende.'

Up risen þo kniȝtes tvo

10

Wiþ michel care & ful of wo :

To court ward þai gan wende.

And, yf I myght not fynd hym no-where,

I shuld in this¹ land com neuere²; [p. 212]

And, yf I com, I shuld be dede :

9310

¹ *his* MS.² *nouere* MS.

Ther-for can I no kynnes rede,

Whether I wend to take my payne,

Or I now turne ageyne.'

He knew that he
should be killed.

Gye hym herd thus sorrowand :

For sorrow he myght not stonde.

9315

Guy was very
sorry for Tirri,

'Lord,' he seyde, 'of myghtis stronge,

Whi leve I now thus longe,

That I se this noble knyght

At this tyme this rewly dyght?

Trewer fellow than³ he was won

9320

³ *and* MS.
and wished to
revenge him.

In the wo[r]ld found I none.

Hangid be I this ilke daye

But I a-venge hym, yf that I maye.

Myght I speke with the Duke at my wil,

That of his dedys ys so yll,

9325

But I revyd⁴ hym hys lyfe

⁴ Read *reve*?

Other with spere or with knyfe,

And avenge terry, my good fellow,

God lett me neuer heven knowe.'

Then spake *sir* Gye to terry,

9330

'Leve *sir*, be not sorye :

Hyt wyll the helpe no-thing

To make sorrow or mornynge.

Go we now the corte nerehandle,

Som tydyng to vndirstonde,

9335

That we now the better be.'

Quod terry, 'leve *sir*, Go we.'

They toke ther way towarde the cite :

Terry a carefuill man was he ;

[p. 213]

Gye ys herte was sore also,

9340

So they rose and
started.

As they gan to-geder goo :

He myght hym hold no-thing,

When he saw terry, from wepyng.

¶ & as þai went þo kniȝtes fre 161
 To court ward in her iurne
 Ful bold þai were & ȝepe.
 ‘Allas,’ sir Tirri seyð þo,
 ‘Ich mot rest er ich hennes go, 5
 Or mi liif wil fro me lepe.’
 ‘For god, felawe,’ þan seyð Gij,
 ‘Ly doun, & y schal sitt þe bi,
 & feir þine heued vp kepe.’
 & when he hadde þus y-seyð 10
 On Gyes barm his heued he leyð :
 Anon Tirri gan slepe.

Turnbull, p. 347,
 l. 8827.

¶ & when sir Tirri was fallen on slepe 162
 Sir Gij biheld him, & gan to wepe,
 & gret morning gan make.
 þan seiȝe he an ermine com of his mouȝe
 Als swift als winde, þat bloweþ on clouȝe, 5
 As white as lili on lake.
 To an hille he ran wiȝouten obade :
 At þe hole of þe roche in he glade.
 Gij wonderd for þat sake.
 & when he out of þat roche cam 10
 Into Tirries mouȝe he nam :
 Anon Tirri gan wake.

C. 9093. ¶ Sir Gij was wonderd of þat siȝt, 163
 & Tirri sat vp anon riȝt,
 & biheld Gij oȝon.
 þan seyð Tirri, ‘fader of heuen !
 Sir pilgrim, swiche a wonder sweuen 5
 Me met now anon,
 þat to ȝon hille þat stont on heiȝe,
 þat þou may se wiȝ þi neiȝe,
 Me þouȝt þat y¹ was gon,

¹ þou MS.
 Turnbull, p. 348,
 l. 8851.

- He coverd his face with hys slaveyne,
 For terry shuld not se hys payne. 9345
 When they had go myles three
 Towardys that good Cite,
 'Lord,' quod terry, 'what shaH I do?
 Such hevynes ys com me to,
 But I slepe here a while, 9350
 I dye, or I have gone a myle.'
 'Sir,' quod Gye, 'lye down here stiH
 A good while, and slepe thi fiH;
 And I shaH for the love of the
 At thyne heed here restyn me.' 9355
 'Sir,' quod terry, 'Graunte mercye,
 That yt ys your grete curtesye!'
Tho lay terry down to grounde,
 And slepid in Gyes armes a stounde :
 FuH faste tho gan he slepe, 9360
 And as faste for hym Gye gan wepe.
 As terry lay there in slepyng,
 Oute of his mouth wente a thyng
 As hit were a white Ermyne :
 Sir Gye be-held it, be seynt martyn.
 To an hylle¹ it wente thaH :
 Hit founde an hole, and in hit raH.
 Hit dwellyd not longe, as I yow saye :
 Hyt come ageyne the same daye. [p. 214]
 In at hys mouth gan hit goo,
 There hit cam be-fore-hand froo. 9370
 When Gye this wonder aH had sene,
 He had wondre what it myght bene.
 Terry a-waked a-non thore :
 Vp he arose, and syghed sore. 9375
 'Lord,' he seyð, 'hevyn kyng,
 That I have met much wonder thyng!
 Me thought I was to an hyH goon :
 I founde a roche aH of stone.
 FuH hit was of gold rede ; 9380

But, after some
time,

Tirri was obliged
to rest himself.

Laying his head
on Guy's lap, he
went to sleep.

An ermine crept
out of Tirri's
mouth,

¹ hole MS.
and ran into a
hole of a neigh-
bouring hill,

but returned into
Tirri's mouth.

Waking, Tirri
told Guy

he had dreamt

- & at an hole in y wond, 10
 & so riche tresour as y fond
 MS. fol. 158r. a. Y trow in pis world is non.
 ¶ Biside þat tresour lay a dragoun, 164
 & þer-on lay a swerd broun,
 þe sckauberck comly corn :
 In þe hilt was mani precious ston,
 As briȝt as ani sonne it schon, 5
 Wiȝ-outen oȝ y-sworn.
 & me þouȝt Gij sat at min heued,
 & in his lappe me biweued
¹ *dest* MS. Astow dest¹ me biforn.
 Lord, merci, & it wer so 10
 Wele were me þan bi-go,
 þat euer ȝete was y born.'
 ¶ 'Now, felawe,' seyð Gij, 'bi mi leute, 165
 þat s[w]euen wil turn gret ioie to þe,
 & wele y schal it rede :
 þurch Gij þou schalt þi lond keuer.
 Trust wele to god, þei þou be pouer : 5
 þe better þou schalt spede.
 To þe hulle nim we þe way,
 þer þe þouȝt þe tresour lay,
 Turnbull, p. 349, & in þou schalt me lede. 1. 8875.
 Now god, þat schope al mankinde, 10
 Wald we miȝt þat tresour finde :
 It wald help ous at nede.'
 C. 9123. ¶ Vp risen þo kniȝtes tvay, 166
 & to þe hille þai nom þe way,
 & in þai went ful euen,
 & founde þe tresour, & þe dragoun,
 & þe swerd of stiel broun, 5
 As Tirri met in his sweuen.
² added above the line. Sir Gij² drouȝ out þat swerd anon,
 & alle þe pleynes þer-of it schon,
 As it were liȝt of leuen.

Thervpon there lay a dragon dede,
And a swerd by hym laye :
Ys none better of stele this daye.

Also me thouȝt that *sir* Gye,

My dere fellow, was me bye :

Myn hede in hys lap laye ;

Tho was my sorrow all a-weye.'

Then seyð Gye, 'my dere frende,

Thorough grace of god, that is so hende,

Yet shalt thou wyn thorow Gyoun

All thi land, casteñ, and towne.

Aryse vp,' quod Gye, 'with-owt lettyng :

With the grace of god hevyn kyng

Weñ shañ we fare this ylke daye.'

Toward spire they tokyn the waye.

'Pylgryme,' quod Gye, 'I red we abyde,

And [wende] to thys hyñ here-be-syde,

There thou thought this treasure laye.

Thorough grace yf we fynd hit maye, [p. 215]

Hit may vs helpe in all manere ;

Therof we have gret mystere.'

'I Graunte,' quod terry, 'be this daye.

Go we thedir with-owte delaye.'

To the hyñ they com in hye,

And founden all such redylke

As terry dremyd : there they founde

The treasure and the good bronde.

The swerd was bryght and styf I-nowȝe :

Owt of the scuberd Gye it drowȝh.

'God of hevyn,' quod Gye than,

'Where this euer longyd to crysten man?

Never be-fore saw I such a brande.

of going into a
hole of the hill
and finding a
large treasure

with a dragon
beside, and a
precious sword
on it,

9385

and of resting in
Guy's lap.

9390

Guy, interpreting
Tirri's dream,

9395

advised going to
the hill

9400

in search of the
treasure.

9405

In the hill they
really found the
treasure, the
dragon, and the
sword.

9410

Unsheathing the
sword,

‘Lord,’ seyð Gij, ‘y þanke þi sond : 10

Y seiþe neuer are swiche a brond ;

Y wot it com fram heuen.’

¶ Sir Gij gan þe hilt bi-hold, 167

þat richeliche was grauen wiþ gold,

Of charbukel þe pomel.

¹ *it* added above
the line.

Into þe sekawebek ozain he it¹ dede,

& seyð to Tirri in þat stede, 5

‘Bi god & seyn Mizhel,

Of alle þis riche tresore

MS. fol. 158r. b.

Y no kepe þerof no more,

² Three lines are
wanting.

Bot þis brond of stiel.’²

Turnbull, p. 350,
l. 8900.

¶ To courtward þo kniþtes went : 168

To asprie after þe parlement

For drede wald þai nouzt lete.

Ac Tirri was aferd ful sare

Of his fomen be knowen þare, 5

In þe cite ȝif he sete ;

þerfore þai toke her ostel gode

At an hous wipouten þe toun stode

Al bi a dern strete.

Of al niȝt Gij slepe nouzt : 10

So michel his hert was euer in þouȝt

Wip douk Berard to mete.

C. 9155. ¶ Erlich amorwe þan ros Gij, 169

& bisouȝt god & our leuedi

He schuld scheld him fro blame,

& seyð to sir Tirri þe hende,

‘Kepe me wele þis swerd, leue frende, 5

Til y sende þerfore, bi name,

& y schal go to court þis day,

& ȝif y þe douke mete may

Y schal gret him wiþ grame,

& ȝif he say ouȝt bot gode 10

Hit was made in fer londe.'

Guy owned to
having never seen
its match.

The pomeñ was corven) euery deale

With brynned gold nobly weñ.

9415

Of that swerd Gye was full fayne,

And put hyt into the sheth a-geyne.

Then he seyde to *sir* terrye,

'This treasoure that thow syeste here lye,

Take thow all to thy poweste,

9420

Not caring about
the treasure,
he only wanted
the sword.

But this swerd shañ dwell *with* me.'

'Sir,' quod terry, 'at your wyñ.

Of treasure have I sone my fyñ.

There is so gret sorrow in my thought,

That of treasoure rech I nowȝt.

9425

To the Cite wiñ we gange :

Me thynketh we dweñ here to long.'

'Par fay, gladly,' quod *sir* Gye :

Both they went forth in hye.

[p. 216]

Terry was a-gaste knowen to be

9430

Of som man that shuld hym see.

When they comyn to that Cyte

Sory man and wery was he.

They herborowed them) at the townes ende :

After mete and drynke gan they send.

9435

Sir Gye rose vp, full hardelye,

Next morning

And lefte hys swerd *with* *sir* terrye,

And hyed hym faste to the towre,

To speke with the emperoure.

The Emperoure from chyrch come,

9440

Guy left his sword
with Tirri.

Gye hym mete or he com home.

Gye hym gret weñ curteslye

As he coud, weñ securlye.

'God save yow, my lord, *sir* Emperoure,'

Quod Gye, 'and yeve yow much honoure.'

9445

- Bi him þat schadde for ous his blod,
 Him tit a warld schame.'
- Turnbull, p. 351,
 l. 8924. ¶ Gij goþ to toun wiþ michel hete : 170
 þemperour fram chirche he gan mete,
 & gret him wiþ anour.
 'Lord,' seyð Gij, 'þat wiþ hond
 Made wode, water, & lond, 5
 Saue þe, sir emperour.
 Icham a man of fer cuntre,
 & of þi gode par charite
 Ich axse to mi socour.'
- þemperour seyð, 'to court come, 10
 & of mi gode þou schalt haue some
 For loue of seyn sauour.'
- C. 9173.** ¶ To court þai went al & some. 171
 þemperour dede Gij¹ biforn him come :
 'Pilgrim,' þan seyð he,
 'þou art wel weri meþenkeþ now :
 Fram wiche londes comestow ? 5
 For þi fader soule, telle me.'
- MS. fol. 158v. a. 'Sir,' seyð¹ Gij, 'ich vnderstond,
 Ichauē ben in mani lond
 Biþond þe Grekis se :
 In Ierusalem & in Surry, 10
 In Costentin & in Perci
 A gode while haue ich be.'
- Turnbull, p. 352,
 l. 8948. ¶ 'Sir pilgrim,' seyð þemperour fre, 172
 'What spekeþ man in þat lond of me
 When þou com þennes ward ?'
 Sir Gij answerd, 'bi þe gode rode,
 Men spekeþ þe þer ful litel gode, 5
 Bot tidinges schrewed & hard ;
 For þou hast schent so þerl Tirri
 & oþer barouns, þat ben hendy,
 For loue of þi steward.
 Gret sinne it is to þe 10

A pylgrym I am of ferr contree :
 I aske some good for charite.
 Of your helpe have I mystere
 As ye mow se in all manere.'
 Quod the emperour, 'fuH gladlye
 I wyH the help, be seynt marye.
 To my paleys thow com *with* me :
 Thow shalte have mete gret plente.'

Meeting the
 Emperor,

9450

he asked for
 charity,

and was by him
 invited to come
 to court.

Tho they commyn to the haH
 The emperour and hys men aH,
 The which a-non to mete yode,
 And euer *sir* Gye before hym stode.
 'Pylgrym,' quod the Emperoure,
 'TeH me, I pray the *par* amoure, [p. 217]
 Where were thou born & in what contre ?
 Thow semyst weH travellyd to be.'
 'Sir,' quod Gye, 'ye may vndyrstond
 That I haue be in meny a londe,
 In ierusalem and in surrey,
 In constantyne the noble, for-soth, was I.'
 'Pylgrym,' he seyde, 'be thy lewte,
 What seyth men ther of me ?'
 'Sir,' he seyde, 'ye shaH here :
 Both shame & also harme in aH manere,
 When ye thorough false counceyle
 Of the steward, that may not avayle,
 Hath banesshyd terry, the noble knygt,
 And meny an other *with*-owt rygHt ;
 Therfor ye havyth, *sir*, a shame,
 And in this land much blame.

9455 Here the Emperor

asked where he
 had come from.

9460 Guy answered

he had been at
 Jerusalem, in
 Syria, at Con-
 stantinople, and
 in Persia.

9465

The Emperor
 wanting to know
 what people there
 used to say about
 him,

Guy replied that
 he was blamed

9470

for ill-treating
 Tirri and other
 barons for the
 sake of his
 steward.

9475

To stroye so þi barouns fre
Al for a fals schreward.'

C. 9197. ¶ When þe douk herd him speke so, 173

As a wilde bore he lepe him to,

His costes for to schawe.

Wiþ his fest he wald haue smiten Gij,

Bot barouns held him owy, 5

Wele tventi on a rawe.

He seyð to Gij, 'vile traitour,

Ner þou bifor þemperour,

þei y wende to ben to-hewe,

Bi thi berd y schuld þe schokke, 10

þat al þi tēp¹ it schuld rokke ;

For þou art² a kinde schrewe.

¹ Part of the þ gone.

² *rt* rather indistinct.

Turnbull, p. 353, l. 8972.

¶ Bi þi semblaunt se men may 174

þou hast ben traitour mani a day :

God ȝif þe schame & schond.

ȝif þat y þe mai ouergon,

To wicked ded þou schalt be don, 5

As a traitour to ly in bond :

In swiche a stede þou schalt be,

þis seuen winter³ no schaltow se

Noiþer⁴ fet no hond.

³ An erasure after *winter*.

⁴ The *i* added above the line.

So schal men chasti foule glotuns 10

þat wil missay gode barouns

þat lordinges ben in lond.'

⁵ Read *þes: wes?*

C. 9217.

¶ 'Ow sir,' seyð Gij, 'ertow þas⁵? 175

⁶ *hou* MS.

Y nist no nar ho⁶ it was,

Bi þe gode rode,

& now y wot þat þou art he :

þou art vncurteys, so þenkeþ me. 5

þou farst astow wer wode,

& art a man of fair parage :

Y-com þou art of heiȝe linage

& of gentil blod.

It is þe litel curteysie 10

MS. fol. 158v. b.

Ye do your-selfe gret dyshonoure

To leve so weH that losyngoure.'

When duke berrard herd what Gye seyde,

He be-gan vp to brayde.

He faryd as a wod man,

9480

And he wold have smytten Gye than,

But men hym held that stodyn bye,

That he dyd no harme to Gye.

He seyde, 'thow lyest, false treytour :

I was neuer losyngoure.

9485

Yf hyt ne were for dyshonoure

Of my lord the Emperoure,

I shuld shake thy berd so sore,

Thy teth shuld faH owte the be-fore. [p. 218]

Thow art a trowant swyth stronge :

9490

Thys lyf hast thow led fuH longe.

Yf I the fynd *with*-owt the towne,

I shaH the caste in my presone.

This VII yere ne gettyst thow a-weye,

Ne shaH wyt whether hit be nyzt or daye.

9495

So shaH men tech glotouns

For to myssey gentiH barouns.'

Upon this, Berard
sprang towards
the pilgrim,

with the intention
of striking him
with his fist,
but was laid hold
on by twenty
barons.

So Berard
threatened him
with death or
imprisonment.

'Sir,' quod Gye, 'yt ys yee?

3e owght a gentil man) to be.

I saw yow neuer are,' quod *sir* Gye ;

9500

'Ye semeth a bold man) and a hardye.

To do a pore man) velonye

Hyt were shame to yow, sekerlye.

Hyt shuld yow torne to gret owtrage :

Sir, ye beth so hye of lynage.

9505

But Guy

taxed him with
uncourteousness,

To do me swiche vilanie

Bifor þemperour þer y stode.

Turnbull, p. 354,
l. 8996.

¶ & for þe wil y wond noþing :

176

Y schal telle þe þe soþe wiþouten lesing

Bifor his barouns ichon,

þat wiþ gret wrong & sinne, ywis,

þerl Tirri deshirrite is

5

& oþer gode mani on.

A þousend men ichaue herd teld

Boþe in toun & in feld,

As wide as ichaue gon,

þat he is giltles of þat dede :

10

þou berst on him wiþ falshede

þi neme he schuld slon.'

C. 9235. ¶ þe douk Berra[r]d was wroþ,

177

Bi Iesu Crist he swore his oþ,

'Y wald þat þou were Gij,

Or þat þou so douhti were

þou durst fiȝt for him here :

5

God ȝaf it & our leuedi !'

¹ Added above
the line.

Sir Gij¹ answerd, 'bi seyn sauour,

Drede þe noþing, vile traitour :

þerto icham redy.

Bi þou wroþ, be þou gladde,

10

To þemperour y ȝif mi wedde

To fiȝt for þerl Tirri.'

I seyð none other thyng

Here vnto my lord the kyng,

But *with* synne and vnryght

Ye have dystroyed terry the knyzt,

And chasyd hym owte of this land,

For that ye beryth hym wrong on hand,

That your cosyn shuld be dede

Thorough hym and thorough hys rede :

Ofte I have herd trewlye

¹[That he was nothyng geltye.]

9515

and, repeating
what he had said,

¹⁻¹ These three lines, wanting in the Caius MS., are taken
from the MS. in the University Library, Cambridge, ll. 9234—6.

protested that
Tirri was innocent
of the death of
Berard's uncle.

Then spake þe dewke wyth yre,

‘Be god, that made water and fyre,]¹

That thow were that ilke knyzt

That durst for *sir* terry fyght!’

Gye answeyrd *with*-owte more

(He saw the Duke agrevyd sore),

He seyð, ‘yf my lord the emperoure wyth [p. 219]

Fyndyn² me that longith tyth,

Lo me here, *sir*, aȝ redye

To take the bateyle for *sir* terrye.

He slew neuer the Duke Otoun,

The false Duke, that wyked glotoun.’

Quod Gye to the emperoure,

‘Have here my wed, for *your* honoure :

With hym, for-soth, wyth I fyght,

And help *sir* terry in hys ryght.’

The Emperoure *with* mornynge chere

Toke the wed of Gye there.

He seyð, ‘pylgrym, so god the save,

Aȝ that the nedyth thow shalt have.’

With that he began to sygh sore,

So dyd aȝ that there wore.

Berard wished

the pilgrim were
Guy,

or, at least, durst
fight for Tirri.

Guy answered

² *Fyndyth* MS.

he was ready.

Turnbull, p. 355,
l. 9020.

¶ þe douk Berard þer he stode 178

Stared on Gij as he wer wode,

& egrelich seyð his þouzt.

‘Pilgrim,’ he seyð, ‘þou art ful stout :

Y-wis, þi wordes þat er so prout 5

Schal be ful dere abouzt.

Y warn þe wele,’ he seyð þo,

‘þat þine heued þou schalt forgo,

Where so þou may be souzt.’

Sir Gij seyð, ‘þan þou it hast, 10

MS. fol. 159v. a. þan make þer-of þi bast ;

For ȝete no getes þou it nouzt.’

C. 9261. ¶ Bifor þemperour þan come Gij, 179

& seyð, ‘sir Berard of Paui

Is a man of miȝti dede,

& fram fer cuntres comen icham,

& am a sely pouer man : 5

Y no haue here no sibbered,

No y no haue wepen no armour briȝt.

For þe loue of god al-miȝt,

Finde me armour & stede.’

þemperour answerd, ‘bi Iesu, 10

Pilgrim, þou schalt haue anow

Of al þat þe is nede.’

Turnbull, p. 356,
l. 9044.

¶ þe douk Berra[r]d þennes he went : 180

His hert was in strong turment,

He no wist what he do miȝt.

¹ *amayde* MS. þemperour cleped his douhter, a mayde¹ :

‘Leue douhter,’ to hir he seyð, 5

‘Kepe þis pilgrim to-niȝt.’

Sche him vnderfenge ful mildeliche,

& dede baþe him ful softliche :

In silke sche wald him diȝt,

- Vp stert berrard, the gret syre,
 As man that was full of tene and Ire.
 ‘Pylgryme,’ he seyð, ‘thow arte full stowte, 9540
 Prowd, and bold, with-owte dowte,
 When thow haste wagid thys bateyle; was sure
 For I the sey, with-owt fayle,
 The devyH the bad do this dede.
 Thow haste hym *seruyd*: thys ys thi mede. 9545 he should strike
 The grace of god be me berevyd off his head.
 But I smyte of thy he[v]ed.’ But Guy warned
 him not to boast
 too early.
- ‘Sir Emperoure,’ quod Gyoun,
 ‘Herkyn here to my reasoun :
 Here ys no man that knoweth me ; 9550
 Com I am from fer contree.
 Armoure have I none redye [p. 220]
 Ne gold where-with to bye.
 As ye beth man of much myght,
 To helpe the pore thorough ryght, 9555 Guy asked him
 And at ned to do hym socoure for an armour
 Hit ys to yow gret honoure.’ and a steed,
 To-fore the Emperoure they stod ychone, and the Emperor
 Both her weddus he toke anone. promised him all
 he wanted.
- Sethen he commaundyð hem anone ryzt 9560
 Erly on the morrow to be dyght.
 He wyH algate the bateyle see :¹
 He bad erlych it shuld be.²
 The Duke yod home full swyð
 Full of wrath and vnbyth. 9565
- The emperoure clepyd hys dowzter dere,
 And bad her in all manere
 She shuld kepe the pylgrym weH,
 And arme hym both in Iren and stele.
 She dyd as her fader her bad, 9570
 And into chamber she hym lad.
 She wold hym cloth & bathe wele,

Derard, madly
 staring at Guy,

was sure

he should strike
 off his head.

But Guy warned
 him not to boast
 too early.

Approaching the
 Emperor,

Guy asked him
 for an armour
 and a steed,
 and the Emperor
 promised him all
 he wanted.

¹ see] be do MS.

² be so MS.

The Emperor
 committed Guy
 to the care of
 his daughter.

Ac þerof was no-þing his þouzt, 10
 Bot of gode armour he hir bisouzt,
 Wiþ þe douke Berard to fȳt.

C. 9293. ¶ Amorwe aros þat emperour : 181

Erls, barouns of gret honour
 To chirche wiþ him þai zede,
 & when þe barouns asembled was
 þan miȳt men sen in þat plas 5
 To-gider a fair ferred.

² *atipard* MS.

þider com þe douk Berard
 Prout & stern as a lipard,²
 Wele y-armed on stede,
 & priked riȳt as he wer wode 10
 Among þe barouns þer þai stode,
 Batayle for to bede.

Turnbull, p. 337,
 1. 9063.

¶ þe maiden forȳat neuer a del, 182
 þe pilgrim was armed ful wel
 Wiþ a gode glaiue in honde,
 & a swift ernand stede
 Al wrin sche dede him lede, 5
 þe best of þat lond.

MS. fol. 159r. b.

þan sir Gij him bi-þouzt,
 þe gode swerd forȳat he nouzt
 þat he in tresour fond.
 He sent þerafter priueliche 10
 (Noman wist litel no miche),
 & Tirri sent him þe brond.

¶ When þat mayden hadde graiþed Gij, 183
 Wele y-diȳt & ful richely,
 Men gan on him biheld.

But therof wold he neuer a dele.

He bad her for god aH-myȝt

To arme hym weH at aH rygHt. 9575

AH the mén of that Cyte

Had wonder what yt myȝt be

That durst ayenst the duke fyȝte :

They prayed for hym both day and nyȝt,

That god shuld geve the pylgrym grace 9580

To slee the Duke in the place.

FuH Erly rose the Emperoure, [p. 221]

Next morning,

And herd masse with grete honoure.

To hys paleyse ys he gone

after church,

With hys barounus euery-chone.

9585 all the barons
were assembled,

AH redy was the Duke berrard

As stowte as a lyon other lyberd,

Armyd vpon a stede :

and Duke Berard

To the court men Gon hym lede.

rode amongst
them, ready
for the fight.

I wote the mayd for-yate noughȝt,

9590 Guy was armed
by the Princess,

To arme the pylgrym was aH her thought :

She dyd [hym] have a weH good stede,

That seker was at euery nede.

Hys good swerd for-yate he noughȝt :

Hyt was fuH prevyly to hym brought ; 9595

He dyd hyt fett from sir terry,

That no man saw, fuH prevylye.

Therof he had gret mystere,

As ye shaH afterward here.

and secretly sent
for his sword.

WeH she armyd hym that may

9600 Now the Princess

In aH maner that he couth say.

She brought hym to the emperoure,

Sche ledde him forþ swiþe stille
 To þemperour wiþ gode wille : 5
 Sche tauzt him for to weld.

C. 9323. þan seyð þemperour hende & fre,
 ‘ Lordinges, listen now to me,
 Boþe 3ong & eld.
 þis kniȝt, þat ȝe se now here, 10
 Haȝ taken batail in strong maner,
 Al for to fiȝt in feld.

Turnbull, p. 358,
 l. 9092.

¶ þis kniȝt,’ he seyð, ‘ þat ston[t] me bi, 184
 Wil fiȝt for þerl sir Tirri
 (For no þing wil he wond),
 & defende him of þat felonie
 Oȝain þe douȝ Berard of Paui 5
 þat he berþ him an hond ;
 For Tirri is out of lond went
 To seche Gij, verrament,
 þat for him miȝt stond
 (þis day is sett bitvén hem tvo), 10
 Or be deshirrite for euer-mo,
 & flemed out of lond.

¶ Bot now is comen here þis kniȝt, 185
 Oȝain Berard haȝ taken þe fiȝt :
 For no þing wil he flen.
 Ac, lordinges,’ he seyð, ‘ euerichon,
 Where the batayl schal be don 5
 Loke, where it may best ben.’
 þan loked þai it schuld be
 In a launde vnder þe cite.
 þider in þai went bi-den :

That was a man of gret honoure.
 All the men that¹ sye *sir* Gye
 Of hym they had gret ferlye ; 9605
 For he was so feyre and wyght,
 When he was armyd at hys ryght.
 All they sware be seynt Richere
 That was not the pore palmere
 That toke the bateyle for to fyzte : 9610
 He semyd weþ a dowzty knyght.
 'Lordyngis,' quod the Emperoure, [p. 222]
 'Herkenyth to me *par* amoure.
 These two knyztis, that stondyth here,
 They beth men of grete powere : 9615
 A bateyle they have wagid here,
 Weþ ye wote in whate manere.
 Thys pylgrym, that stondyth me bye,
 Shaþ defende the Erle terrye
 Of felony and of treasoun), 9620
 And of the dukis deth Otown)
 Ayenst this Duke *sir* berrard,
 That hath hym apechyd fuþ harde
 Of Otown) hys cosyn ys deth,
 That he was slayne thorow terry ys reth. 9625
 Now shaþ ye see this bateyle
 Hastyly *with*-owten) fayle.'
 All they seyð at on assent,
 'We wyþ hyt se *with* good entent.'
 Oppon an hyþ be-syd the Cite 9630
 Ther was the bateyle ordeyned to be.
 The boke was brought hem be-forne :
 When they had her othes sworne,
 To the hyþ gan they gone,
 And to-gedyr smote anone. 9635
 Ther be-gan a gret bateyle :
 Eyther gan other fast assayle.

led him before
the Emperor ;

who, addressing
his lords,

told them that
the pilgrim

would defend
Tirri against
Berard of Pavia,

and asked them
to look for a
suitable place
of combat.

They fixed upon a
plain beside the
city.

¹ The second *t* added in another ink.

- Mani man bad god þat day 10
 Help þe pilgrim, as he wele may,
 þe douk Berard to slen.
- Turnbull, p. 359, 1. 9116. ¶ On hors lopen þo kniȝtes prest, 18
 & lopen to-gider til schaftes brest,
 MS. fol. 159v. a. þat strong weren & trewe,
 & her gerþes brusten, þat strong were,
 & þo kniȝtes boþe y-fere 5
 Out of her sadels þrewe.
 After þai drouȝ her swerdes gode,
 & leyd on as þai were wode,
 þat were gode & newe ;
 & astow sest þe fir on flint 10
 þe stem out of her helmes stint
 So hetelich þai gun hewe.
- ¶ Wele wer armed þo kniȝtes stout, 187
 Bot he had more yren him about
 þat fals Berardine :
 Tṽay hauberkes he was in weued,
 & tṽay helmes upon his heued, 5
 Was wrouȝt in Sarazine.
 Opon his schulder henge a duble scheld
 (Better¹ miȝt non be born in feld),
 A gode swerd of stiel fine :
 Mani man þerwiþ his liif had lorn. 10
 It was sumtim þer-biforn
 þe kinges Costentine.
- Turnbull, p. 360, 1. 9140. ¶ Strong batayl held þo kniȝtes bold, 188
 þat alle þat euer gan hem bihold
 þai seyden hem among
 þe pilgrim was non erpely man ;
 It was an angel, from heuen cam 5
 For Tirri batayle to fong :

Who smote they to-gedyr faste,
Whiles ther wepon wold laste.

There be-gan a stronge fyght :

9640

They smot on helmys, that were bryght.

They brekyn steroppis and paytrellis, [p. 223]

And theyre sperys euery-deale,

But her hawberk's wold not ryve.

Down of theyre stedis gan they dryve.

9645

Now be they on the erth both :

Ful sone I wene they wil be wroth.

On her stedys they lepyng, sans dowt ;

Non dred other : they were so stowt.

They drew swerdys stowt and stronge,

9650

And fought to-gedyr swyth long.

The dyntis on helmys were so stoute,

That all the hyll dynned a-bowt.

They breke hawberk's and shyldys :

The pec's flow into the fyldys.

9655

Sir Gye was armyd wel thore,

But the Duke had armour more :

He had two helmys styf and bryzt,

And two hawberk's for dred of fyzt.

They were set with preciose stonys

9660

All a-bowte for the nonys.

The two adversaries mounted their steeds, and ran against each other so vehemently as to break their spears,

and to be unhorsed.

Then they drew their swords.

Berard had two coats of mail, two helmets,

a double shield,

and a good sword

Wel grete and stronge was that bateyle :

Her horse were stronge, with-owt fayle.

They seyde a-mong hem eche man

That seyde the bateyle than

9665

That Gye was erthly man none :

Of hevyn he was an angele one,

Other ellys a man of fer londe :

He myzt not ellys the Duke with-stand.

The spectators

said the pilgrim was an angel,

‘For mani gode erle & mani baroun
Berard hap y-brouzt adoun

Wip wel michel wrong,
þer-fore hap God sent, y-wis, 10
An angel out of heuen blis
To sle þat traitour strong.’

C. 9375. ¶ Al þe folk in þat cite was, 189
Litel & michel, more & las,

To se þe batayl þai zede ;
Bot Tirri in a chirche liis,
& euer he bisouzt god, y-wis, 5
He schuld him help & spede.

When he herd telle [þat a] pilgrim
Fauzt ozain þe douke Berardin,

To help him at his nede,
Wel fain he wald þider gon, 10

MS. fol. 160v. b. Bot for knoweing of his fon :
Wel sore he gan him drede.

Turnbull, p. 361,
l. 9164.

¶ Ac napeles he ros vp þo 190

Wip michel care & michel wo,
& þider he went wel swiþe.

When he com to þe plas
þer þe bataille loket was, 5

Amonges hem he gan liþe,
& when he seyþe the douk so strong
& his armes to-hewe among,
In his hert he was ful bliþe,

Whether of hem were the hardyer' 9670
 WYST they not that ther were.

sent by God to
 slay the traitor.

AH the Cite, *with*-owt fayle, [p. 224]

Comyn to se that bateyle :

Men and women, chyl dren also,

Monk*is* and frerys thedyr gan go ;

Lasse and more in that Citee

AH they comyn that bateyle to see,

But aH only syr terry,

That laye in the church specialye,

Preying to god that he wold here

And helpe hym in hys gret mystere.

In there com a preste goande,

That found terry ther liggand.

'Pylgrym,' quod the prest than,

'Thow arte an ouer-holy man).

Whi wylt not thow to the mounteyn go

To se the bateyle be-twene kny*tis* two ?

A pylgrym ys that on fuH rygHt,

That for the Erle terry doth fygHt.'

'What ys that pylgrym ?' quod terry.

'Ine wot,' he seyde, 'securlye,

But he ys dow3ty in the fyld,

And brokyn he hath the Duk*is* shyld.'

Vp a-rose Terry tho anone,

And to the bateyle ys he goon.

He was adrad men shuld hym knowe :

He lokyd amonge the men fuH lowe.

There he saw the Duke beirarde,

Hys armoure rent, and bled fuH harde.

He had Ioy with-owt care

That he saw Berrart so fare.

Euer the pylgryme assayled hym faste. [p. 225]

All went to see
 the fight

9675 except Tirri, who,
 in a church, was
 praying to God,

till he heard that
 a pilgrim was
 fighting with
 Berard.

Although afraid
 of being re-
 cognized by his
 enemies,

9685

9690

Tirri went

9695

to where the fight
 was taking place.

9700

- & þo he sey3e his blod spille, 10
 God he þonked wiþ gode wille.¹
 ¶ 'Lord, merci !' Tirri gan say : 191
 'þis is nouzt þe pilgrim y met 3isterday²
 þat is so richeliche dizt.
 He was a feble pouer body,
 Sely, messays, & hungri ; 5
 & he is of michel mizt.
 Y trow non erpelich man it be.
 On Gij y þenke when ichim se :
 So douhti he was in fizt.
 3if Gij, mi felawe, nouzt³ ded nere, 10
 Ich wald sigge þat he it were :
 So liche þai ben of sizt.'
- ¶ Into chirche ozain he zede, 192
 & fel on knes in þat stede,
 & Iesus Crist he bi-souzt
 He schuld help þe pilgrim
 þat fauzt ozain douk Berardin, 5
 þat miche wo hap him wrouzt.
 Hard togider gun þai fizt
 Fro the morwe to þe nizt,
 þat þai rest hem nouzt ;
 & when hem failed lizt of day 10
 þai coupe no rede what þai do may :
 To þemperour þai hem brouzt.
- C. 9431.** ¶ 'Sir emperour,' þai seyð anon, 193
 'What schul we wiþ þis kniztes don ?
 At þi wille schal it be.'
 þemperour clept to him þo
 Four barouns þat his trust was to. 5
 'Lordinges,' þan seyð he,
 'Kepe me wele þe douk Berard,
 & bring him tomorwe bi a forward,
 Opon al 3our fe.

¹ A line is here omitted in the MS.

² 3ist blotted.

³ now MS.

Turnbull, p. 362,
l. 9187.

MS. fol. 160r. a.

'Lord,' quod terry at the laste,
 'That ys not the same palmere
 That was yesterday my fere.
 Thys ys a bold man and a wyght:
 Hyt semyth hym to be a gentyH knyzt.
 He was lene and febuH of myght,
 An hongry man and euyH I-dyght;
 This man ys wyght and no-thing wand:
 I wehe hit ys none erthly man.
 When I hym se I thynke on Gye:
 He ys fuH lyke hym, securlye.
 Yf Gye were not ded, I wold seye
 That this were he, be thys daye.'
 Tho for Gye he wept fuH sore.
 He yod to church, and held hym thore.
 Euer he prayed to god that daye
 To helpe as he weH maye.
 That bateyle last fuH longe,
 Fro the morrow erly vnto the euynsonge:
 Yet ne wold they leue the fyght
 TyH hyt were the derknyght.
 They ne wiste what they myzt seye;
 For they lakkyd the lyght of the daye.
 Messyngerys ther were sente,
 To the Emperoure sone they wente.
 They told hym that yt was nyzte,
 They myzt no lenge se to fyght.
 Anon he dyd klepe with honoure
 Fowre barouns of gret valoure.
 'Lordys,' quod the Emperoure,
 'Here hath bene an herd stoure.
 Take ye berrard to yow nowe,
 And keypyth hym weH, I commaund yow,
 As I in yow trewly affye:

He was very glad
to see Berard's
blood spilt.

9705 The pilgrim, who
he thought was
not the same that
he met the day
before,

9710 reminded him of
Guy.

9715 Tirri returned
into the church.

9720 The combat lasted
till night.

9725 Then the Emperor

9730 entrusted Berard
to the charge of
four barons,

[p. 226]

9735

& y schal kepe þe pilgrim to-niȝt : 10
 Til tomorwe þat it is day liȝt
 He schal bileue wiþ me.'

Turnbull, p. 363,
 l. 9211.

þan departed þis batayle : 194
 þo four barouns, wiþ-ouȝt fayl,
 Vnder-stode Berard to kepe,
 & þemperour toke þe pilgrim,
 In a chaumber to loken him 5
 Wiþ seriaunce wise & ȝepe.
 þe douke Berard for-ȝat him nouȝt,
 Of a foule tresoun he him bi-þouȝt :
 Four kniȝtes he gan clepe.

¹ blotted.

'F[or]¹ mi loue,' he seyde, 'goþ to-niȝt 10
 þ[er]¹ þe pilgrim liþ ful riȝt,
 & sleþ him in his slepe.'

C. 9455. ¶ þai armed hem swiþe wel 195

Boþe in iren & in stiel,
 & went hem forþ in hast.
 Into þe chaumber þai went anon :
 þe pilgrims keepers euerichon 5
 Lay & slepe full fast.
 To þe pilgrim þai went ful riȝt,
 & left vp þe bedde wiþ her miȝt,
 þo four traitours vnwrast :
 To þe se þai beren him, 10
 & boþe bed & þe pilgrim
 Into þe see þai cast.

Turnbull, p. 364,
 l. 9235.

¶ To sir Berard þai went anon, 196
 & teld him hou þai hadden don ;
 þerof he was ful fawe.
 'Sir,' þai seyde, 'be nouȝt adred :
 Boþe þe pilgrim & þe bed, 5
 Into þe see we han y-prawe.'

Yeld hym to me to-morrow erly ;
 And I shaſt kepe the pylgryme weſt
 Tyſt to-morrow, ſo have I hele :

while he himſelf
 took care of the
 pilgrim.

Then ſhaſt they to-gedyr goo,
 Then ſhaſt we wete which of hem two
 Shaſt have the victorye

9740

Thorow the grace of god in hye.
 ‘ Sir,’ they ſeyd, ‘ aſt redye.’

They were departyd ſone in hye.

9745

They toke berrard, that noble knyȝt,

And kept him¹ weſt aſt that nyȝt,

¹ hem MS.

But berrard, that false glotoun,
 Thought aſt-vey to do treasoun :

Foure bold cosyns he had,

9750

And fuſt prevyly he hem bad

Berard,
 ſcheming treach-
 ery, ſent four
 knights

That they ſhuld to courte goo,

And prevyly the pylgrym ſloo.

They armyd hem² in haſte anone,

to kill the pilgrim
 in his ſleep.

And com to courte euery-chone.

9755

They entryd fuſt prevyly

Into a chambre to ſir Gye.

He was leyd in ſofte bed :

These knights
 found the pil-
 grim’s keepers
 faſt aſleep.

With clothes of gold hyt was be-ſpred.

Hys keepers were aſt ſlepan,

9760

Was not one of hem wakand.

Vp they toke the bed ryȝt there,

[p. 227]

And to the fuſt ſee they hyt bere ;

And aſt-vey ſlept weſt faſte ſir Gye :

Lifting up his
 bed,

But god hym helpe for hys mercye,

9765

Weſt ſone drowned ſhuld he be !

They caſt aſt forth in-to the ſee.

they took it to the
 ſhore, and caſt
 Guy into the ſea,
 bed and all.

There was he paſſed with the ſe wawe

Berard was glad
 of it.

Down a whyle and vp a thrawe.

þe pilgrim waked, & loked an heyȝe :

þe sterres on þe heuen he seiȝe,

þe water about him drawe.

þei he was ferd no wonder it nis :

10

Non oþer þing he no seiȝe, y-wis,

Bot winde & wateres wawe.

C. 9475. ¶ 'Lord,' seyð Gij, 'god almiȝt,

197

þat winde, & water, & al þing diȝt,

On me haue now pite !

MS. fol. 160r. b.

Whi is me fallen þus strong cumbring ?

& y no fiȝt for to win no þing,

5

Noiþer gold no fe,

For no cite no no castel,

Bot for mi felawe y loued so wel,

þat was of gret bounte.

For he was sumtyim so douhti,

10

& now he is so pouer a bodi,

Certes, it rewep me.'

- Sir Gye awakyd at the laste,
 And hys hede up he caste :
 He sawe the sterres bryght shynand,
 But in no syd saw he the lande,
 But brod watre aH abowte :
 Hyt was no wondre though he had doute. 9770
 ‘God,’ he seyde, ‘aH weldande,
 That stablyssheth both watre and londe,
 Lord, now thow thyneke on mee ;
 For I am be-trayed now, I see.
 Lord, who hath do me thys ded ?
 And I fyght for no mede,
 Ne for syluer ne for golde,
 But for my brother, my trowth to hold,
 And for to delyuer hym owte of peryle,
 That longe hath bene in excile 9775
 Also power as he may bee.
 When I hym saw I had pyte :
 Some-tyme he was a noble knyght.
 I wold dye for sir terry is ryght.
 For he ys now so wrechyd a wyght, 9790
 A-geyne Berrarde I toke the fyght.
 Yf I had the traytour slayne, [p. 228]
 Terry shuld have hys land ageyne.
 Lord, yf hyt myght so be
 That he had helpe thorow me, 9795
 And I wonne aH hys land,
 And aH the honoure to hys hand,
 Thow I levyd but tith that daye,
 Hit were my Ioy, for-soth I seye.
 But I am ded, weH I wote : 9800
 For me shaft he neuer have state
 Thorought treason of the Duke barrard.
 Have he neuer of hevyn parte !
 He ys a thefe full of treason ;
 God geve hym hys malyson !’ 9805

When the pilgrim
 awoke, he saw
 only stars and
 water.

‘God,’ he ex-
 claimed,

‘have mercy upon
 me !’

I do not fight for
 the sake of getting
 anything,

but in pity for my
 fellow.

Turnbull, p. 365,
l. 9259.

Now herkenþ a litel striif, 198
Hou he saued þe pilgrims liif

Iesu, þat sitt in trone,
Wiþ a fischer þat was comand,
In þe se fische takeand 5
Bi himself al-on.

He seþ þat bed floter him by :
'On godes half,' he gan to cri,
'What artow ? say me son.'
þe pilgrim his heued vp pliȝt, 10
& erid to him anon riȝt,
& made wel reweli mon.

C. 9501. ¶ 'Gode man,' þan seyð he, 199
'Y leue on god in trinite :
þe soþe þou schalt now sen.

Vnderstode þou ouȝt of þe batayl hard
Bitven þe pilgrim & sir Berard, 5
Hou þai fouȝten bitven ?'

þe fischer seyð, 'y seiȝe þe fiȝt
Fro þe morwe to þe niȝt :
For noþing wald þai flen.

þemperour comand þo 10
þai schuld be kept boþe tvo,
'Tomorwe bring hem oȝen.'

Turnbull, p. 366,
l. 9283.

¶ 'Icham,' he seyð, 'þe pilgrim
þat fauȝt wiþ¹ þe douke Berardin 200

¹ The þ of wiþ
added above the
line.

For Tirri, þe hendi kniȝt.
ȝistreuen we wer deled ato ;
In a chaumber y was do 5

Wiþ seriaunce wise & wiȝt :
Hou ich com her no wot y nouȝt.
For his loue þat þis world haþ wrouȝt,
Saue me ȝif þou miȝt.'
þe fischer tok him into his bot anon, 10
& to his hous he ladde him hom,
& saued his liif þat niȝt.

Tho ther com a good fysshere
 Fyshyng be *sir* Gye nere.

The bed he saw far by fletand :
 He turned hys bot, and went nere-hand.

Wondir he had what hyt were
 That in the see com fletyng there.

He coniured hyt in aH manere,
 When that he was comyn hyt nere :

What he was he shuld saye,
 And yf he levyd on goddys laye.

Vp he lyfte hys heed *sir* Gye,
 And to the fyssher he spake in hye :

'My frend,' quod Gye, 'have thow no dred ;
 I leve in god, so god me spede.'

Quod the fysher, 'art thow of this cite ?'

'Yea, so god me sped,' seyde he.

'Thynkest thow not on that fyght

Be-twene the pylgryme and the knyzt

That the Emperoure dyd make

Yesterday for terry ys sake ?'

'For-soth,' quod he, 'I saw full ryzt

The bateyle tyH the derke nyzt.

The emperoure dyd departe hem late :

He kept the pylgryme at the gate.'

'And I am,' seyde Gye, 'that ylke pilgryme

That faught ageynst Duke berrardyne.

We were departyd yesternyzt,

For we myzt se no lenger for to fyzt.

In-to a chambre I was brought :

Of treason had I lytiH thought.

Into this bed was I done :

I was wery, and slept full sone.

I was be-trayed, I note howe :

My dere frend, helpe me nowe.

For the trouth god yave the,

Att thys tyme have rewth on me.'

Now listen

How Jesus saved
 the pilgrim by a
 fisherman,

9810

who saw the bed
 floating by him,

and asked him
 who he was.

9815

Guy answered,

9820

'Hast thou not
 heard of the fight
 between the pil-
 grim and Sir
 Berard ?'

'I saw it from
 morning to night,'
 rejoined the
 fisherman.

9825

'I am that pil-
 grim,' said Guy.

9830

'I do not know
 how I came
 hither.

Save me !'

The fisherman
 took him into his
 boat, and led him
 to his house.

9835

9840

[p. 229]

- C. 9525.** ¶ þemperour ros amorwe, y-wis, 201
 & at¹ þe chirche he herd his messe
 In þe first tide of þe day,
 & into his halle he gan gon,
 & after þe steward he axed anon 5
 & þe pilgrim wiþ-uten delay.
 þe four barouns forȝat hem nouȝt,
 þe douke Berard þai han forþ brouȝt
 Redy armed to play ;
 & þe pilgrims kepers com euerichon, 10
 & seyð to þemperour, bi seyn Ion,
 þe pilgrim was oway.

Turnbull, p. 367,
 l. 9307.

² The *s* of *swore*
 added above the
 line.

- ¶ þemperour was wel wroþ : 202
 Bi his fader soule he swore² his oþ,
 þai schuld ben hang & drawe.
 ‘For godes loue,’ he seyð, ‘merci !
 þis douke Berard of Pau 5
 Haþ him brouȝt o dawe.’
 þemperour seyð, ‘bi seyn Martin,
 Hastow don þis fals, Berardin,
 To don þe pilgrim slawe ?
 ȝeld him deþes or liues to me, 10
 Or in mi court demp[t] þou schalt be
 þurch iugement of lawe.’

- C. 9531.** ¶ þe douke Berard wex wroþ & wo ; 203
 þemperour he answerd þo
 Wiþ wel michel hete :
 ‘Ichaue serued þe long, sir emperour,

- The Fysher was for hym sory,
 And toke hym into hys bote in hye,
 And led hym forth home that nyȝt,
 And kept hym *with* aȝ hys myȝte. 9845
 The Emperoure a-rose weȝ erlye,
 Mateyns and masse he herd in hye.
 Then he come in-to hys haȝ,
 And *with* hym hys barouns aȝ.
 He bad hem bryng forth berrardyne, 9850
 And afterward the pore pylgryme.
 The foure barouns, soȝ, gan wend, [p. 230]
 And brought the Duke so hende.
 He commaundyd at that tyme
 To bring forth that pylgryme. 9855
 To the Emperoure gan they seye
 That the pylgryme was aweye :
 Both was away he and hys bed,
 And hys wardeyns were aȝ fled.
 Ther wiste no man where he was done.
 The Emperoure was wroth fuȝ sone :
 He sware be god and seynt marye
 Aȝ they shuld be hangyȝ on hye
 That had aloyned¹ thys pylgryme
 And hys wardens, be seynt martyne. 9865
 Tho spake he *with* fuȝ gret Ire
 To the Duke, the stoute syre :
 ‘Thow Duke,’ he seyȝ, ‘*with*-owt stryfe,
 Bryng hym forth, vppon thi lyfe,
 That thow hast take oute of my kepyng,
 Other I shaȝ Iuge the to hangyng.
 Ded or quyke bryng hym to me :
 Thow haste hym stolyȝ, weȝ I se.’
 The Duke stert vp, *with*-owte doute,
 As man that was bold and stowte. 9870
 ‘Sir,’ he seyȝ, ‘now fynd I wele
 That ye love me neuer a deale.

Next morning
the Emperor,
after hearing
mass,

asked for the
steward and the
pilgrim.

Berard was
brought,

but the pilgrim
had disappeared.

The Emperor was
very angry,

and, suspecting
Berard,
¹ *aloyned* or
aloyued MS.

told him to bring
forth the pilgrim
dead or alive.

Berard reproached
the Emperor “

& kept þi londes wiþ michel anour, 5
 & now þou ginnest me þrete.
 þerof ȝiue y nouȝt a chirston.
 Hom to Lombardy ichil gon :
 Wiþ alle þe ost y may gete
 Y schal com in-to Almayn; for al þi tene 10
 Of al þi lond, siker mot þou ben,
 O fot y no schal þe lete.'

Turnbull, p. 368,
 l. 9331.

¶ When þemperour herd þat, 204
 & of his pretening vnder-ȝat,
 He bad wiþ wordes bold
 Out of his court he schuld gon.
 & he answerd sone anon 5

¹ The *e* of *he*
 and the *n* of *nold*
 blotted.

MS. fol. 160v. b.

þat sikerliche he nold.¹
 þer com þe fischer priueliche,
 & puked þemperour softliche :
 His tale to him he told.
 'Sir emperour,' he seyð, 'listen to me : 10
 Of þe pilgrim ichil telle þe,
 ȝif þou me herken wold.'

C. 9857. ¶ 'Fischer,' seyð þemperour fre, 205
 'Of þe pilgrim telle þou me,
 ȝif þou þe soþe can sayn.'
 'For-soþe,' he seyð, 'y can ful wel :
 Y schal þe leyȝen neuer a del ; 5
 þerof icham ful fain.
 ȝistreuen, wiþ-uten lesing,
 Y went to þe se of fischeing,
 Mine nettes for to layn.
 A bedde y fond þer floteland, 10

- Ouer-longe have I servyd yow,
 And kept youre land to youre prow.
 Now ye wold Iuggyn me,
 But ye shaŋ not, so must I the.
 Who that ys now here so hardye [p. 231]
 That wyŋ me greve or more anoye,
 I shaŋ hym *with* my sword so smyte,
 That hys hede shaŋ of as tyte.
 And ye¹ that have me Iugid soo,
 I wyŋ ye wot, or I goo,
 That I shaŋ wend into lumbardye,
 And gader power ryghŋ hardye,
 And thorough thy land com ageyne :
 Aŋ that I fynd shaŋ be slayne.
 I shaŋ the dystroy *euery* deale.
 He knew hys *maner* swyth weŋ.
 I dare sey he was ryghŋ wroth,
 And weŋ faste he sware hys othe,
 Yf he wente he shuld be slayne ;
 And he sware ‘ nay ’ fuŋ faste ageyne.
- T**ho com forth the fyssherye :
 He seyð, ‘ *sir* Emperoure, wyŋ ye here ?
 Heryth me, yf youre wyŋ be,
 Sir,’ he seyð, ‘ for charyte.
 Of that pylgryme I can yow seye :
 I wote where he ys, by thys daye.’
 ‘ My frend,’ quod the Emperoure,
 ‘ Sey me, so god yeve the honoure,
 And thow shalt have, be myn hede,
 An hundryth besauntis of gold rede.’
 ‘ Sir,’ he seyð, ‘ fuŋ trewly
 I shaŋ yow sey now in hye.
 To-nyȝt weŋ late was I gone
 Vnto the see to fysch a-lone.
 I found a-lofte a bed fletyng,
 And a knyȝt therin lyggyng.
- with ingratitude,
 9880
 and threatened
 not to leave him
 a foot of land.
 9885
¹ *they* MS.
 9890
 The Emperor
 ordered him to
 leave his court,
 9895
 but Berard an-
 swered he would
 not.
 Now the fisher-
 man came,
 9900
 9905
 9910 and told that last
 night,
 out fishing,
 he found a bed
 floating in the sea,
 and a knight in it,
- [p. 232]

- & þer-on a kniȝt liggeand,
 A man of michel mayn.
 ¶ & ich him axed what he were : 206
 He told me þe soþe þere
 Wiþ wordes fre & hende.
 'Icham,' he seyð, 'þe pilgrim
 þat fauȝt wiþ þe douke Berardin 5
 ȝisterday to þe nende.'
 Y tok him into mi bot anon,
 & to min hous y lad him hom,
 & kept him as mi frende.
 ȝif þou leuest nouȝt he is þare, 10
 Do sum seriaunt þider fare,
 & þer ȝe may him fende.'
C. 9603. ¶ þemperour sent after him þo 207
 Wiþ þe fischer & other mo,
 & brouȝt him, saunfayle.
 þai were don togider bliue
 Wiþ hard strokes for to driue : 5
 þai gun hem to asayle.
 Wel hard togider gun þai fiȝt :
 Wiþ her brondes, þat wer briȝt,
 þai hewe hauberk of mayle.
 þus togider gun þai play, 10
 Til it was þe heyȝe midday,
 Wiþ wel strong batayle.
 ¶¹ þe douk Berard was egre of mode : 208
 He smot to Giȝ as he wer wode ;
 His liif he wende to winne.
 He hit [him]² on þe helm on hiȝt,
 þat alle þe floures feir & briȝt 5
 He dede hem fleyȝe atvinne.
 þe nase he carf atvo,
 & þe venteyle he dede also
 Riȝt to his bare chinne.
 [Three lines are here omitted in MS.]

Turnbull, p. 370,
l. 9379.

¹ ¶ wanting in
MS.

MS. fol. 161r. a.
² him here omitted
in MS, but the
catchword on fol.
160 v. is *he hit*
him on þe helm

- I askyd hym what he was,
 And he me told all the case,
 How he was that pylgryme
 That fought *with sir* barrardyne.
 I leyd hym my bote *with-ynne*,
 And lad hym home to myn Inne.
 I hym kept all thys nyȝt :
 Sendyth for hym anon ryght.
 'My frend,' quod the Emperoure,
 'For hym shaft thou [haue] much honoure.'
- 9915 who, questioned
 who he was,
- 9920 said he was the
 pilgrim that
 had fought with
 Berard ;
- 9925 and that he took
 him home with
 him,
- 9930 where he still was.
 The Emperor sent
 for the pilgrim,
- 9935 and the combat
 recommenced.
- 9940 They fought
 together till it was
 high noon.
- 9945 Berard
- 9940 cut off all the
 flowers on Guy's
 helmet,
 and damaged his
 nasal and ventail.
- [p. 233]
- 9945

¶ Sir Gij was wroþ anon fot hot, 209
 & Berard on þe helme he smot :
 To stond hadde he no space ;
 For boþe helmes he carf atvo,
 & his heued he dede also 5
 In midward of þe face.
 þurch al his bodi þe swerd bot
 Into þe erþe wele half a fot,
 þat seiþe men in þe place.
 þ[e s]¹oule went fro þe bodi þere : 10
 þ[e fol]k¹ of þe cite wel glad were ;
 þ[ai]¹ þonked our lordes grace.

¹ The letters in
brackets blotted.

But in hys Flessh com hit nought :
 The grace of god was in hys thought.
 Out of the shyld he brake a quartere,
 As he wold¹ draw hys swerd nere.
 There feH to ground *sir* Gye² skete
 Both an handys and on fete.

9950

¹ The *l* of *wold*
 added above the
 line.
² *Gyes* MS.

Vp he sterte *wit*h-owte blame :
 Of that dede hym thought shame.
 He sterte forth as spekyH on fyre,
 And smote the Duke *wit*h gret Ire
 Vppon the helme, that was so clere
 (He smote a-wey a good quartere) ;
 As on that other helme *wit*h-aH,
 That to the ground can he faH,
 And the here *wit*h aH the face
 FeH ryght downe vnto the place.

9955

But Guy
 hit Berard so
 effectually

as to cut through
 both his helmets,
 his head,

With hys swerd he smote tho
 Hys good hawberke evyn in two.
 The Ryght Arme and the shuldre also
 He smote there the body fro.

9960

and all his body.

He carfe hys bowellys and hys hyd :
 In-to the erth the swerd can glyde.
 Tho was he aH at the grownd,
 He dyed in a lytiH stounde.

9965

The spectators
 were glad of
 Berard's death.

AH the men that therby stode

9970

Spekyn that stroke much goode,
 And seyð there was no man levand [p. 234]

That myzt yeve a gretter stroke *wit*h hand.

Vppon the Erth Gye sett hym downe,

And seyð, 'a, thow Duke fellown,

9975

Now nere-hand a[r]t thow for-lorne.

Alas the tyme that thow were boren !

A bolder knyzt was neuer lyvand,

Ne neuer dow3tyer man of hand.

Ne haddist thow be traytour, be seynt Richere, , 9980

In aH the world ne had bene thy pere.'

- C. 9653.** ¶ Bifor þemperour þan com sir Gij : 210
 ‘Ichaue wroken þerl Tirri
 (þe soþe þou miȝt now sen),
 & defended him of þat felonie
 Ozain þe douke Berard of Pau, 5
 þat was so stout & ken.
 þerfore þe soþe ich ax þe,
 3if Tirri schal quitecleymed be,
 & haue his lond oȝen.
 & who so þer-ozain wiȝstond 10
 He schal haue schame of min hond,
 Wel siker may he ben.’
- ¶ þemperour seyð, ‘sikerly, 211
 þou hast wroken þerl Tirri ;
 Gret honour þou hast him don.
 þerfore when he is come
 His londes þan al & some 5
 He schal haue euerichon.’
 þan was Gij glad & bliþe,
 & kest of his armes also swiþe :
 After him he thouȝt to gon.
 þemperour wald cloþe him in gold, 10
 Ac, sikerliche, he seyð he nold :
 His sclauain he axed anon.

Turnbull, p. 371,
l. 9402.

- By the corse he reste á whyle,
 WeH the mountanaunce of a myle.
 AH that abowte gan stond
 Seyd he was a knyzt of fe[i]r[y]-land. 9985
 Now ys Gye to the Emperoure gon
 And to hys barouns euery-chone,
 And askyd yf terry shuld be quyte
 Of aH pereH and aH dyspyte.
 AH they seyð *with* on voyse, 9990
 ‘Yea, be hym that dyed on crose.
 AH shaH be for-yeve hym here
 Be leve of yow, *sir* Emperere.’
 ‘Sir Emperoure,’ quod *sir* Gye,
 ‘Have mercy on the Erle terrye. 9995
 I have defendyd that felony
 Ryght here be-fore your eye.
 Me thynkyth he shuld be quyte *with* ryght,
 When that I for hym dyd fyzte.’
 The Emperoure answeyrd fuH tyte, 10000
 ‘He oweth weH for to be quyte.
 All I forge¹ the Erle terry [p. 235]
 Myn evyH wyH and myn envye.
 I shaH delyuer hym aH hys land
With aH the honoure into hys hand : 10005
 Yf I wyste where he were,
 I wold delyuer hym fuH yare.’
 Gye hym answeyrd, ‘*par* mafaye,
 Ye shaH hym see, yf that I maye.’
 ‘My frend,’ he seyð, ‘fuH hastylye 10010
 I byd the wend, and seke terry.’
 Of he dyd hys armoure bryght :
 The Emperoure wold hym fayer dyzt
 In Rich Robys two or thre,
 And make hym on of hys meyne, 10015
 But therof wold be not thoo,
 But hys slaveyne and no mo.

Guy came before
the Emperor,

and asked him

if Tirri was to
have all his land
back again.

The Emperor
answering

¹ So MS. = *for-
geve*.

in the affirmative,

Guy was glad,
and, changing his
armour

for his pilgrim's
garb,

- C. 9673.** ¶ To toun he went in his way 212
 To finde Tirri zif he may
 In sorwe & care ful bounde.
 Into a chirche he him dede,
 & fond him in a priue stede 5
 Liand on knes to grounde.
 'Arise vp, Tirri,' he seyde þo;
 'To court þou schalt wiþ me go,
 Now ichaue þe founde.'
 Tirri anon his heued vpbreyd, 10
 & seyde, 'pilgrim, hastow me treyd,
 Allas þat ich stounde!
 ¶ Allas, allas,' þan seyde he, 213
 'To what man may men trust be,
 To chese to his make?
 þou þat semed so stedefast
 To þemperour me wraied hast: 5
 To sle me þou hast take.
 In iuel time was it to me
 þat y mi name told to þe:
 Allas þat ich sake!'
 For sorwe þat he hadde þo 10
 O word no miȝt he speke mo,
 Bot stode & gan to quake.
C. 9697. ¶ 'Tirri,' seyde Gij, 'drede þe no-þing: 214
 þou schalt to-day here gode tiding
 þurch grace of godes sond.
 þe schrowed douke Berard he is ded;
 Under þe cite he is y-leyde: 5
 Y slouȝ him wiþ min hond.'
 þo was Tirri glad & bliþe:
 To court he went also swiþe;
 For noþing wald he wond.
 'Sir emperour,' seyde Gij anon, 10
 'Now is Tirri comen hom
 To resceiue his lond.'

Turnbull, p. 372,
 l. 9426. MS. fol.
 161r. b.

Turnbull, p. 373,
 l. 9450.

He went the Cite all abowte,
 And sowght terry with-out dowzt.
 At the laste he hym fandē 10020
 At the church hys bedys byddand.
 'A-ryse vp,' quod Gye, 'for cherite :
 The Emperoure hath sent after the.'
 Vp he held hys hede terry :
 'Lord god,' he seyde, 'mercy ! 10025
 In whome may any man trowe,
 Other to tell hys cownceill now ?
 Thow semyst weill trewe to bee,
 And now haste thow be-wrayed me.
 He wyll me slee, or I ete mete : 10030
 For me shalt thow have yeftis grete.
 Thow shalt me be-tray, & do me shame : [p. 236]
 Alas that I the told my name !
 I wend thow haddyst bene good & trewe.
 So weill-a-way that I the knewe ! 10035
 I wyll go and wend with the :
 I may not fle, full weill I se.
 Yf I dye hyt ys thorow the :
 God now have mercy on me !'

went in search of
Tirri.

He found him in
a church

upon his knees,

and bade him go
to court with him.

Tirri thought the
pilgrim had be-
trayed him,

and was sorry he
had told him his
name.

'Terry,' quod Gye, 'make good chere : 10040
 Thow shalt sone good tydyngis here.
 The false Duke barrard ys dede
 (Of hys sowle can I no rede)
 Thorrought a pylgryme full hardye,
 That terry defendyd of felonye.' 10045
 To-fore the emperoure tho he cam,
 Yet had he gret dred of blame.

But Guy informed
him

of Duke Berard's
death.

Now Tirri had no
objection to follow
Guy

'Sir Emperoure,' quod sir Gye,
 'Lo here the Erle terrye.'
 On knees fell than sir terry : 10050

to the Emperor,

- ¶ þemperour on him gan bihold, 215
 & seyð to him wiþ wordes bold,
 ‘Artow þerl Tirri?
 Where is now þi bold chere
 þat whilom so douhti were, 5
 & holden so hardi?’
 ‘3a, sir,’ he seyð, ‘icham he.
 Whilom y was of gret bounde,
 & helden ful douhti;¹
 & now ich haue al forlorn 10
 MS. fol. 161 v. a. Wiþ miche sorwe on euen & morn
 To seke mi felawe sir Gij.
 ¶ Ich haue him souȝt in mani lond, 216
 Ac neuer man ȝete ich fond
 Turnbull, p. 374, l. 9474. Can telle of him no sawe:
 He is dede, ich wot full wel.
 God almiȝti & seyn Miȝhel 5
 To blis his soule drawe!
 Ac now is it told me þis pilgrim
 As slayn þe douke Berardin;
 þerof icham ful fawe.
 Sir emperour, y bid merci: 10
 For godes loue & our leuedi,
 þo[u] do me londes lawe.’
C. 9725. ¶ þritti erls wel curteys, 217
 & alle þe lordinges of þe palais,²
 & mani baroun afine
 Crid merci to þemperour bold.
 þemperour gan him bihold,³ 5
 & seyð, ‘Tirri, frende min,
 Here y sese þe in al þi lond,
 Wiþ worþschip to held in þine hond,
 Bi god & seyn Martine.
 Bifor mi barouns y graunt þe, 10
 Steward of mi lond þou schalt be
 As was þe douke Berardine.’

¹ The whole line
on an erasure.

Turnbull, p. 374,
l. 9474.

² altered from
paylais.

³ The *i* of *bihold*
partially gone.

'Sir Emperoure,' he seyð, 'mercye !

Sir,' quod terry, 'here am I :

Longe haue I bene full dreary.

I haue bene in sorrow stronge

Yere and halfe : me thynketh longe

10055

That I had neuer reste on daye,

But that I haue travellyd aye,

who, looking at
him,
asked him
if he was Tirri :

he was so much
changed.

Tirri complained

To seche *sir* Gye yf I hym found

WeH far in meny an vncouth land.

In Englund I herd seye,

10060

There he was noryshed and borne, in faye,

That he was wente in excile ; [p. 237]

Therfor that lond ys in peryle.

Now herd I seye that a pylgryme

(Have he goddys benyson and myne !)

10065

He hath the Duke berrard shente :

I hope god hath hym hether sent.'

On knees then fyH *sir* terrye,

And seyð, 'lord, for goddys love, *mercy* !'

Dukis, Erls gret plente,

10070 Thirty earls

That were curteys men and free,

Down they felt on knees anone,

For terry they prayed euery-chone.

The Emperoure be-held the Erle terry,

For hym he waxed full sorye :

10075

The terys ran of hys eyen down.

'Terry,' he seyð, 'gentiH baroun,

Thow hast had full gret traveyle,

Hyt semyth weH, *with*-owten fayle.

Of the I haue gret pyte :

10080

Thys day thow shalt seasonyd be

of the hardships
he had undergone

in seeking Guy,

who he knew was
dead.

Since the pilgrim
had slain Berard,

he claimed his
right.

and many barons
interceding for
him,

the Emperor

restored him to
all his former pos-
sessions,

and made him his
steward in the
place of Berard.

Turnbull, p. 375,
l. 9498.
1 *pre* MS.

¶ þemperour kist him ful swete, 218
Forzaf him his wreþe & his hete
Bifor hem al þere.¹
When þemperour & þerl were at on,
þe lordinges euerichon 5
Wele bliþe of hertes were.
'Sir Tirri,' seyð þemperour fre,
'For þi fader soule, tel þou me,
Astow art me leue & dere,
Whennes is þis pilgrim? 10
Is he þi nem or þi cosyin
þat fauȝt for þe here?'

MS. fol. 161 v. b.

¶ 'Sir emperour,' seyð sir Tirri, 219
'So god me help & our leuedi,
For-soþe wiþouten fayle,
Y no seiȝe neuer ere þis pilgrim,
Bot þis oþer day y met wiþ him, 5
& told him mi *conseyl*.
He swore astite bi seyn Ion
To þi court he wald gon
þe douk Berard to asayle.
Ich wend wel litel þan, y plizt, 10
He hadde ben of michel miȝt,
To hold wiþ him batayle.'

- In aȝ thy land, casteȝ, and toure.
 Yet shalt thou have more honoure :
 I make the steward of aȝ my lande,
 And hyt be-take in-to thy hande.' 10085
 Then seyde aȝ hys baronye,
 'Sir Emperoure, graunte mercye !'
 The Emperoure kyssed *sir* terry,
 And for-gave hym aȝ folye.¹
 Duke, baroun, and euery man 10090
 Aȝ they kyssed *sir* terry than.
 Aȝ Ioyed in that Citee [p. 238]
 That terry, the knyȝt so free,
 Was accordyd with the emperoure :
 Aȝ they spake of hym honoure. 10095
 Quod the emperoure to *sir* terry,
 'Sey me now, for seynt mary,
 What ys he that ylke pylgryme ?
 Ys he thi brother or thy cosyn
 That faught *with* berrard so hastylye, 10100
 To defend the of thi felony ?
 I wend that ther had be no knyȝt
 In the world² so bold a wyȝht,
 That durst ayenste berrard fyȝt,
 But it wer foure or fyve weȝ dyȝt.' 10105
 'Sir,' quod terry, 'as I trow,
 And by the feyth that I to yow owe,
 Thys pilgrym saw I neuer are,
 But in the wey as I can fare,
 Ne neuer wyste or now ryȝht 10110
 That he for me wold fyȝht ;
 But now I wote, *with* glad mode
 I prey to hym that dyed on Roode
 Yeld hym hys mede *with*-owte fayle :
 He hath me delyuerd ffrom gret traveyle.' 10115

The Emperor,
 having kissed
 Tirri,

¹ *felony* ? cf. l.
 10101.

asked him

who the pilgrim
 was.

² the *r* of *world*
 added above the
 line.

Tirri answered

that he had never
 seen him before
 meeting with him
 the other day,

when he promised

to fight with
 Berard,
 although Tirri did
 not think him
 strong enough.

- C. 9763.** ¶ þemperour dede as a gode man, 220
 & Tirri into his chaumber he nam,
 & richeliche gan him schrede.
 He fond him wepen, & armour briȝt,
 & al þat schuld falle to kniȝt, 5
 & feffed him wiȝ prede ;
 & fond him hors & stedes gode,
 Of al his lond þe best stode,
 Hom wiȝ him to lede.
¹ *hold* blotted. þemperour wald þe pilgrim at-hold,¹ 10
 Ac, sikerliche, he seyð he nold :
 Wiȝ Tirri hom he ȝede.
 ¶ When Tirri was comen hom, 221
 þe pilgrim he wald anon
 Sesen in al his lond,
 & he for-soke it al out-riȝt ;
 For riches loued he no-wiȝt 5
 For to hold in hond.
 þerl as swiȝe his sond he sent
 Ouer al his lond, verrament,
 Til þat his wiif he fond :
² *anile* MS. þo was sche founden in an ile² 10
 In a nunri þat while
 For doute of Berardes bond.
- C. 9779.** ¶ þo was Tirri a noble man, 222
 In al þat lond better nas nan,
 As y ȝou tel may.
 Destrud were al his enemis :
 He liueþ in michel ioie & blis, 5
 Al-so a prince in play.
 Anon sir Gij him bi-ȝouȝt
 þat lenger wald he duelle nouȝt.
 To sir Tirri on a day
 He seyð to him in þat tide, 10
 ‘Here nil y no lenger abide :
 Ich mot wende in mi way.

Turnbull, p. 376,
l. 9542.

¹ *hold* blotted.

² *anile* MS.

Turnbull, p. 377,
l. 9546.

The emperoure dyd hendly :
 To hys chambre he led *sir* terry ;
 He clothyd hym nobly weH
 In clothes lyned *with* sendeH ;
 He yave hym stedis ij or thre,
 The beste that were in that contre.
 He wente to Gornoyse hastelye,
 And wyth hym he led *sir* Gye.

The Emperor
 provided Tirri
 with rich gar-
 ments, bright
 weapons and
 armour,

10120

[p. 239]

and the best
 horses and steeds.

TO the Cite com *sir* terry,
 And ys receyved nobelye.
 The pylgryme *with* hym he brought :
 That hyt was Gye wyste he noughT.
 He sow3t hys cowntes thorow3 the londe :
 At the laste he her fande.
 She was hyd for gret dowte
 For the duke that was so stowte.

He desired the
 pilgrim to stay
 with him,
 but he preferred
 to go with Tirri.

Arrived at home,
 Tirri offered Guy
 all his land,

10125

but Guy declined
 it.

10130

Tirri's wife
 was found on an
 isle in a nunnery.

Now ys terry bold and wyghT,
 Of aH that lond moste of my3t.
 In aH-mayne he doth hys wyH,
 What he lyst, lowd or styH.
 Terry for-yate in no manere
 The treasoure than¹ in the Rochere
 That they found betwene hem two
 By the way as they gan goo.
 To gornoyse he dyd hyt bryng :
 Ther was many a rych thyng.
 He yave hyt aH to *sir* Gye,
 But he wold none, securly :

In all the country
 there was no
 better man than
 Tirri.

10135

He lived in great
 bliss.

¹ *that* MS.

But Guy resolved
 to stay with him
 no longer.

10140

MS. fol. 162r. a. ¶ O þing,' he seyð, 'y pray þe : 223
 Out of þe cite go wiþ me,
 Astow art hendi kniȝt.
 Alon we shul go boþe y-fere,
 & swich tidinges þou schalt here, 5
 þou schalt haue wonder, apliȝt.'
 þerl him graunt wiþ hert fre,
 & went wiþ him out of þat cite
 In his way ful riȝt,
 & when þai wer þennes half a mile¹ 10
 þer þai duelled a litel while,
 þo gomes of michel miȝt.

¹ *amile* MS.

C. 9811. ¶ 'Tirri,' seyð Gij, 'vnderstond þou þe : 224
 þou art vnkinde, so þenkeþ me ;
 For Gij, þi gode fere,
 Whi² wiltow him knowe nouȝt ?
 Y-wis,³ þou art iuel biþouȝt. 5
 No was he þe leue & dere ?
 þenke he slouȝ þe douk Otoun,
 & brouȝt þe out of his prisoun,
 & made þe quite & skere,
 & hou he fond þe ded almast 10
 As he rode þurch a forest⁴
 Wiþ a rewely chere,

Turnbull, p. 378,
l. 9570.² *hi* blotted.³ *wis* blotted.⁴ *aforest* MS.

- Of gold and syluer had he no thought,
 But to serue god, that hym bowght. 10145
 And he bad yeve some pore man *with* hys hond,
 And with that other a-store hys land.
 Vppon a day *sir* Gye hym be-thought,
 Lenger to dwell ther wold he nought.
 He toke hys leve of *sir* terrye, 10150
 And spake to hym weH derley :
 ‘Sir,’ he seyde, ‘now wyH I fare : [p. 240]
 With the may I dwell no mare.
 I pray yow, yf youre wyH be,
 That ye awhile rown *with* me : 10155
 Such thyng now ye here saye,
 Ye wyH have wonder, by thys daye.
 But loke that no man come *with* yow.’
 ‘Nay,’ quod terry, ‘as I trowe.’
 Terry lepe on a mule amblend : 10160
 Thorought the Cite they went spekend.
 Must no man *with* hym goo,
 But they alone hem-selfe two.
 Forth they went to-geders her waye :
 Wiste no man what Gye wold seye. 10165
 When they had go but a myle,
 They sett hem down to reste a while.
 ‘Sir,’ quod Gye, ‘herken me now :
 Ye know me not, as I trowe.
 And yf ye vndyrstond wele, 10170
 Ye coud know me some deale.
 Can ye not that man know
 That some tyme was your felaw,
 That slew for yow the Duke otown,
 And delyuerd yow of hys presoun ? 10175
 And efte I found yow woundyd sare
 In a foreste as I gan fare,

He asked Tirri
 to see him out of
 the city ;

which he did.

After half a mile's
 walk they halted.

Guy taxed Tirri
 with unkindness
 in not recognizing
 his fellow,

reminding him
 of the death of
 Duke Otoun,
 of his own de-
 livery from
 prison,

¶ & hou he socourd þi leman schene, 225
 & al þe fiften outlawes ken
 He slouȝ hem al on rawe,
 & slouȝ þe four kniȝtes radde,
 & þi bodi to toun ladde, 5
 To leche þi woundes ful fawe,
 & he socourd þi fader in wer,
 & halp þe boȝe nere & fer
 þo þou was fallen ful lawe,
 & now y slouȝ Berard þe strong. 10
 Icham Gij; þou hast wrong:
 Why wiltow me nouȝt knawe?’

Turnbull, p. 379,
 l. 9594.

¶ When þerl herd him speke so, 226
 Wepen he gan wiȝ eyȝen to,
 & fel aswon to grounde.
 ‘For godes loue,’ he seyde, ‘merci!’
 Iuel at ese now am y, 5
 In sorwe & care ful bounde.
 Ful wele miȝt y knowe þe ar now:
 In al þis warld was non¹ bot þou
 Ozain Berard durst founde.
 Merci, sir, par charite: 10
 þat ich haue misknowen þe,
 Allas, allas þat stounde!’

MS. fol. 162r. b.
¹ *man* MS.

C. 9851. ¶ Merci he crid on his kne: 227
 Boȝe for sorwe & for pite
 Wepen he bigan.

- And sethen slew thevys fyftene,
 And brought thy lemman bryzt and shene,
 And the from foure knyghtis wanne, 10180
 And slow hem there euery man,
 And on my horse led the a stounde, [p. 241]
 And helyd the of thy sore wounde,
 And sethen socoured thy fader dere,
 And halpe hym in many a mystere,¹ 10185
 And slow thys Duke sethen *with* my hond,
 That chasyd the owt of thy land.
 More ther ys, thow wottyst weH what,
 Hyt nedyth not sey aH that.
 Thys is Gye that thow syeste here : 10190
 Thow owtest me to know in som manere.
 Gye of Warwyke ys my name :
 To teH the hyt ys no shame.'
 Terry myzt not on word speke :
 Hym thought hys herte wold to-breke, 10195
 To ground feH in sorrow then :
 More sorrow had neuer manl.
 'O *sir* Gye, my dere fellowe,
 Why myzt I the neuer knowe?
 Alas that I byd thys daye : 10200
 Myn eyen be blynd, so may I saye.
 WeH myzt I know a-ryght
 That yt was Gye, the noble knyzte,
 By the streng[t]h, and by the myzte,
 And by the strok's so² bold in fyzte. 10205
 Who shuld have bene so strong of hond,
 That durste a-zenst berrard stonde,
 But hyt were ye, leve *sir* Gye?
 Of my symple knowyng, *sir*, have mercy.
 I aske mercy for love of Iesu nowe, 10210
 That I cowth not know yow.'
 Downe he feH to hys feet, [p. 242]
 And be-gan fuH sore to wepe.
 Gye[s] legges were bare euery-deale,

of Oisel's rescue
from outlaws,

and of the help
brought to his
father.

¹ *amystere* MS.

'I am Guy,' he
said; 'why wilt
thou not know
me?'

Tirri began to
weep,

and fell into a
swoon.

'I ought to have
known thee,' he
said; 'for no one
else would have
dared to fight
with Berard.'

² *so*] and MS.

Tirri, falling on
his knees, wept

He sey3e his legges brosten ich-del,
þat whilom wer y-hosed ful wel : 5

More sorwe made neuer man.

Sir Gij went to him þo :

In his hert him was wo,

& in his armes vp him nam.

Atvix hem was gret diol in þat stounde : 0

Boþe þai fel aswon to grounde :

For sorwe þai wex al wan.

¶ 'Tirri,' seyde sir Gij þo, 228

'þou schalt bileue, & y schal go :

Turnbull, p. 380,
l. 9618.

Y biteche þe heuen king.

Bot ich haue a sone, y-wis,

Y not wheþer he kniȝt is, 5

For he is bot a ȝongling :

ȝif he haue ani nede to þe,

Help him for þe loue of me,

Y pray þe, in al þing.

Ich hope he schal be a gode kniȝt : 10

Y pray Iesu ful of miȝt

He graunt him his blisceing.'

¶ 'Merci, sir,' þan seyde he, 229

'For godes loue, leue her stil wiþ me :

Y pray þe par amour.

Mi treuþe y pliȝt in þine hond,

Y schal þe sese in al mi lond, 5

Boþe in toun & tour.

þi man y wil be & serue þe ay

þer while mi liif lest may,

To hold vp þin honour.

& ȝif þou no wilt ichil wiþ þe go : 10

Y-wis, ichaue wele leuer so

þan bileue wiþ þemperour.'

That somtyme were clothed weH.
 Ther he wept, and wrong hys hond :
 In the world¹ ys noon¹ levand¹
 Of so stronge herte that can hyt see,
 But² of hym he myzt have pyte ;
 And so had Gye so grete mornynge,
 That they feH both in sownyng.

10215 for Guy's poor
appearance.

¹ *man*) MS.

² *That* MS.

10220 Guy took him up
in his arms,

but they both
swooned.

'Terry,' quod Gye, 'my fellow dere,
 I wyH wend, ye shaH dweH here.
 I the be-tech god aH-myzte :
 He the kepe both day and nyzte.
 I have a chylde be my wyfe :
 He ys a knyzt, yf he have lyfe.
 Yf he ever have to the mystere,
 Helpe hym *with* thy powere.'

Guy, wanting to
leave,

10225 asked Tirri

to help his son if
he should stand
in need of it.

'My dere brother,' quod terry than),
 'For hys love that mad man),
 Be-levyth here styH rygHt,
 And my trouth I wyH the plyzt,
 AH in thys world¹ that ys myn),
 I wyH the plyzt hyt shaH be thyne.
 And yf ye wyH not do that thyng,
 I prey yow, doth myn askyng,
 That I may the world¹ for-sake,
 And to youre company me take,
 That we be partyd in no manere,
 Whyle we bene in erth here :
 Me ys lever to wend *with* yow,
 And suffer both hunger and sorrow
 Than to be from yow *with* aH the honourre

10230 Tirri once more

10235 offered Guy the
whole of his
earldom,

10240 adding, 'If thou
wilt not accept of
it, I will go with
thee.'

[p. 243]

¹ No ¶ in MS.**C. 9887.** ¶¹ 'Do oway, sir Tirri: þer-of speke nouȝt; 230

Al idel speche it is þi þouȝt.

Turnbull, p. 381,
l. 9642. MS.
fol. 162v. a.

Wende ozain hom now riȝt,

& be nouȝt to prout, y þe rede :

To serue þi lord at al his nede 5

þou proue wiþ þi miȝt.

Desirite no man of his lond :

ȝif þou dost þou gos to schond ;

Ful siker be þou, apliȝt.

For ȝiue þou reue a man his fe 10

Godes face schaltow neuer se,

No com in heuen liȝt.

¶ Biþenke þe wele of douke Berard, 231

Hou prout he was, for he was steward,

& flemed þe out of lond,

& he now desirite is,

Wiþ michel sorwe slayn, y-wis, 5

& schamelich driuen to schond.

Y schal gon, & þou bileue schalt :

Y biteche þe god, þat al þing walt,

& maked wiþ his hond.'

þai kisten hem togider þo : 10

Oliue þai seyȝen hem neuer eft mo,

As þe gest doþ ous vnderstond.

¶ Gret sorwe þai made at her parting, 232

& kist hem wiþ eiȝe wepeing.

Turnbull, p. 382,
l. 9666.

þai wenten hem boþe atvo.

Als swiþe þerl Tirri went him hom,

þre days he no ete mete non : 5

In hert him was ful wo ;

& when þe countas, sikerly,

- That hath kyng other Emperoure. 10245
 And we both to-gedyr were,
 Though we hadden sorrow and care,
 Hyt shuld vs please, leve brother,
 And eyther of vs love weH other.
 ‘My frend,’ quod Gye, ‘let be thy fare : 10250
 Therof speke thow no mare.
 Wend thow home, as I the seye,
 And trewly *serve* thy lord to paye. and admonished
 Be not prowd in no manere : him to serve the
 Help thy lord in hys mystere. 10255 Emperor without
 Lyve in pease and not in stryfe : injustice,
 Dysheryt no man, be thy lyfe.
 Yf thow do, wyt thow weH
 In hevyn shalt thow have no deale.
- Thynke on the Duke berrard stowt, 10260 remembering
 That was so prowd aH a-bowyt, Berard’s pride
 How he had dysheryte the
 And many an other : as thow mayst see, and fall.
 Now ys he dysheryte aH,
 And fuH evyH ys hym be-faH. 10265
 And I the sey for that berrard
 Of blysse of hevyn have he no parte.
 DweH thow here ; for I wyH fare :
 Iesu the kepe euer from care.
 To-Gedyr they kyssed hem fuH swete : 10270
 At theyre departyng sore gan they wepe.
- F**orth then went sir Gyon, [p. 244] There was great
 The gentyH knygt, the bold baroun. sorrow at their
 Terry went home anone, parting.
 In-to hys chambre ys he gone : 10275
 Two dayes yet he no mete,
 Ne no man mygt of hym wordys gete.
 When the cowntes herd seye His countess

Herd seyn it was sir Gij
 þat þan was went hem fro,
 Sche vpbreyd hir lord day & niȝt 10
 þat he no had holden him wiþ strengþe & miȝt,

¹ *gon* MS.

& laten him nouȝt þennes go.¹

C. 9909.

Now went Gij forþ in his way 233
 Toward þe see so swiþe he may ;

For Tirri he siked sare.

Into schip he went biliue :

Ouer þe se he gan driue ; 5

Into Ingland he gan fare.

þe lond folk he axed anon

After king Aþelston,

In what cuntre he ware.

‘ At Winchester, verrament, 10

MS. fol. 162v. b.

& after his barouns he haþ sent

Boþe lasse & mare.

¶ Erls, barouns, & bischopes, 234

Kniȝtes, priours, & abbotes

Turnbull, p. 383,
 l. 9690.

At Winchester pai ben ichon,

& han puruayd, wiþ-uten lesing,

þre days to ben in fasting, 5

To biseke god in tron

² *him* MS.

He sende hem² purch his swet sond

A man þat were douhti of hond

Oȝain Colbrond to gon.

þer is þe king & þe barnage, y-wis, 10

For doute of her enemis,

þat wayt hem for to slon.

¶ For sir Anlaf, þe king of Danmark, 235

Wiþ a nost store & stark

Into Ingland is come,

Wiþ fiften þousend kniȝtes of pris :

Alle þis lond þai stroyen, y-wis, 5

³ The *t* of *toun*
 altered from *d*.

& mani a toun³ han nome.

A geaunt he haþ brouȝt wiþ him

- That Gye was passed so aweye,
 She blamyd her lord gretlye, 10280
 That he ne had hold^d sty^h *sir* Gye :
 ' Yf he ne wold^d dwell for fayrenesse,
 Ye shuld have hold hym *with* dystresse.'
 Now wendyth Gye we^h drery,
 Ofte he thought on *sir* terrye. 10285
 So longe hath Gye hys weyes gon,
 He passed landys many one :
 Commyn^d he ys to the see,
 And to Englon^d wold^d he.
 A good shyp there he founde, 10290
 And sayled in-to Englon^d.
 He askyd men that he ther found
 Where was the kyng of the lond.
 ' At Wynchester,' they sey^d, ' now ys he :
 There he muste nedys be. 10295
 There hath he made a gret somons
 Of dukⁱs, Erl^ys, and of barons,
 And to a^h that army^s bere,
 That they be redy there,
 Bysshopp^{us}, Abbottⁱs of the lond, 10300
 That they be redy at hys hond,
 And a^h hys clergy^e, [p. 245]
 That there¹ now be redye.
 Thre dayes and thre nyght
 Have they fasted a^h rygh^t, 10305
 That god shuld^d send a man of my³t
 That *with* the Geaunt durst fy³t.
 The kyng aulofe of denmarke
 Ys comyn *with* oste styf and starke,
 With armyd men xv thowsand, 10310
 To dystroyen^d a^h thys lond.
 Ther ys not lefte in that contre
 Caste^h, toure, ne Cyte :
 To Wynchestre vnto the wa^h

upbraided him
day and night
with not having
kept Guy back.

Guy, coming to
the sea,

took ship,

and arrived in
England.
Asking where
King Athelstan
was,

he heard that
he was at Win-
chester

with his lords
temporal and
spiritual,

and that three
days' fasting had
been ordered,

that God might
send a champion
against Colbrond.
¹ Read *they* ?

Anlaf, King of
Denmark, had
invaded England
with a strong
army.

Out of Aufrike stout & grim :
 Colbrond hat þat gome.
 For him is al Ingland forlore 10
 Bot godes help be bi-fore,
 þat socour sende hem some.

¹ *Inglong* MS.

Turnbull, p. 384,
 l. 9714.

¶ To þe king he hap sent his sond 236
 For to 3eld him al Ingland,¹
 & 3if him trowage out-riȝt ;
 3if he no wil nouȝt, finde a baroun,
 A geaunt oþer a champioun, 5
 Oȝain Colbrond to fiȝt.
 & þer-of þai han taken a day,
 Ae our king non finde may :
 Erl, baroun, no kniȝt,
 No squier, no seriaunt non 10
 Oȝain þe geaunt dar gon :
 So grim he is of siȝt.
 ¶ þan seyde sir Gij, ' where i[s] Herhaud, 237
 þat in his time was so bald ?
 & þai answerd ful swiȝe,
 ' To seche Gyes sone he is fare,
 þat marchaunce hadde stollen þare : 5
 For him he was vnblife.'
 MS. fol. 163r. a. ' & where is þerl Rohaut of pris ?'
 & þai answerd, ' dede he is,
 A gode while is go siȝe ;
 & Feliis, his douhter, is his air : 10
 So gode a leuedi no so fair,
 Y-wis, nis non oliue.'

- Hyt ys brennyð and dystroyed aH. 10315 He had brought
The kyng aulof ys so stoute, with him an
That aH men be-gynne hym to dowȝt, African giant,
For a Geaunt styf and stronge, named Colbrond,
Moche grete and swyð longe.
Men seyen he was in ynd bore : 10320
Blake vysage he hathe to-fore.
In bateyle men dredyn him more
Than sixty knyȝtis that armyd wore.
Colbrond ys hys name :
God geve hym care and shame. 10325
He hath sent to kyng athelstone, and called upon
And bad hym flee hys land anone, Athelstan either
Other el[1]ys be-commyn hys manne, to surrender
And bere hym trewage for hys land than), England
Other ellys fynd an orped knyȝt or to oppose some
That dare *with* the geaunt fyȝt. 10330
one to Colbrond
by a certain day.
But all his men

were afraid of the
giant.

'Where ys herrawd,' quod Gye than), [p. 246] For Herhaud
'That forsoke neuer no man ?'
'Hyt ys sethen go two yere or thre
Sith he went owt of thys contre, 10335 had gone in search
To sech hys lordys son so free, of Guy's son,
That marchauntis stollyn ouer the see.' whom merchants
'Where ys,' he seyð, 'the Erle rohold, had stolen,
A dowȝty knyȝt and a bold ?'
'Sir,' he seyð, 'par ma faye, and Earl Rohaut
He ys ded full many a daye. 10340 had long been
dead.
Sir Gye gan pray specially,
'God on hys sowle have mercye.
What doth hys dowȝter the cowntas ?'

C. 9995. ¶ Gij went to Winchester a ful gode pas, 238

þer þe king þat time was,

Turnbull, p. 385,
l. 9738.

To held his parlement.

þe barouns weren in þe halle :

þe king seyð, ‘ lordinges alle, 5

Mine men 3e ben, verrament.

þerfore ich ax, wiþ-uten fayl,

Of þis Danis folk, wil ous aseyl.

Ich biseche 3ou wiþ gode entent,

For godes loue y pray 3ou, 10

Gode conseyl 3iue me now,

Or elles we ben al schent.

¶ For þe king of Danmark wiþ wrong 239

Wiþ his geaunt, þat is so strong,

He wil ous al schende.

þerfore ich axi 3ou ichon,

What rede is best for to don ? 5

O3aines hem for to wende ?

3if he ouercom ous in batayle

He wil slen ous alle, saunfeyle,

& strouen al our kende :

þan schal Inglond euermo 10

¹ Repeated in MS. Liue in þraldom & ¹ in wo

Vnto þe warldes ende.

He seyð, 'she doth gret almesse. 10345

No man ne woman in that contree

That doth more good for charyte

To pore frerys and pore abbeyes,

And to helpe bryggis and brokyn wayes,

And pray to god, as he weþ maye, 10350

Lette her abyð that daye

That she may see her lord so dere

Quyke or ded in som manere.

She blynneth neuer nyȝt ne daye,

For her lord she prayeth aye.' 10355

To Wynchester now goth *sir* Gye,

Hym knew no man that hym sye.

He mete frerys of that contre,

And goth *with* hem to that Cyte.

Hyt was in a somers daye, 10360
Kyng athelstone at wynchester laye.

He clepyð aȝ hys baronage, [p. 247]

Erle, baroun, knyȝt, and page :

'Lordyngis,' he seyð, 'herken to me,

Aȝ that trew & feyth-fuȝ be. 10365

I byd yow yeve me som cownceyle

That may aȝ thys lond avayle,

How I may best defend my rygȝt,

Ayenst the danys for to fyȝt.

The kyng awlof ys stowt & kene 10370

(Ther ys none so stowȝt, I wene)

For that thefe colbrond ;

Hys tryst ys aȝ in the Geande.

He wyȝ vs chase owt of thys land,

And slee aȝ that commyn to hys hand. 10375

Lordyngis,' he seyð, 'purvey yowe :

Hit ys for your' aldre prowē.

Oure beth the Rych cytees,

The brod land, the large sees :

Aȝ ys oure more and lesse. 10380

Tymbyr on your gret Richesse,

Guy went to Winchester,
where the King
held his parliament,

asking his men

to give him some
good advice.

To be defeated
by the Danes

would lead to
England's perpetual
thralldom.

- ¶ þerfore ich axi þou now riȝt 240
 ȝif ȝe knowe our ani kniȝt
 þat is so stout & bold
 þat þe batayle dar take an hond,
 To fiȝt oȝain Col-brond : 5
 Half mi lond haue he schold
 Wiþ alle þe borwes þat liþ þer-to
 To him & to his aires euer-mo,
 To haue ȝiue he wold.
 [S]til seten erls & barouns, 10
 As men hadde schauen her crounes :
 Nouȝt on answeze nold.
 ¶ 'Allas,' seyde þe king, 'þat y was born : 241
 Al mi ioie it is forlorn ;
 Wel wo is me oliue.
 Now in al mi lond nis no kniȝt
 Oȝains a geant to hold fiȝt : 5
 Mine hert wil breken on fiue.
 Allas, of Warwike sir Gij,
 Y no hadde ȝeuen þe half mi lond frely,
 To hold wiþouten striue !
 Wele were me þan bifalle, 10
 Ac, certes, now þe Danis men alle
 To sorwe þai schul me driue.'

Turnbull, p. 386,
l. 9762.

MS. fol. 163r. b.

On your' chyltern, and your wyves,
 And most on your' owen lyves :
 Yf yow hyt lose thorow yH fare,
 Ye bene shent for euer mare.

10385

Yet I aske yow ryght
 Yf ye know eny kny3te
 That ys so boold & so wyght
 That dare ayenst thys Geaunt fy3t :
 He shaH have my lande
 Trewly seasonyð into hys hande
 And to hys eyers for euer more :
 That shaH he wynt therfore.'

So he asked his
 men if they knew
 of any knight

bold enough

to fight against
 Colbrond :

10390

he was to be re-
 warded with half
 his land.

[p. 248]

They stode aH styH, and lokyd down),
 As a man had shavyn ther crown).

10395 But he got no
answer.

'God,' he seyð, 'and seynt marie,
 That I am) carefuH and sorye,
 When I may not a kny3t
 Find with a nother to fy3t !

The King was
 very sorry,

O,' he seyð, 'sir Gye the wyght
 And sir herrawd, þe dou3ty kny3t,

10400

Had I bene so ware and so wyse,
 And holdyn yow in my servyse,
 And even yow the thryð parte of my lond
 Other halfen deale in your' hond,

and regretted not
 having given
 Guy of Warwick
 half his land.

10405

Ye wold have quyt me my mede :
 Than) durst I not this Geaunt drede.

He ys not wyse, be myn hood,
 That levyth hys frend for any good,
 Hys hownd other hys hawke so dere,
 Hys horse other hys good squyer :

10410

Thou3 he my3t not quyte þe fyrst day,
 Yet do hym not away ;

For are the VII yere wyne he may
 AH hys costage in on daye.

10415

- C. 10065.** ¶ When it was niȝt to bedde þai ȝede : 242
 þe king for sorwe & for drede
 Wip teres wett his lere.
 Of al þat niȝt he slepe riȝt nouȝt,
 Bot euer Iesu he bisouȝt, 5
 þat was him leue & dere,
 He schuld him sende þurch his sond
 A man to fiȝt wip Colbrond,
 ȝif it is wille were ;
 & Iesus Crist ful of miȝt 10
 He sent him a noble kniȝt,
 As ȝe may forward here.
 Þer cam an angel fram heuen liȝt, 243
 & seyde to þe king ful riȝt
 þurch grace of godes sond.
 He seyde, ‘king Aþel-ston, slepestow ?
 Hider me sent þe king Iesu 5
 To comfort þe to fond.
 To-morwe go to þe norþ ȝate ful swiþe :
 A pilgrim þou schalt se com biliue,
 When þou hast a while stond.

Turnbull, p. 387,
 l. 9786.

- Had I yoven Gye so gret plente,
 That he had dwellyd in thys contre,
 He wold have quyt me full weH
 AH my traveyle euery-deale.
 Full bold be these danys, 10420
 And gret cowardys the Englyssh,
 When I may not fynd a knyzt [p. 249]
 That dare *with* another fyght.
 'Syr kyng,' quod the erle of Kent,
 'I wyH yow saye aH myn entent : 10425
 Do yow somown thorou3 aH *your* land,
 That they be redy at your hand :
 AH shuH they be weH dyzt,
 And ayen the danys fyzt.
 Thorou3 goddys grace we shuH hem slone : 10430
 Other cownceH gett ye none.'
 Kyng athelstone lay that nyzt
 In hys bed weH I-dyzt :
 AH that nyzt he lay wakand,
 And euer to god fast byddand 10435
 That he wold hym send a man
 That durst do the bateyle than.
 And god of hevyn for-yate hym nouzt :
 As he lay in grettest thouzt,
 the King could
 not sleep,
 but besought
 Christ
 to send him a
 champion against
 Colbrond,
 and Christ did so.
- An angeH come to hym full ryzt,
 And spake to hym from hevyn bryzt : 10440
 'Sir kyng,' he seyde, 'slepyst thou ?
 To the me sent my lord Iesu :
 He bad the aryse vp full erlye,
 And to the church thou wend in hye. 10445
 A pylgrym shalt thou fynd thare :
 Take hym home *with* the full yare.
 Byd hym for love and charyte,
 to go to the north
 gate on the
 morrow, and to
 wait for a
 pilgrim there,

- Bid him for seynt Charite 10
 þat he take þe batayl for þe,
 & he it wil nim on hond.'
- C. 10087.** ¶ þan was þe king glad & blipe. 244
 A-morwe he ros vp ful swiþe,
 & went to þe gate ful riȝt;
 Tvay erls went wiþ him þo,
 & tvay bischopes dede also. 5
 þe weder was fair & briȝt.
 Opon þe day about prime
 þe king seiȝe cum þe pilgrim.
 Bi þe sclauayn he him pliȝt:
 'Pilgrim,' he seyð, 'y pray þe, 10
 To court wende þou hom wiþ me,
 & ostel þer al niȝt.'
- ¶ 'Be stille, sir,' seyð þe pilgrim : 245
 'It is nouȝt ȝete time to take min in,
 Al-so god me rede.'
 þe king him bisouȝt þo,
 & þe lordinges dede also : 5
 To court wiþ hem he ȝede.
 'Pilgrim,' quap þe king, 'par charite,
 ȝif it be þi wil, vnderstond to me :
 Y schal schewe þe al our nede.
 þe king of Danmark wiþ gret wrong 10
 þurch a geaunt, þat is so strong,
 Wil strou al our þede.
 ¶ & whe han taken of him batayle, 246
 On what maner, saunfayle,
 Y schal now tellen þe.
 þurch þe bodi of a kniȝt,¹
 Ozains² þat geaunt to hold fiȝt, 5
 Schal þis lond aquite be.

Turnbull, p. 389,
 l. 9834.

¹ *akniȝt* MS.

² *Ozains* altered
 from *Ozanss*.

- And for god, that dyed on tre,
That he for the take the bateyle, 10450
And so he wyH, *with*-owten fayle.’
With that the angeH went awaye : [p. 250]
The kyng gan wake, hyt was nere daye.
He was a ryght IoyfuH man),
For he had such tydyngis than). 10455
Sone to the church gan he goon)
With hys barons euerychone,
And *with* hym two bysshoppus of the lond :
To pryme of the day gan they stond.
With that there come pore men) 10460
To the church ix or ten) :
Among hem) come a pylgryme.
The kyng toke hym) by the slaveyne,
And seyde to hym) in fayre manere,
‘ Come home *with* me, my frend dere. 10465
Be not afferd for no thyng :
Thou shalt have good gestenyng.’
‘ Sir,’ quod Gye, ‘ lett me stond styH :
Yet to herborow have I no wyH.
Here I go my mete byddand : 10470
Ryght late I com) into thys land.’
The kyng seyde, ‘ com with me :
FuH weH at ease shaH thow be.’
The kyng and he to chambre went,
After hys barons he hath sent. 10475
‘ Pylgrym,’ he seyde, ‘ for charyte
And for hys love that dyed on tree,
Helpe me now in this mystere
With thy strenght and thi powere.
A bateyle *with* danys have we tane : 10480
Fyght for vs, or we be slayne.
Lysten now, and thow shalt here [p. 251]
How it ys and in what manere.
Thourugh þe myzt of on) mannus hand
ShaH I wyne other lose my land : 10485

who would under-
take the fight.

The King was
very glad, and,
next morning,
went to the north
gate with two
earls and two
bishops.

About prime the
pilgrim came.

and the King
asked him to
come to court,

and, after some
hesitation,

the pilgrim did so,

The King,

telling him
of the wrong done
by the Danes,

and of his want
of a champion
against Colbrand,

&, pilgrim, for *him* þat dyed on rode,
 & þat for ous schadde his blod,
 To bigge ous alle fre,
 Take þe batayle now on hond, 10
 & saue ous þe¹ riȝt of Inglond,
 For seynt Charite.'

¹ Added above
the line.

¶ 'Do way, leue sir,' seyde Gij. 247
 'Icham an old man, a feble bodi :
 Mi strengþe is fro me fare.'

þe king fel on kneis to grounde,
 & crið him merci in þat stounde, 5
 ȝif it his wille ware,
 & þe barouns dede also :

O kneis þai fellen alle þo
 Wiþ sorwe & sikeing sare.
 Sir Gij biheld þe lordinges alle, 10
 & whiche sorwe hem was bi-falle :

Sir Gij hadde of hem care.
 ¶ Sir Gij tok vp þe king anon, 248
 & bad þe lordinges euerichon

þat þai schuld vp stond,
 & seyde, 'for god² in trinite
 & for to make Inglond fre, 5
 þe batayle y nim on hond.'

Turnbull, p. 390,
9858.

² Another *god*
erased in MS.

MS. fol. 163v. b.

C. 10127.

þan was þe king ful glad & bliþe,
 & þonked Gij a þousend siþe
 & Iesu Cristes sond.

³ ¶ here by
mistake in MS.

³To þe king of Danmark he sent þan, 10
 & seyde he hadde founden a man
 To fiȝt for Inglond.

- Ageynst a geaunt shaH he fyght,
 In aH thys world ys none so wyzt.
 The kyng Awlof, that ys now here,
 He ys so sykur of hys powere :
 He weneth ther be none lyvand 10490 asked him to save
 That may hym stond a stroke of hand. England.
 For hys love I the praye
 That made both nyzt and daye,
 Thow take for me thys bateyle :
 God wyH the quyte *with*-owt fayle.' 10495
 'Sir,' quod Gye, 'lett be thy fare :
 Now to fyght byd me not yare.
 I am a wrech as ye may see,
 Also febuH as I may bee.' But the King
 Tho arose the kyng fuH hastylye, 10500
 And feH on knees be-fore *sir* Gye.
 Duk's, Erlys weH curtesly
 AH they cryed Gye *mercy*,
 That he wold the bateyle take
 For Goddus love & for hys sake. 10505
 that he pitied
 them.
- Sir Gye be-held the kyng then),
 And *with* hym all other men),¹
 How they setten on her kne,
 And asked helpe for charyte.
 'A-ryse vp,' quod *sir* Gye. 10510
 'Now ye aH for help crye,
 I shaH for yow do thys bateyle : [p. 252]
With help of god wyH I not fayle.'
 Vp arose the good kyng,
 And kyssed *sir* Gye *with*-owt lettyng. 10515
 Thorouȝ aH the land was Ioy than
 That the kyng had found a man
 That *with* colbrond wold fyzt :
 'He shaH hym slee *with* goddys myzt.'
- So, raising the
 King,
¹ *an other man*
 MS.
 Guy promised
 to undertake the
 combat.
 The King thanked
 him,
 and sent the
 Danish king word
 of having found
 a champion.

¶ þe Danismen busked hem ȝare 249
 Into batayle for to fare :

To fiȝt þai war wel fawe.
 & Giȝ was armed swiȝe wel
 In a gode hauberk of stiel 5

Wrouȝt of þe best lawe.
 An helme he hadde of michel miȝt
 With a ce[r]cle of gold, þat schon briȝt,
 Wiȝ precious stones on rawe.
 In þe frunt stode a char-bukel ston : 10
 As briȝt as ani sonne it schon
 þat glemes vnder schawe.

¶ On þat helme stode a flour : 250
 Wrouȝt it was of diuers colour ;

Turnbull, p. 391,
 l. 9882,

Mirie it was to b[i]hold.
 Trust & trewe was his ventayle,
 Gloues, & gambisoun, & hosen of mayle 5

As gode kniȝt haue scholde.
 Girt he was wiȝ a gode brond
 Wele kerueand, bi-forn his hond
 A targe listed wiȝ gold,
 Portreyd wiȝ þre kinges corn, 10
 þat present god when he was born :

Mirier was non on mold.
 ¶ & a swift ernand stede 251
 Al wrin þai dede him lede :
 His tire it was ful gay.

- They senten to awlof the kyng, 10520
 And toldyn hym *with-out* lettyng
 That they had found a knyzt
 That wold ageyn the Geaunt fyzt
 Armyd Redy at the daye
 Which ys set, *with-owt* naye : 10525
 ‘ Aȝ redy shaft [he] be dyghȝt,
 And defendyn¹ hys lordys ryzt.’ ¹ *defendyd* MS.
 When the day was come sone,
 And the bateyle shaft be done,
 Gye was armyd, *with-owte* fayle, 10530 were glad of it.
 With an hawberke of dowble mayle ;
 Vppon hys hed an helme ryghȝt
 With a creste of gold weȝ dyzt :
 Ther-on were many Rich stonys Guy was armed
with a good coat
of mail
 Of gret Vertu for the nonys. 10535 and a helmet,
adorned with
gold and precious
stones.
 A Chaurbocle in the front was,
 That shone as bryzt as any glasse.
 Ther-*with* myzt men se anyzt,
 As yf hyt had be the day lyzt.
 Theron was a coluer of gold, 10540
 The Ioly creste in hys fote gan hold.
 Ther-abowzt ther was a floure [p. 253]
 Peynted weȝ *with* ryche coloure.
 Hosyn he had weȝ I-dyzt
 Of yren and stele made for to fyzt. 10545
 Sporrys he had on hys hele
 Of red gold euery-deale.
 Hys shyld he caste abowzt hys swere,
 A good swerd he toke there. He had a good
sword,

and a shield
with a painting.
- They brought a sted to hys hand, 10550
 The swyftest of aȝ England.
 Vp he lepyd as a noble knyzt, Mounting a swift
steed,

Sir Gij opon þat stede wond
 Wiþ a gode glaiue in hond, 5
 & priked him forþ his way,
 &, when he com to þe plas
 þer þe batayl loked was,
 Gij lizt wiþ-outen delay,
 & fel on knes down in þat stede, 10
 & to god he bad his bede,
 He schuld ben his help þat day.
 ¶ 'Lord,' seyð Gij, 'þat rered Lazeroun, 252
 & for man þoled passioun,
 & on þe rode gan blede,
 þat saued Sussan fram þe feloun,
 & halp Daniel fram þe lyoun, 5
 To-day wisse me & rede :
 Astow art mizti heuen king,
 To-day graunt me þi blisseing,
 & help me at þis nede.
 &, leuedi Mari ful of mizt, 10
 To-day saue Inglondes rizt,
 & leue me wele to spede.'

Turnbull, p. 392,
 l. 9906. MS.
 fol. 164r. a.

C. 10199. **W**hen þe folk was samned bi boþe side, 253
 þe to kinges wiþ michel pride
 After þe relikes þai sende,
 þe corporas, & þe messe gere :
 On þe halidom þai gun swere 5
 Wiþ wordes fre & hende.
 þe king of Danmarke swore furst, ywis,¹
 3if þat his geant slayn is,
 To Danmarke he schal wende,
 & neuer more Ingland cum wiþinne, 10
 No non after him of his kinne
 Vnto þe warldes ende.
 ¶ Seppen swore þe king Apelston, 254

¹ Added above
 the line.

And blyssed hym) *with* hys hand ryzt.

In hys hond he toke a spere,

And into the place he hyt bere.

When he was come into the place,

To be-sech¹ god of hys grace,

Of hys sted he lepe a-downe,

And lay long in a flyxowne.

10555 he rode to the
place chosen for
the fight,

¹ *be shech* MS.

and, falling on
his knees, prayed
to God for help.

‘Lord,’ he seyð, ‘for thy passyoun,

That savyð danyetð fro the lyon,

Save me from thys fowle fellown),

And bryng me to savacioun),

And lend me grace thys ilke daye

(For weð I wot that thow maye)

To slee thys thefe *with* myn hond,

And fro trowage save thys lond.’

He blyssed hym) *with* hys hand ryzt,

And on hys sted he lepyð fuð ryzt :

Styrrop ther towchyð he none ;

Therof spake many one.

AH they seyð that ther were

A fayrer man saw they neuer.

The booke² was brouzt³ hem be-forne :

Kyng Awlof hath fyrst sworne,

Yf hyt be so that hys man) fayle,

And be convycte in that bateyle,

In-to denmarke wyð he fare,

And neuer do Englund harme mare,

Ne hys Eysers fro that nyzt

Neuer chalenge of Englund ryzt.

10560 ‘Lord, who
raisedst Lazarus,

and savedst Susan
and Daniel,

10565

help me in this
need.
Lady Mary,

10570 save England’s
right.’

[p. 254]

² *broke* MS.

³ *breut* MS.

When all were
assembled,
the two kings
sent for the relics.

10575

10580 The Danish king
swore, if his giant
should be killed,

England would
never more be
set foot upon
either by himself
or his kin.

Sethen sware kyng Athelstone,

WARWICK.

King Athelstan

Q Q

Turnbull, p. 393,
l. 9930.

& seyð among hem euerichon

Bi god þat al may weld,
3if his man þer slayn be,
Or ouer-comen, þat men may se,
Recreaunt in þe feld,

5

His man he wil bicom an hond,
& alle þe reme of Inglond

Of him for to helde,
& hold him for lord & king,

10

Wiþ gold, & siluer, & oþer þing
Gret trowage him for to 3elde.

¶ When þai had sworn & ostage founde,
Colbrond stirt vp in þat stounde :

255

To fiȝt he was ful felle.
He was so michel & so vnrede,
þat non hors miȝt him lede,

5

In gest as y 3ou telle.
So mani he hadde of armes gere,
Vnneþe a cart miȝt hem bere,
þe Englisse for to quelle.

Swiche armour as he hadde opon,

10

MS. fol. 164r. b.

Y-wis, no herd 3e neuer non,
Bot as it ware a fende of helle.

¶ Of mailles was nouȝt his hauberk :
It was al of anoþer werk,

256

Turnbull, p. 394,
l. 9954.

þat meruail is to here.
Alle it were þicke splentes of stiel,
þicke y-ioined strong & wel,

5

To kepe þat fendes fere.
Hossen he hadde also wele y-wrouȝt :
Oþer þan sp[il]entes was it nouȝt

Fram his fot to his swere.
He was so michel & so strong,
& þer-to so wonderliche long :

10

In þe world was non his pere.
¶ An helme he hadde on his heued sett,

257

Yf hyt be so hys man be slone
 Be-fore hys barons euerychone,
 Ther in bateyle be for-done,
 He shaft do Aulof ther homage,
 And yeld^t hym for hys land trewage.

swore,

10585 if his champion
 should be de-
 feated,

to become the
 Danish King's
 vassal

And, when they were sworne & accordy^t in one,
 And ostagis¹ for them both take anone,
 Then com forth that colbrond^t :
 Gret and strong was that Geaund^t.
 A Carte onneth my³t hym bere
 The Armoure he brought with hym to were.
 He wold^t no horse to hym a-dyzt,
 But on fote wold^t he fyght.
 That ylke Geaunt was fu^h starke :
 Vppon hym he had a good^t hawberke.

and tributary.

¹ *estatis* MS.
 Now Colbrond
 started up.

10590

He was so big,
 that no horse
 could carry him,

10595

and had more
 than a cart-load
 of arms.

Mayled^t hawberke hyt was nought,
 Of stele gaddys was hyt wrought,
 That hylled^t a^h hys gret bodye,
 Armes, and a^h, sekurly.
 Hys hosyn^o were of the same entayle [p. 255]
 We^h I-wrought, with-owt fayle.

His hauberk was
 not made of mails,

10600

but of thick
 splints of steel.

He was guarded
 by splints from
 head to foot.

Hys helme was styf and stronge than^o :

- & þer-vnder a picke bacinet.
 ~ Unsemly was his wede.
 A targe he had wrouzt ful wel
 (Oþer metel was þer non on bot stiel), 5
 A michel & vnrede.
 Al his armour was blac as piche.
 Wel foule he was & lopliche,
 A grisely gom to fede.
 þe heiȝe king þat sitteþ on heiȝe, 10
 þat welt þis warld fer & neiȝe,
 Made¹ him wel iuel to spede.
 ¶ A dart he bar in his hond kerueand, 258
 & his wepen about him stondand
 Boþe bihinde & biforn,
 Ax[e]s, & gisarmes scharp y-grounde,
 & glaiues for to ȝiue wiþ wounde, 5
 To hundred & mo þer worn.
 þe Inglis biheld him fast :
 King Aþelston was sore agast,
 Ingland he schuld haue lorn ;
 For, when Gij seiȝe þat wicked hert, 10
 He nas neuer so sore aferd²
 Seþþen þat he was born.
- C. 10253.** Sir Gij lepe on his stede fot hot, 259
 & wiþ a spere, þat wele bot,
 To him he gan to ride.
 & he schet to Gij dartes þre :
 Of þe tvay þan failed he, 5
 þe þridde he lete to him glide.
 þurch Gyes scheld it glod
 & þurch his armour wiþouten abod
 Bitvene his arme & side,
 & quitelich into þe feld it ȝede 10
 þe mountaunce of an acre brede
 Er þat it wald abide.

¹ Read *Make* ?Turnbull, p. 395,
l. 9978.² The *d* in *aferd*
altered from *t*.

MS. fol. 104v. a.

- He drad no stroke of englyssh man.
 He had a swerd of good stele :
 A man myzt not hyt bere wele.
 He had a shyld fuH brod tho
 (Was neuer non better, so must I go),
 With Iren and stele aH ouer-led :
 Hyt was the devyllys as men seyde.
 Many a man was of hym a-drad :
 AH was blake that hé on had.
- 10605 Under his helmet
 he had a thiek
 bacinet.
 His large shield
 was all steel.
- 10610 His armour was
 as black as pitch,
 and he himself a
 loathly man.
- A spere fuH long he had in hond,
 Many a wepyn he mad be hym stond :
 Sherpe sperys stod hym abowzt,
 And long gleyves a fuH gret rowzt,
 Gaue longis to cast with hys hond,
 And sharp geserns, I vndyrstond,
 Gret axys also with-aH
 To hewyn with yren or stelle smah.
 Hym-selfe was dyzt fuH securly :
 Men wondryd on hym tha[t] stodyn by.
- 10615 He had a spear in
 his hand,
 and more than
 two hundred
 weapons before
 and behind him.
- 10620 Athelstan was
 afraid of losing
 England.
- N Ow be they set to-gedyr thore :
 Sir Gy hym dred swyfe sore.
 He was neuer so adred of man
 As he was of hym than.
 Sir Gye smote hys sted fuH ryzt,
 To colbrond he can hym dyzt.
 Ere he myzt com hym nere
 He met with hym in thys manere :
 Thre dartis he shote fuH tyte ;
 The two passyd, the thyrd gan byte.
 Thorow the shuldre the darte yode,
 And thorough the hawberke, that was good :
 Betwene hys arme and hys syde
 The stroke gan away glyde.
- 10625 Guy, mounting
 his steed,
 rode towards his
 opponent,
 who received him
 with three spears,
 two of which did
 not hit him,
 whereas the third
 pierced his shield
 and armour.
- [p. 256]
- 10635

¶ Sir Gij to him gan to driue, 260

þat his spere brast afiue

Turnbull, p. 396,
l. 10002.

On his scheld þat was so bounde.

& Colbrond wiþ michel hete

On Gyes helme he wald haue smite, 5

& failed of him þat stounde :

¹ The *x* altered
from *z*^p

Bitvix¹ þe sadel & þe arsoun

þe strok of þat feloun glod adoun

Wiþouten wem or wounde,

þat sadel & hors atvo he smot, 10

Into þe erþe wele half a fot,

& Gij fel down to grounde.

C. 10275. ¶ Sir Gij astite vp stirt 261

As man þat was agremed in hert :

His stede he hadde for-lore.

On his helme he wald hit him þo,

Ac he no miȝt nouȝt reche þerto 5

Bi to fot & ȝete more,

Bot on his schulder þe swerd fel down,

& carf boþe plates & hauberioun

Wiþ his grimli gore.

þurch al his armour stern & strong 10

He made him a wounde a spanne long,

þat greued him ful sore.

¶ Colbrond was sore aschame, 262

& smot Gij wiþ michel grame :

Turnbull, p. 397,
l. 10026.

On his helm he hit him þo,

þat his floures euer-ichon

& his gode charbukel ston 5

Wel euen he carf atvo :

Gye smote then *with* herte good

To colbrond ther he stode

A myȝty stroke in the sheld,¹

10640

That a pece flye in-to the feld.

Colbrond lyfte vp hys brond in haste,

And ment to *sir* Gye a stroke in waste.

Sir Gye wold have stert be-syð,

But he hym yave a stroke that tyð.

10645

Vpon hys helme he wend weð

To have smytten him² *with* hys swerd of stele,

But be-twene *sir* Gye and hys arsown

Fell the stroke of that fellow.

He smote hys sted evyn in two :

10650

Hys swerd in-to the erth gan go.

Gy fell down to the grounde,

But up he stert in a stounde.

Hys good swerd tho he drew owt,

And smote to hym a stroke full stowȝt

10655

Also hard as he myȝt drye,

But he myght hym not rech for hye.

Gye myȝt vp-ryȝht by hym stond,

And hys swerd in hys hond,

To hys shuldre myȝt he wyne,

10660

But no hyȝer for no gynne.

On the shuldre fell that dynte,

[p. 257]

For the hawberke wold hyt not stynte.

A grete pece he smote of tho,

And the Flessh he carfe also.

10665

The blod ran down to hys syð :

He had a grete wound and a wyde.

Colbrond lykyð that stroke full yð,

And smote to Gye *with* good wyð :

On Gyes helme he smote so faste,

10670

The sercle of gold aȝ to-braste ;

A-down he fellyð the flowres aȝ.

On the sheld the dynt gan faȝ :

Now Guy threw
his spear so
vehemently as to
break it to five
pieces on Col-
brond's shield.

who then, aiming
at Guy's helmet,
missed him,
¹ The *l* added
above the line.

² *hem* MS.
but killed his
horse,

so that Guy fell on
the ground.

But he started up
at once,

and tried to hit
Colbrond's
helmet,
but, not being tall
enough,

he only reached
his shoulder;

where, in spite
of his strong
armour,
he gave him a
wound a span
long.

Colbrond was
ashamed and
angry.

He damaged
Guy's helmet,

Euen ato he smot his scheld,
þat it fleyȝe into þe feld.

When Gij seyȝe it was so,
þat he hadde his scheld forlorn, 10
Half bihinde & half biforn,

In hert him was wel wo.
¶ & Gij hent his swerd an hond, 263
& heteliche smot to Colbrond :

MS. fol. 164v. b.

As a child he stode *him* vnder.
Opon þe scheld he ȝaue *him* swiche a dent,
Bifor þe stroke þe fiir out went, 5

As it were liȝt of þonder.
þe bondes of stiel he carf ichon,
& in-to þe scheld a fot & half on
Wiþ his swerd he smot asunder.
& wiþ þe out-braiding his swerd brast : 10
þei Gij were þan sore agast

It was litel wonder.
¶ þo was Gij sore desmayd, 264
& in his hert wel inel y-payd,

Turnbull, p. 398,
l. 10050.

For þe chaunce *him* was bifalle,
& for he hadde lorn his gode brond
& his stede opon þe sond. 5

To our leuedi he gan calle.
þan gun þe Danis ost
Ich puken oper & make bost,
& seyde among *hem* alle,
'Now schal þe Inglis be slain *in* feld. 10
Gret trouage Ingland schal ous ȝeld,
& euermore ben our þral.'

C. 10309. ¶ 'Now, sir kniȝt,' seyde Colbrond, 265
'þou hast lorn þi swerd *in* þine hond,
þi scheld, & eke þi stede.

Do now wele, ȝeld þe to me,
& smertlich 'vnarme þe : 5

Cri merci, y þe rede ;

The good shyld he carfe in two ;
 Tho was Gye carefuH and woo.
 He saw halfe be-fore hym lye,
 Be-hynd hym the tother partye.

and cut his shield
 asunder.
 10675

Tho he hurte hym rygĥt sore,
 Vp he caste hys swerd thore.
 He smote the geaunte on the shyld :
 Meny a man the stroke be-held.
 The bond of iren aH to-roofe,
 Other halfe fote the sheld cloofe.
 With gret myzt and mayne
 As he drew hys swerd ageyne,
 Hys good swerd brake in two :
 Tho was *sir* Gye fuH woo.

Guy also hit
 10680
 Colbrond's shield

and damaged it,
 10685
 but broke his own
 sword.

Now ys comyn hym feble grace :
 Hys sheld ys brokyn in the place,
 And, worste of aH, hys swerd good.
 ' God,' he seyð, ' that dyed on Rood,
 Why am I thus evyH dyght ?
 And I for Englonð fyght,
 For to save hyt fro trowage :
 Why ys me fallyn that owtrage ?'
 Now be these danyz stowzt and prowð,
 And seyen ecchone, *with*-owte dowzte,
 Englonð lorne shaH be.
 Kyng athelston aferd was he.
 ' Syr knyzt,' quod than colbrond,
 ' Thy swerd ys broken in thy hand :
 Thow haste no wepyn, that I may see,
 Where-*with* thow myzt defend the.
 Yeld the now to me in hyze :
 Of the wyH I have mercy.

Guy was sorely
 dismayed,
 10690
 [p. 258]
 and called on our
 Lady.

The Danes were
 certain that the
 10695
 English champion
 would be killed.

Colbrond sum-
 moned Guy
 10700

to surrender :

10705

&, for þou art so douhti kniȝt,
 þou durst oȝain me held fiȝt,
 To mi lord y schal þe lede,
 & wiþ him þou schalt acorded be : 10
 In his court he wil hold þe,
 & finde þat þe is nede.
 ¶ 'Do way,' seyð Gij, 'þerof speke nouȝt. 266
 Bi him þat al þis world haþ wrouȝt,
 Ich hadde leuer þou were an-hong !
 Ac þou hast armes gret plente :
 Y-wis, þou most lene me 5
 On of pine axes strong.'
 Colbrond swore bi Apolin,
 'Of al þe wepen þat is min
 Her schaltow non afong.
 Now þou wilt nouȝt do bi mi rede, 10
 þou schalt dye on iuel dede,
 Er þat it be ouȝt long.'

Turnbull, p. 399,
l. 10074.

MS. fol. 165r. a.

¶ When Gij herd him speke so, 267
 Al sone he gan him turn þo,
 & to his wepen he geþ.
 þer his axes stoden bi hem-selue,
 He kept on wiþ a wel gode helue, 5
 þe best him þouȝt he seþ.
 To Colbron[d] oȝain he ran,
 & seyð, 'traitour,' to him þan,
 'þou schalt han iuel deþ.
 Now ich haue of þi wepen plente, 10
 Where-wiþ þat y may were me
 Riȝt maugre al þin teþ.'

- For that thou were so bold & wyght,
 Ayen me that thou durst fyght,
 To kyng athelston¹ wyth I goon,
 And make the and hym at-oon):
 Casteſt and toure shalt thou none fayle, 10710 he would find
 And thou do after my counceyle.' favour with the
 'Nay,' quod Gye, 'so must I thee, Danish King.
 Shaſt I neuer traytoure bee. But Guy preferred
 Though my swerd be now a-wey, to fight on,
 My lord of heven, that weſt maye, 10715
 May make the lose thy good brond, asking Colbrond
 That ys so sykur in thy hand. to lend him one
 Thow haste wepon gret plente : of his battle-axes,
 Ther-of I byd the thou lend som to me,
 Then shaſt we se sone in hye 10720 which the giant
 Who shaſt have the mastrye.' refused to do.
 'Fellow,' quod than Colbrond, [p. 259]
 'So me helpe tormagaunte,
 Wepon for me shalt thou none have,
 But now shaſt I sle the² with my staffe. 10725 ^{2 me MS.}
 I wene hyt were me fuſt Iſt
 To lend the wepon at thy wyſt.
 Or thou shaſt do me ony scath
 Here shalt thou lose thy hed rath.'
 When Gye herd hym so speke, 10730 But Guy went to
 For tene hys herte wold to-breke.
 'No forse,' quod Gye, 'wylt thou so done :
 I wyſt have wepon weſt sone.
 Lo where commyth on be-hynd the
 That bryngyth me wepon plente !' 10735
 Colbrond lokyd be-hynd hym tho :
 He thought weſt what he wold do ;
 He sterte forth, or he wold stynte,
 And a good axe in hys hand he hend.
 Then seyde Gye with gret Ire 10740
 To colbrond, the gret sire,

- ¶ Colbrond þan wiþ michel hete 268
 On Gyes helme he wald haue smite
 Wiþ wel gret hert tene,
 Ac he failed of his dint,¹
 & þe swerd into þe erþe went 5
 A fot & more, y wene,
 & wiþ Colbrondes out-draugt
 Sir Gij wiþ ax a strok him rauzt,
 A wounde² þat was wele sene.
 So smertliche he smot to Colbrond, 10
 þat his rizt arme wiþ alle þe hond
 He strok of quite & clene.

Turnbull, p. 400,
 l. 10098.

¹ *de* erased before
dint.

² The *o* of *wounde*
 altered from *a*.

- ¶ When Colbrond feld him so smite, 269
 He was wel wroþ, 3e may wel wite :
 He gan his swerd vp fond,
 & in his left hond op it haf,
 & Gij in þe nek a strok him 3af 5
 As he [gan] stoupe for þe brond,
 þat his heued fro þe bodi he smot,
 & into þe erþe half a fot :
 þurch grace of godes sond
 Ded he feld þe glotoun þare. 10
 þe Denis wiþ sorwe & care
 þai dizt hem out of lond.

- C. 10371.** ¶ Bliþe were þe Inglis men ichon : 270
 Erls, barouns, & king Apelston
 þai toke sir Gij þat tide,
 & ladde him to Winchester toun

Turnbull, p. 401,
 l. 10122.

'Now,' seyd Gye, 'have thou mawgry :

Now have I of thy wepon plenty.'

When colbrond saw that dede,

He stert forth as man in nede.

10745

Colbrond aiming
at Guy's helmet,

With aH hys strenght he smote to Gye,

But he sterte bake in hye.

As Iesu cryste ys wyH was

(Hyt was a full wondre cas),

The swerd in-to the ground gan dryve

10750

his sword went
into the earth a
foot and more,

Thre fote also blyve,

And, as he after the swerd gan stoupe, [p. 260]

Gye hym smote *with*-owte dow3te :

With both handys the axe he hente,

And yave the Geaunte a gret dynte.

10755

and Guy cut off
his right arm.

Hys ryght arme he smote aweye :

Hys swerd vpon the ground laye.

Tho was the Geaunte full sory,

And to hys swerd he sterte in hye :

With hys lyfte hand he wold assay,

For the ryght hand was away.

Ryght as he be-gan to stoup than,

Gye wente nere as a hardy man :

Hys good axe he reryd on hye

With both handys full my3tyly :

He smote hym in the neke so well,

That the hed flye of euery-deale.

The geaunte ded on the erth laye,

The danys mad gret sorrow that day :

The king aulof was well sorye,

And aH hys men that stod hym bye.

To theyre shyppys be they wente

AH for-shamyd and for-shente.

Ioyful was the kyng athelstone

And hys barons euerychone :

They toke *sir* Gye hem amonge,

And led him¹ forth *with* mery song

While Colbrond

10760

was taking up his
sword with his
left hand,

10765

Guy struck off his
head.

10770

So the Danes left
England.

10775

The English were
glad,

¹ *hed hem* MS.

- Wiþ wel fair processioun 5
 Ouer al bi ich a side.
 MS. fol. 165r. b. For ioie belles þai gun ring,
 ‘Te *deum* laudamus’ þai gun sing,
 & play, & michel pride.
 Sir Giȝ vnarmed him, & was ful blipe : 10
 His sclauain he axed also swiþe :
 No lenger he nold abide.
 ¶ ‘Sir pilgrim,’ þan seyð þe king, 271
 ‘Whennes þou art, wiþouten lesing,
 þou art douhti of dede ;
 For þurch douhtines of þin hond
 þou hast saued al Inglond : 5
 God quite þe þi mede,
 & mi treuþe y schal pliȝt þe,
 So wele y schal feffe þe
 Boþe in lond & lede,
 þat of riches in toun & tour 10
 þou schalt be man of mest honour
 þat woneþ in al mi þede.’
 ¶ ‘Sir king,’ seyð þe pilgrim, 272
 ‘Of alle þe lond þat is tin
 Y no kepe þerof na mare ;
 Bot, now ichaue þe geant slain
 (þerof, y-wis, icham ful fain), 5
 Mi way ichil forþ fare.’
 C. 10391. ‘Merci, sir,’ þe king seyð þan,
 ‘Tel me, for him þat made man
 (For noþing þou ne spare),
 Tel me what þi name it be, 10
 Whennes þou art, & of what cuntre,
 Or y schal dye for care.’

- To wynchestre, the good cyte.
 Aȝ the clergy of that contree
 Comyn *with* gret precession), 10780
 And ladden *sir* Gye into the town).
 And as they gan hym homward bryng, [p. 261]
 ‘Te deum laudamus’ gan they syng.
 Gye on-armyd hym there, -
 And askyd hys slavyȝ and no more.¹ 10785
 The kyng clepyd hym in *prevy*te,
 And prayed hym for charyte
 That he shuld hym the soȝh seye,
 What was hys name, *with*-owte naye.
 He wold hym yeve londys wyd, 10790
 Castellys, and towers on euery syȝt.
 With hym he shuld dweȝl thare :
 Nobly weȝl shuld he fare.
 Of aȝ the men in that contree
 Most honowred shuld he be. 10795
- and led Guy into Winchester in solemn procession.
 Guy, disarming himself, asked for his pilgrim’s garb.
¹ *mere?* MS.
 The King,
 praising his valour,
 promised
 to make him the richest man
 in all his country.
 But Guy
 did not accept anything,
 and wanted to leave.
 Now the King conjured him
 to tell him his name and his country.
- ‘Therof,’ seyȝ Gye, ‘speke ye nowȝt :
 Hyt ys nothyng in my thouȝt.
 I wyȝ not therof, securlye,
 The mowntans of an halpenye.
 I have done thys bateyle : 10800
 Thankyd be god of hys cownceyle.
 He lent me both streng[t]h & myȝt
 Ayenst the Geaunt for to fyȝt.
 Of aȝ that I have now don for the
 Thanke hyt god and nothyng me.’ 10805
 ‘Mercy, pylgryme,’ quod the kyng,
 ‘For hys love that mad aȝ thyng,
 And shed hys blod on the rode
 For mannus sowle and mannus good,
 Teȝ me now, *with*-owt blame, 10810
 Where were thou bore, & what ys thy name?’

- ¶ 'Sir king,' he seyd, 'y schal tel it þe : 273
 What mi riȝt name it be
 þou schalt witen anon,
 Ac þou schalt go wiþ me y-fere,
 þat noman of our *conseyl* here, 5
 Bot þou & y alon.'
 þe king him graunted & was bliþe :
 He comand his folk al so swiþe
 No wiȝt wiþ him to gon.
 Out of þe toun þan went he 10
 Wele half a mile fram þat cite,
 & þer made Gij his mon.
 ¶ 'Sir king,' seyd Gij, 'vnderstond to me : 274
 O þing y schal now pray þe,
 Astow art curteys and hende,
 ȝif y mi name schal þe sayn,
 þat to noman þou no schalt me wrayn, 5
 To þis ȝere com to þende.
 Gij of Warwike mi nam is riȝt :
 Whilom y was þine owen kniȝt,
 & held me for þi frende ;
 & now icham swiche astow may see. 10
 God of heuen biteche y þe :
 Mi way y wil forþ wende.'
 ¶ When þe king seiȝe, sikerly, 275
 þat it was þe gode Gij
 þat fro him wald his way,
 On knes he fel adoun to grounde :
 'Leue sir Gij,' in þat stounde, 5
 'Merci,' he gan to say.
 'For godes loue, bi-leue wiþ me,
 & mi treuthe y schal pliȝt þe,
 þat y schal þis day
 Sese & ȝiue in-to þine hond 10
 Half¹ þe reme of Ingland.
 For godes loue, say nouȝt nay.'

Turnbull, p. 403,
 l. 10170. MS.
 fol. 165v. a.

¹ In half MS.

- The pylgrym seyð, 'ye shaft here : [p. 262] Guy was ready to do so
- Sith ye wyH wyt in aH manere,
- Than commyth, yf your' wyH be,
- Alone owt of the Cyte *with* me. 10815 outside the town.
- Then shaft ye the soth here,
- What I am, *with* good chere,
- So that ye be-wray not me
- Now here in thys contre.' So the King, forbidding his men to follow him,
- Owt of the town gan they goo 10820
- Alone, and no mo but they two.
- When they were passyð halfe a myle
- Gye seyð, '*sir*, abyð a whyle.
- Syr,' he seyð, 'now shaft you here¹
- What ys my name *with* good chere. 10825
- Sir,' he seyð, 'I am Gye rygth
- Of Warewyke, your owen knyzt.
- Some-tyme ye lovyð me fuH dere :
- Now am I such as ye se here.'
- Guy discovered himself.
- When the kyng wyst vtterly 10830
- That hyt was the noble Gye,
- On hys knees he sett hym downe
- Rygth ther be-fore *sir* Gyoun.
- 'Pylgrym,' seyð the kyng, 'mercy !
- Art thou the noble knyzt *sir* Gye ? 10835
- FuH longe hyt ys syth I herd seye
- That thou were ded & aH aweye.
- Thankyð be god hevyn kyng
- That I have herd of the tydyng.
- Thys day halfen-deale Englund 10840
- I wyH sease into thyn hand
- Euer-more quyte and free.² offering him half England.
- WARWICK. ² Two leaves of the MS. are wanting here.
- R R

- But Guy declined it,
1 Added above the line.
 Turnbull, p. 404, l. 10194.
 only asking him, if Herhaud should return with Reinbroun, to help him. ¶ 'Sir king,' seyð Gij,¹ 'y nil nouȝt so. 276
 Haue þou þi lond for euer-mo,
 & god y þe bi-teche.
 Ac, ȝif Herhaud to þis lond com,
 & bring wiþ him Reynbroun, mi sone, 5
 Help him, y þe biseche ;
 For þai er boþe hende & fre.
 On Herhaud þou miȝt trust þe
 To take of þine fon wreche.'
- Kissing each other,
 they parted. þai kisten hem togider þo : 10
 Al wepeand þai wenten ato
 Wiþouten ani more speche.
- The King came home with a sad face. ¶ þe king wel sore wepe for pite, 277
 & went him hom to his meyne
 Wiþ a mournand chere.
- His people wanted to know
 who the pilgrim was, His folk ozaines him gan gon,
 & asked þe king sone anon 5
 What man þe pilgrim were.
 þai seyð, 'he is a douhti kniȝt :
 Wald Iesu ful of miȝt
 He wald leue wiþ ous here.'
- but he kept his secret.
 MS. fol. 165v. b. þe king seyð, 'al stille ȝe be : 10
 What he is ȝour non schal wite for me,
 I-wis, of al þis ȝere.'
- C. 10475.** Sir Gij went in his way forþ riȝt, 278
 Oft he þonked god almiȝt
 þat þe geaunt was slawe.
 To Warwike he went, to þat cite
 þer he was lord of þat cuntre 5
 To hold wiþ riȝt lawe.
 He nas knowen þer of no man,
 When he to þe castel ȝates cam :
 þerof he was ful fawe.
 Among þe pouer men he him dede 10
 þer þai weren vp in a stede,
 & sett him on a rawe.

¶ & Feliis þe countas was þer þan :
 In þis warld was non better wiman,
 In gest as-so we rede ;
 For þritten pouer men & 3ete mo
 For hir lordes loue sche loued so
 Ich day sche gan fede,
 Wiþ þan god & our leuedi
 Schuld saue hir lord sir Gij,
 & help him at his nede.
 Sche no stint noiþer day no niȝt,
 For him sche bisouȝt god almiȝt
 Wiþ bedes & almos dede.
 ¶ On a day þe leuedi went to mete,
 & bad men schuld biforn hir fete
 Hir pouer men al biden,
 & men brouȝt hem euerichon,
 & Gij of Warwike was þat on
 Of þo ich þritten.
 In his hert he hadde gret care,
 þat he schuld be knawen þare
 Of hem þat hadde him sen,
 Ac þer was non so wise of siȝt
 þat him þer knowe miȝt :
 So misais he was & lene.
 Þe leuedi biheld him inliche,
 Hou mesays he was, sikerliche.
 Curteys sche was & hende :
 Of euerich mete, of euerich d[r]ing
 þat sche ete of herself, wiþouten lesing,
 Sche was him ful mende ;
 Of hir bere & of hir wine
 In hir gold coupe afine
 Oft sche gan him sende,
 & bad him ich day com he schold :
 Mete & drink sche finde him wold
 Vnto his liues ende.

279 Countess Felice
 was the best
 woman in the
 world ;

for she used to
 feed 13 poor men
 5 and more
 every day

for the sake of her
 lord,
 10 and never ceased
 to pray for him.

280 One day,

Turnbull, p. 406,
 l. 10242.

5 Guy of Warwick
 was one of those
 thirteen poor men.

He was afraid of
 being recognised,

10 but no one knew
 him :
 he was so wretch-
 ed and lean.

281 The lady,
 pitying him,

sent him of every
 dish and of every
 5 drink she had,

MS. fol. 166r. a.

10 bidding him come
 every day
 to the end of his
 life.

- Guy thanked her,
but did not think
to do so.
- Turnbull, p. 407,
l. 10266.
- C. 10521.**
- Leaving the town,
he went to look
for a hermit in a
forest,
- but the hermit
was dead and
buried.
- Guy resolved to
stay there.
- He got a priest
to read mass for
him every day,
and to shrive him,
- and a page
to serve him in
the hermitage,
- where he lived
only nine months.
- One night, Guy
lying asleep, an
angel was sent by
God,
Turnbull, p. 408,
l. 10290.
- telling him
to make himself
ready ;
- for in the morning
of the eighteenth
day he should die,
- and go to heaven.
- ¶ Sir [Gij] ponked þat leuedi oft,
Bot alle anoþer was his þouzt
þan he wald to hir say.
When þe grace were y-seyd,
& þe bordes adoun layd,
Out of toun he went his way.
Into a forest wenden he gan
To an hermite he knewe er þan,
To speke him ȝif he may.
&, when he þider comen was,
þe gode hermite þurch godes grace
Was dede & loken in clay.
¶ þan þouzt sir Gij anon
þat wald he neuer þennes gon
þer whiles he war oliue.
Wiþ a prest he spac of þat cuntray
þat dede him seruise ich day,
& of his sinnes gan schriue.
Wiþ him he hadde þer a page
þat serued him in þat hermitage
Wiþouten chest & striue.
No leuger was he liues þere
Bot niȝen moneþes of a ȝere,
As ȝe may listen & liþe.
¶ In slepe as Gij lay anizt,
God sent an angel briȝt
Fram heuen to him þare.
'Gij,' seyde þe angel, 'slepestow ?
Hider me sent þe king Iesu
To bið þe make þe ȝare ;
For bi þe eiztenday at morwe
He schal deliuer þe out of þi sorwe,
Out of þis wardl to fare.
To heuen þou schalt com him to,
& liue wiþ ous euer-mo
In ioie wiþouten care.'

282

5

10

283

5

10

284

5

10

- ¶ When Gij was waked of þat drem, 285
 Of an angel he seiȝe a glem :
 MS. fol. 166r. b. ' What artow ? ' þan seyð he.
 þe angel answerd, ' fram heuen y cam :
 Miȝhel is mi riȝt nam. 5
 God sent me to þe
 To bið þe make þe redi way :
 Bi þe eiȝtenday þou schalt day,
 Wel siker mauȝtow be.
 & y schal feche þi soule ful euen, 10
 & bere it to þe þlis of heuen
 Wiþ grete solempnete.'
 ¶ þe angel goþ forþ, & Gij bileft stille : 286
 His bedes he bad wiþ gode wille
 To Iesu heuen king,
 Turnbull, p. 409,
 l. 10814. **C. 10577.** & when his term was nere gon
 His knaue he cleped to him anon, 5
 & seyð, wiþouten lesing,
 ' Sone,' he seyð, ' y pray now þe,
 Go to Warwike þat cite
 Wiþ-outen more duelling,
 & when þou comest þer, y þe biseche, 10
 Gret wele þe countas wiþ þi speche,
 & take hir þis gold ring.
 ¶ & say þe pilgrim hat hir biforn, 287
 þat hir mete was to born,
 On þe pouer maȝnes rawe,
 Gret hir wele in al þing,
 & sende to hir þis gold ring, 5
 ȝif þat sche wil it knawe.
 Als son as sche hap þer-of a siȝt,
 Sche wil it knawe anon riȝt,
 & be þerof ful fawe.
 þan wil sche ax ware y be : 10
 Leue sone, for loue of me
 þe soþe to hir þou schawe,

Guy, awaking,
saw the angel,

‘What art thou that seyst such thyng? [p. 263]

Art thou god, of hevyn kyng?’

learned that his
name was
Michael,

‘An angeł of hevyn,’ he seyð, ‘I am: 10845

Migheł,’ he seyð, ‘ys my name.

God hath me to the now sent:

and heard his
message once
more.

Thow haste hym *seruyð with* good entent.

I shał come *with* angellys bryght,

And bryng thy sowle to hevyn lyzt.’ 10850

When he had seyð forth he went:

Gye thankyð god of hys present.

He was glad of hys maundement

That god of hevyn hym had sent.

When Guy’s time
was nearly up,
he sent his page

When the tyme was com nyȝe 10855

That he wyste that he shuld dye,

To hym he clepyð hys page hend.¹

¹ The *e* of *hend*
altered from *o*.

‘Fellow,’ he seyð, ‘thow must wende

To warwyke with-owten more.

The countes thou shalt fynd thore: 10860

To her bere thys ylke ryng,

to the Countess at
Warwick with a
gold ring,

And she wył the geve rych thyng;

And sey to her that ylke palmere

as coming from
the pilgrim whom
she had fed.

That ete to-forne her farne yere,

To whome she ał her mete sent, 10865

Both clarey and pyment,

Sendyth here thys ilke ryng

(And gretyth weł her) to tokenyng.

When she may the ryng sene

She wył hyt know, as I wene: 10870

She would know
it at once,

She wył the askyn hastylle,

And yeve the yeftis rychelye,

and ask where
Guy was.

For that thou shalt her tel there [p. 264]

Where that dwellyth the palmere,

- ¶ & say icham for godes loue 288
 In þe forest hermite bicome,
 Mine sinnes for to bete,
 & bid hir for þe loue of me
 þat sche com hider wiþ þe : 5
 For no þing sche no lete.
 & when 3e com 3e finde me dede :
 Do me neuer hennes lede,
 Bot graue me here in grete.
 & after sche schal dye, y-wis, 10
 & com to me in-to heuen blis,
 þer ioies her ful swete.'
 ¶ þe knaue went forþ anon, 289
 In-to Warwike he gan gon
 Bifor þat leuedi fre,
 &, when he hadde þat leuedi founde,
 On knes he fel adoun to grounde, 5
 & seyð, 'listen to me :
 þe pilgrim þat ete þe biforn,
 þat þi mete was to born,
 An hermite now is he.
 He greteþ þe wele in al þing, 10
 & sent þe þis gold ring
 In sum tokening to be.'
- ¶ þe leuedi tok þat ring anhond, 290
 & loked þeron & gan wiþstond,
 þe letters for to rede.
 'Ow, certes,' quap þe leuedi,
 'þis ring y 3af mi lord sir Gij, 5
 When he fro me 3ede.'

Turnbull, p. 410,
l. 10338.

MS. fol. 166v. a.

Turnbull, p. 411,
l. 10362.

And thow shalt sey, in thys forrest
Amonge many a wyld beste.

Sey her thow hast seruyd me,
And long tyme *with* me be.

Tell her more of my manere :

She wyll the make the better chere.

When she hath herd thy Tydand,
She wyll come hedyr, I vnderstonde.

Here she shaft me fynd dede :

Byd her bery me in thys sted,

And sey her she shaft dye in hye

After me full hastylye.'

The knave answeyrd full redyly,
'Youre Errand shaft be don in hye.'

The page was full sone I-dyzt,

To warewyke he come anone full ryzt.

The cowntesse he found full redy thare :

He sett hym on hys knees full bare.

'Madam,' he seyde, 'heryth my tydyng,

And the wordys that I bryng.

The pylgryme sent yow word now

That farne yere ete to-forne yow.

I not whether ye knew hym nowe :

He ys a good man as I trowe.

Now wonnyth he ther in that forrest,

And levyth as a wyld beste.

He ys full of the holy gost :

Hevyn kyng he lovyth moste.

Be me he sendyth yow thys ryng [p. 265]

(And gretyth yow weill) to tokenyng.'

She toke the ryng, *with*-owt dowzt,

And lokyd hyt all a-bowzt.

'Iesu,' she seyde, 'of hevyn, mercye !'

This ys myn owen lord sir Gye.'

Also swyth she felt to the ground,

And thries she sowned in a stownd.

10875 The page was to
tell her that he
had become a
hermit,

and to bid her
come to the
hermitage,

10880

where, finding
him dead, she

was to have him
buried.
She was to follow
him to heaven
before long.

10885

The page went to
Warwick,

10890 and found the
countess.
Kneeling down,

10895

he delivered her
the ring.

10900

10905 The lady

knew it for the
ring she had
given Guy at their
parting.

10910

- For sorwe sche fel aswon, y-wis,
 & when þat sche arisen is
 To þe knaue sche gan spede.
- ¹ indistinct. 'Leue sone,' sche¹ seyð, 'y pray þe, 10
 Wher is þat pilgrim? telle þou me,
 & gold schal be þi mede.'
 ¶ 'Madame,' seyð þe knaue ful skete, 291
 'In þe forest ichim lete :
 Riȝt now y com him fro.
 He is ner ded in þe hermitage :
 On his halue y make þe message ; 5
 Y-wis, he bad me so,
 & bad þou schust to him come
 For þat ich trewe loue
 þat was bitvene ȝou tvo.
 Do him neuer lede oway, 10
 Bot biri him riȝt þer in clay.
 Oliue sestow him no mo.'
- C. 10641.** ¶ þe leuedi was glad of þat tiding, 292
 & þonked Iesu heuen king,
 & was in hert ful bliþe
 þat² sche schuld sen hir lord sir Gij ;
 Ac for o þing sche was sori, 5
 þat he schuld dye so swiþe.
 MS. fol. 166v. b. þai made hem redi for to wende
 Wiþ kniȝtes & wiþ leuedis hende :
 On a mule þai sett hir siþe,
 & wiþ al þe best of þat cite 10
 To þermitage went sche,³
 As ȝe may listen & liþe.
 ¶ To þermitage when þai com, 293
 þer þai liȝt al & some,
 & in sche went wel euen.
 When þat sche seiȝe hir lord sir Gij,
 Sche wept & made doleful cri 5
 Wiþ a ful reweful steuen.

Turnbull, p. 412,
 l. 10386.

² The *t* indistinct.

³ *s* underdotted
 before *sche*.

When she myȝt speke, hastyly
 To the messyngere she gan crye :
 'My dere frend, tell as tyte,
 Where wonnyth that holy hermyȝt?'

Recovered from
 a swoon,

she asked the page
 where the pilgrim
 was.

'Madam,' he seyð, 'I wyȝt yow saye,
 In the forrest a ryȝt fer weye :
 He wonneth there in an hermytage.
 He bad me sey yow thys message,
 Ye shuldyn bery hys bodye
 Ryȝt ther in that hermytory
 Ther hys body lyeth now dede :
 For-soth, I can no nother rede.
 Also he seyð ye shuld now [in] hye
 Dye after hym ful hastylye.'

10915 The page an-
 swered that he

was dying in the
 hermitage,

10920

where he also
 wished to be
 buried.

When the lady herd so sey,
 She was ful glad that ylke day
 That she myȝt her lord see :
 A loyful woman myȝt she be ;
 But yet ful sorrowful was her rede
 Lest she shuld fynd hym dede.

10925 The lady

was glad that she
 was to see Guy,

but sorry that he
 was to die so soon.

10930

She bad men shuld her mule bryng,
 And forth she went *with-owt* lettyng.

With all the best
 people of the city
 she set off for the
 hermitage on a
 mule.

She went to that hermytage :

[p. 266]

Euer be-for her ran the page.

When she was at the dore alyȝt,

10935

In swone she feȝt anone ryȝt.

She arose & went in Ryȝt drerly :

Her lordys body she lay ther bye.

Seeing Guy,
 she wept.

Sir Gij loked on hir pare :
 His soule fram þe bodi gan fare.
 A þousand angels & seuen
 Vnder-fenge þe soule of Gij, 10
 & bar it wiþ gret molodi
 Into þe blis of heuen.

C. 10675. ¶ þan was þat leuedi ful of care, 294
 For hir lord was fram hir fare :
 ‘ Allas ’ it was hir song.
 Sche kist his mouþe, his chin also,
 & wepe wiþ hir eizen to, 5
 & hir hondes sche wrong.
 Gret honour dede our lord for Gij :
 A swete brabe com fram his bodi,
 þat last þat day so long,
 þat in þis world spices alle 10
 No miȝt cast a swetter smalle
 As þen was hem among.

Turnbull, p. 413,
 l. 10410.

¶ þe leudy astite dede send hir sond 295
 After bischopes, abotes of þe lond,
 þe best þat miȝt be founde,
 & when þider was com þat fair ferred,
 To Warwike þai wald him lede, 5
 As lord of michel mounde.
 Bot al þe folk þat þer was

- Rewly she cryed ther for the nonys,
 And he lokyd on her onys : 10940
 He kyssed her fayre & curtesly ;
 With that he dyed hastyllye.
 Ther dyed the noble knyzt *sir* Gye :
 Seynt MigheH was ther full redye
 With mery song of angellys bryzt, 10945
 And bare hys soule to hevyn lyzt,
 And presentyd hit to the hevyn kyng ;
 Ther shaft he be with-owte endyng.
 Now ys ther that lady trewe
 In that chappeH : her sorrow ys new. 10950
 She sowned on her lordys bere,
 And kyst hys mouth with wepyng chere.
 Hys fete, hys hondys she kyssed than,
 So dyd many an other man).
 AH that with her commyn were 10955
 Mad mornynge and sorry chere.
 AH they yode that corse to kysse :
 The sowle ys in hevyn blysse.
 God dyd hym there gret honoure :
 Fro hym ther cam a swete sauoure. 10960
 Though ther were AH the spice
 That groweth in erth or in *paradice* . . .¹
 Then com fro that body free. [p. 267]
 Euery man² that seke were
 Of hys body sech helpe there. 10965
 That swete sauoure fayled nouzt,
 TyH hyt was in the erth brought.
 And then she sent her sond
 To AH the bysshoppus of the lond,
 Abbottis, priores, and other clergie 10970
 For to com theder full hastily.
 They worshypped AH that body,
 And beryed hit full rychely.
 Thedyr come the kyng Athelstone

He looked on her
and died.

1007 angels took
his soul to heaven.

Felice kissed his
mouth,

and wrung her
hands.
God honoured
Guy by causing
his body to send
forth a sweet
smell all day
long.

¹ A line wanting
here in MS.

² *mant* MS.

Bishops and
abbots came,

and wanted to
remove Guy's
corpse to War-
wick,

No miȝt *him* stir of þat plas

þer he lay on þe grounde.

An hundred men about *him* were,

10

No miȝt *him* nouȝt þennes bere

For heuihed þat stounde.

- And aȝ hys barons euery-chone. 10975
 ‘Lordyngis,’ he seyde, ‘thys ys *sir* Gye,
 Of warwyke the Erle worthy.
 He faught for me worthylye
 At wynchester, ye aȝ hyt sye,
 And slow for Englondis ryȝt 10980
 Of aȝ the world the strengest knyȝt.
 Also he slow here in Englonde
 A dragon, for-soth, as I vnderstonde,
 Full fer in the north contree :
 Aȝ ye hyt know that here be ; 10985
 So that twyse this blessyd knyȝt
 Hath savyd Englonde *with* hys myȝt.
 In aȝ thys world ne was hys pere.
 This gentyȝ knyȝt that lyeth here,
 Yf he had coveyted honoure, 10990
 He myȝt have bene¹ an Emperoure.
 The Emperoure hym bad hys douȝter dere
 With aȝ hys landys ferre and nere [p. 268]
 For hys douȝtynes of honde
 That he provyd in hys londe. 10995
 Of aȝ the world the grettest lord
With the Emperoure was a dyscorde,
 Of² babylon the hyȝe sowdan :
 Thrytty kyngis hym omage done.
 Sir Gye hym slow at hys bord : 11000
 Aȝ they ne durst speke on word.
 He brought hys hed to the Emperoure.
 Of Cristendom he was the floure.
 He slow ameraunt, the bold paynym :
 Aȝ the world was a-drade of hym. 11005
 He slow the Duke Otown of pavy
 For hys treason and hys trechery,
 And sethen berrard after hym :
 He was a Geaunt styffe and gryme.
 This gentyȝ Gye, of whome I talke, 11010

but a hundred
men could not
get it away.

¹ The *b* altered
from *p*.

² *And* MS.

Turnbull, p. 414,
l. 10434. MS.
fol. 167r. a.

- ¶ þan seyð þe leuedi, 'lete him be stille, 296
Neuer more remoun him y nille,
No do him hennes lede.
He sent me bode wiþ his page
To biri him in þis hermitage 5
Simpliche wipouten prede.'
þay tok a prouȝ of marbel ston,
& leyð his bodi þer-in anon
Atird in kniȝtes wede.
Fair seruise þan was þare 10
Of bischopes, abbotes þat þer ware,
& clerkes to sing & rede.
C. 10713. ¶ When þai hadde birid his bodi, anon 297
þe gret lordinges euerichon
Hom þai gun wende,
Ac þe leuedi left stille þare :
Sche nold neuer þennes fare ; 5
Sche kidde þat sche was kende.
Sche liued no lenger, soþe to say,¹

¹ day MS.

Thorough all the world hath he hys walke.

All falsheð and trechory

Euer-more he wold^d dystroye.

I may weH hyt avow rygHt,

That he was a trew kny3t.

11015

Vppon a boke he dyd me swere

At Wynchester no fer^r ne nere

That I shuld wrey hym tyH no man

Tell thys twelmoneth were a-gone.

I have holdyn myn othe parfaye :

11020

Yesterday was the laste daye.

God¹ assoyle the sowle ry3t.

¹ The o partially effaced.

For sir Gye, the noble kny3t,

[p. 269]

To Warwyke wold^d they hym bere

With gret honoure, to berry hym there,

11025

But the cors, that lay ther dede,

Myght no man stere of that stede.

Quod the lady, 'lett hyt bee :

So the countess ordered it to be left there,

Hens shaH hyt neuer for me.

He bad me be hys messengere

11030

That I shuld^d berry hym here.'

according to his desire,

They toke a marbyH hem be-twene,

And berryed hys body theryn).

and to be simply buried in a marble coffin.

For-soth, ther was that ylke ny3t

Feyre servyse and noble ly3te,

11035

Also ther was on the morne

When he was berryed hym be-forne.

Songyn ther ys many a masse,

And dole I-dalte to more and lasse.

As sone as he was berryed there

11040

After Guy's burial, the others returned home,

Euery man gan hedyr² fare

But the lady gentiH and free :

² Read *hepen* ?

StyH ther wold^d she bee.

but his lady remained there.

Fro thens wold^d she not fare

While she levyd^d neuer-mare,

11045

But servyd God with good prayer

Bot riȝt on þe fiftenday
 Sche dyed þat leuedi hende,
 & was birid hir lord by ;
 & now þai er togider in compeynie
 In ioie þat neuer schal ende.

10

C. 10749.

When sir Tirri herd telle þis,
 þat Gij, his fere, ded is,
 & birid in þe clay,

298

Turnbull, p. 415,
 l. 10458.

¹ The *s* added
 above the line.

He com to þis¹ lond, wiþ-outen lesing,
 & bisouȝt Aþelston þe king
 His bodi to leden oway.
 He it graunted him ful ȝare,

5

- For Gye, her lord, that was so dere ;
 And so she dyd, with-owt fayle,
 Nyght and day with gret traveyle
 In goddys seruyse nyzt and daye. 11050
 Aft that tyme that she ther laye
 Euer she dyd almes dede,
 And god a-quyte weH her mede ; [p. 270]
 And euer she bad god besyly
 That she myzt dye after hym hastyly. 11055
 She dyed at the fourty daye
 After Gye, as I yow seye.
 She was beryed hastyly
 Ryght ther be her lord *sir* Gye.
 To-gedyr be they in company 11060
 In blysse : I hope to oure lady,
 Iesus graunt vs so to do,
 That we may com hym to.
 Lordyngis, now have ye herd
 Of Gye of Warewyke, how he fard, 11065
 And how he led hys long lyfe
 In bateyle and in stryfe,
 But euer he lovyd hevyn kyng
 Moste ouer aft thyng,
 And god hath a-quyt hys mede, 11070
 In geste as ye have herd rede.
 Aft goodnes was in that knyzt :
 Feyre adventures felh hym in fyzt.
 He was neuer yet in no stoure
 But he had moste honoure. 11075
 When *sir* Terry herd ryght
 That Gye was ded, that noble knyzt,
 He come into ynglond :
 Kynge Athelstone sone he founde.
 He told hym of the love stronge 11080
 That was be-twene hem full longe.
 He prayed for the body of Gye þe knyzt,

After a fortnight
she died,

and was buried by
the side of Guy,
in whose company
she is in joy with-
out end.

Tirri, hearing
of his fellow's
death,

came over to King
Athelstan,

and was allowed

Into Lorain wiþ him gan fare,

Into his owen cuntray.

An abbay he lete make þo

10

For to sing for hem to

Euermore til domesday.

C. 10725. ¶ Now haue 3e herd, lordinges, of Gij,

299

þat in his time was so hardi,

& holden hende & fre,

& euer he loued treuþe & riȝt,

& serued god wiþ al his miȝt,

5

þat sit in trinite,

& þer-fore at his ending day

He went to þe ioie þat lasteþ ay,

& euer-more schal be.

Now god leue ous to liue so,

10

MS. fol. 167r. b.

¹ þai MS.

þat we may þat¹ ioie com to.

Amen, par charite.

Explicit.

And he hym graunted a-none ryȝt

[p. 271]

to carry Guy's
body to Lorraine,

Gyes body with good chere

To take hyt in fayer manere.

11085

where he built an
abbey for the sake
of Guy and his
wife.

To lorreyne he dyȝt hyt bere,

And dyȝt hyt gret honoure there.

A feyer Abbey dyd he make

In that Cyte for Gyes sake.

Richest hyt ys, and euer shaft be,

11090

Of all the Abbeyes in that contre.

Thus endyth the geste of *sir* Gye :

God on hys sowle have mercy,

Now you have
heard the story
of Guy,

And on owres when we be dede,

And graunt vs in hevyn to have a sted.

11095

Amen.

who served God
with all his might,

and therefore
went to heaven.

May God grant
us the same.

Amen.

Reinbrun, Gij sone of Warwike.

Iesu, þat ert of miȝte most,
Fader, & sone, & holy gost,
Ich bidde þe a bone :

Ase þow ert lord of our ginning,
& madest heuene and alle þing,

Se, and sonne, and mone,
ȝeue hem grace wel to spede
þat herkneþ what y schel rede,

Iesu, god in trone.

Of a kniȝt was to batayle boun,
Sire Gij is sone, þat hiȝte Rey[n]broun,
Of him y make my mone.

¶¹ His fader Gij, þat him get,
He was a werroure swiȝe gret :

þar nas nowhar his per
In Fraunce, in Pycardy,
In Spayne, in Lombardy,
Neyþer fer ne ner.

Mani batayle he be-gan
For þe loue of o wimman
þat was him lef & dere.

Siþe Rey[n]broun on hire he wan,
þat was a swiȝe douȝti man,
Ase ȝe may forþward here.

1 Turnbull, p. 419.
MS. fol. 167v. b.
Jesus,

5 grant grace to
speed well to those
who listen

10 to my tale
about Guy's son
Reinbroun!

2 Turnbull, p. 420,
l. 13.

His father
was a great war-
rior,

1 ¶, though sug-
gested by the
scribe, omitted
by the rubricator.

5 and had many a
fight for the love
of a woman,

10 on whom he after-
wards begot a son.

- MS. fol. 167v. a. ¶ þay were togedre fifti nizt, 3
 They lived together fifty days. After a spusede þat swete wizt
 Wip meche melody.
 þanne was be-ȝete þat baroun,
 His sone þat was cleped Rey[n]broun, 5
 Of þat kniȝt sire Gij.
 Fourti wikes wip child ȝhe was
 & dilyured þourȝ [godes] gras
 And is moder Mari.
C. 8411. Cristned hit was werschipliche : 10
 Their boy was solemnly christened, and named Reinbroun.
 Reinbroun men calde him, sikerliche,
 For-soþe and¹ nouȝt ne lye.
¹ Read y þ
 Turnbull, p. 421, ¶ Heraud hadde þat child to lore 4
 1. 37. Seue winter and wel more :
 Heraud was his tutor. Ful wel he gan him lere.
 When Reinbroun was seven years old, Be þat he was seue winter old,
 He was a fair child and a bold, 5
 And of swete chere.
 some foreign merchants came to England So hit befel þat of fer lond
² Marchaund MS. Marchauns² riche, ich vnder-stond,
 Hider þai come were :
 Gold and seluer þai brouȝte meche, 10
 Badekenes and pane riche,
 Gris and menyuer,
 with a great variety of merchandise. ¶ Bras, maslyn, yren, & stel, 5
 Wod-wex, selk, and cendel,
 Gingiuer and galingale,
 Clowes, quibibes, gren de Paris,
 Pyper, and comyn, and swet anis, 5
 Mani a riche bale,
 Fykes, reisyn, dates,
 Almaund, rys, pomme-garnates,
 Kanel and setewale,
 Scarlet and grene wel y-wrouȝt : 10
 More richesse wip hem hii brouȝt
 þan y can tellen in tale.

- ¶ þai riuede at Londen þat cite :
 King Apelstond þan fonden he,
 þat her was king wiþ croune.
 A 3af hem leue in alle wise
 To wende wiþ her marchaundise
 In is londe fro touz to toune.
 To Walingforde þai gonne fare :
 A strong bourȝ þai fonde þare
 (þai boskede & made hem boune),
 Ac it was strued, wiþ-outen lesing,
 For werre of Heraud & þe king :
 Hit was niȝ brouȝt adoun.
- þe marchauns kedde hii wer fre :
 A Spayniis mvle than token he,
 To Heraud hii [hit] sende.
 For he was lord of þat cite,
 Wiþ him hii þouȝte wel to be :
 So þai han him kende.
 Sire Heraud, for soþ to say,
 Bad hem ete wiþ him þat day,
 Er hij þannes wende.
 þe marchauns seie þe child goand
 In þe halle faire pleiande,
 þat was so faire and hende.
- ¶ At a kniȝt hii askede anon riȝt
 Whas was þo child so faire of siȝt
 And of swete chere,
 And he answerde anon, y plizt,
 ‘Hit is Gij is sone, þe gode kniȝt,
 þat Heraud hap to lere.’
 þe marchauns hem beþouȝte,
 ȝif hii þat child haue mouȝte,
 Hii wolde stele him þere ;
 & ȝif hii hadde þat child bolde,
 Richely in-to her londe þai wolde,
 And selle hit full dere.
- 6 Turnbull, p. 422,
 l. 61.
 King Athelstan
 allowed them
 to trade
 throughout his
 country.
 Coming to Wall-
 ingford,
 MS. fol. 167v. b.
- 10
- 7
 they presented
 Heraud with a
 Spanish mule,
- 5
 and he invited
 them to dinner.
- 10 In his hall they
 saw the child.
- 8 Turnbull, p. 423,
 l. 85.
 A knight
 told them
 the child was
 Guy's son.
 They determined
 to steal
 and sell him.
- 10

- C. 8453.** ¶ Wiþ þe porter þai speke stille, 9
 þat hii hadden al her wille.
 þai zeue him riche mede :
 He betauzte hem þe child þare,
 And into schip þai gonne fare ; 5
 Away þai gonne him lede.
- Near Russia þay gonne saily toward Roussy :
 Al glad hii were þet londe to sy ;
 Hii pouzte wel to spede.
 Al siker hii were alond te gon, 10
 Ac swiche a strom hem cam upon,
 þat sore hem gonne drede.
- they were over-
 taken by a storm. ¶ þe wind began to blowen loude, 10
 þe elmence pikkede on þe cloude :
 Gret strom hem wex vpon.
 þe four wyndes began to blowe,
 þe se gan tornen & to þrowe : 5
 Ded hii wende haue ben echon.
 Here ropes to-borsten, her mast also :
 þar nas non þat him nas wo ;
 Hii made reuful mon.
 To Iesu Crist þai gonne crye 10
 And to his moder Marie :
 Nas þer no beter won.
- Expecting to die,
 they called on
 Jesus Christ and
 His mother Mary. ¶ þe wind faire slake gan : 11
 Mery in þe se þe schip ran.
 Ase god hit wolde
 þai wer driuen al þe nigt :
 In Aufrik þai riuede rízt ; 5
 þai toke a wel gode holde.
 þe marchauns han it vnder-nome,
 þat hii beþ into Aufrik come :
 Hii pouzte þat hii wolde
 þe kíng of þe lond presenti 10
 Wiþ þat child þat was so fry
 And of chere bolde.
- MS. fol. 168r. a. ¶ þe wind faíre slake gan : 11
 Mery in þe se þe schip ran.
 Ase god hit wolde
 þai wer driuen al þe nigt :
 In Aufrik þai riuede rízt ; 5
 þai toke a wel gode holde.
 þe marchauns han it vnder-nome,
 þat hii beþ into Aufrik come :
 Hii pouzte þat hii wolde
 þe kíng of þe lond presenti 10
 Wiþ þat child þat was so fry
 And of chere bolde.
- The wind began
 to subside, ¶ þe wind faíre slake gan : 11
 Mery in þe se þe schip ran.
 Ase god hit wolde
 þai wer driuen al þe nigt :
 In Aufrik þai riuede rízt ; 5
 þai toke a wel gode holde.
 þe marchauns han it vnder-nome,
 þat hii beþ into Aufrik come :
 Hii pouzte þat hii wolde
 þe kíng of þe lond presenti 10
 Wiþ þat child þat was so fry
 And of chere bolde.
- and they landed
 in Africa. ¶ þe wind faíre slake gan : 11
 Mery in þe se þe schip ran.
 Ase god hit wolde
 þai wer driuen al þe nigt :
 In Aufrik þai riuede rízt ; 5
 þai toke a wel gode holde.
 þe marchauns han it vnder-nome,
 þat hii beþ into Aufrik come :
 Hii pouzte þat hii wolde
 þe kíng of þe lond presenti 10
 Wiþ þat child þat was so fry
 And of chere bolde.

¶ Of hem hii token marchauz pre

pat noble were, curteis, & fre,

Wipoute more duelling :

pai toke pat child, veraiment,

And made perwip a present

To Arguus þe king.

þe king hadde a douȝter fair :

Of al Aufrik ȝhe was air,

A swiþe fair ȝonling.

Meche ȝhe kouþe of menstralcie,

Of harpe, of fipele, of sautri,

Of romaunce reding.

¶ So was Reynbroun, for soþ to say,

Meche liche pat faire may

Of semlaunt and of chere.

Besouȝt ȝhe haþ be hir moder rede,

& to hire fader king ȝhe sede,

‘Leue, fader dere,

Y mote him in me chaumber norsy :

ȝet a may me seruy ;

Norture y schel him lere.’

þe king him graunted þourȝ alle þing,

For he hire louede wip-oute lesing,

To ben hire plaie-fere.

Whan sire Heraud parseued was
þe child was stole, for pat cas

Gret sorwe he gan make.

He let seche him in pat cite :

Mani man made gret pite

For pat childes sake.

Wip mesagers a sente is sonde

To seche him in mani londe

ȝif hii him miȝte of-take ;

&, whan hii him finde ne miȝte,

Sorwe hii made day & niȝte :

For drede þai gonne quake.

12 Turnbull, p. 425,
l. 133.

Three of the
merchants went

5 to present
King Argus with
the boy.

The King had a
daughter

10 of high attain-
ments.

13

By her mother's
advice,

5

she asked her
father's permis-
sion to educate
Reinbroun in her
chamber,

10 which he granted.

14 Turnbull, p. 426,
l. 157. MS. fol.
168r. b.

C. 8197

When Heraud
knew that Rein-
broun had been
stolen,
5 he ordered him to
be searched for

in many countries,

10 but in vain.

Soon after, King Athelstan holding a parlia- ment,	¶ Hit nas nouȝt longe after þan, þat in Londen held king Aþelstan A riel parlement. Sire Heraud þeder gan gon :	15
¹ Read <i>him</i> ?	þe king a ¹ werschipede & mani on, Whan he was þeder y-went.	5
some lords, envying Heraud, determined to accuse him of	Oþer hadde þer-of envie, And þouȝte hiȝ wolde on him lye, þat a wer y-schent,	
having sold Reinbroun for his weight in gold.	& segge he hadde Reinbroun sold For is wiȝte of rede gold To þe marchauns, verayment.	10
Turnbull, p. 427, l. 181. The King	¶ ‘Lordinges,’ seide þe king y-core, ‘Al ȝe ben to me y-swore For helpe me at nede.	16
asked his Lords’ advice	ȝour consaile wite y welle. Wel ȝe witen ȝe han herd telle	5
² <i>fele</i> MS. ?	Ase ȝour eldren sede, ²	
with regard to the King of Denmark’s claim on England.	þat þe king of Denemark þourȝ a geaunt stor & stark Kalaungeþ al oure þede. A gret ost he haþ y-nome & ȝif he may vs ouercome He makeþ our sides blede.’	10
Heraud was of opinion	¶ ‘Sire,’ queþ Heraud, ‘þarf þe no drede : þourȝ godes help we scholle wel spece þei he vs wile asaile.	17
that, having good knights and strong cities, the King need not fear the Danes,	Gode kniȝtes ȝe han & cite stro[n]g : ȝif ȝe him douteþ it is wrong For al is grete taile. Myn eldren seide, ich vnder-stonde, þe Dennisch men hadde riȝt in þis londe,	5
MS. fol. 168v. a.	Wip-ouden eni faile,	
their former right having been forfeited in a battle.	Whilom, & nouȝt ful ȝore it is, & sippe þai han it lore, y-wis, And here folk in bataile.	10

¶ Now þai han loren here riȝt :

Hii weren ouercomen *in* fiȝt

þourȝ help of god almiȝte.

þarfore ensemble þe barouns

þat haþ þe toures & þe tounes

Before þe an hiȝte.¹

At what hauen þai alende,

Ase tit aȝen hem we scholle wende

Wiþ hors and armes briȝte.

& ȝif a comeþ *in* þis londe, y-wis,

We scholle sle him & alle his :

So wel we scholle fiȝte.'

¶ ²þanne seide þe king, ' þow hast wel sed :

þou hast red me a gode red ;

Y-blessed mote þow be.

A beter rede ne wot y non :

Ase þow hast seid so y schel don,

Also mote ich þe.

þow ert me beste consailer :

In al þis lond þer nis þe per

þat ich mowe y-se.

Al þe while icham coren king,

Don ich wile be þe teching,

Sire Heraud þe fre.'

þe duk Medyok vp aras :

Of al Cornewaile lord he was,

A sterne kniȝt & a grim.

' Sire king,' a seide, ' herkne to me.

þow ert nouȝt wis ase þe holdest þe,

Whan þow leuest on him.

þow werschepest him fer & ner,

And he nis boute a losenger

Ful of tresoun [and] gin.

Beter we beþ to þe consaile

þanne þe treitour, wiþ-outen faile,

Be god and seinte Martyn.

18 Turnbull, p. 428,
l. 205.

He advised the
King to summon
all his lords

5

¹ *anhiȝte* MS.

against their
enemies.

10

19 The King thought
this the best
advice possible,
² ¶ omitted by
the rubricator,
although sug-
gested by the
scribe.

5

10 and expressed his
readiness to be
always guided
by Heraud.

20 Turnbull, p. 429,
l. 229.
C. 8563.

Now Medyok,
Duke of Cornwall,
rising,

5

upbraided the
King with his
trust in Heraud,

who was full of
treachery,

10

- ¶ His gode lord traye he gan 21
 þat þourz him he was maked man,
 Of Warwik sire Gij :
- and had rewarded
 Guy's benefits
 MS. fol. 168v. b.
 by selling his son
 to Russian
 merchants.
- Euel he hap is while 3olde,
 Whan he Reinbroun, is sone, solde 5
 To þe marchauns of Roussy :
 For gold & seluer gret plente
 To þe marchauns diliurede he,
 Ase we gonne asprie,
 & 3if he hadde þe ri3te lawe 10
 A scholde ben hanged & drawe
 For þat trecherie.'
- Turnbull, p. 430,
 l. 253.
- ¶ þo Heraud herde him speke so, 22
 Him pouzte his herte barst ato :
 Vp he sterte an hye.
 'Felawe duk,' a seide, ' þow lyxst,
 Whan þow wip tresoun me betwixst : 5
 þow dost me vileynie.
 þow hit schelt to soþe bringe
 þat þow hast seid be-fore þe kinge,
 Or þow schelt abye.
 Hasteliche now arme þe : 10
 Anon it schel proued be,
 þat þow dost on me lye.
- Heraud,
 starting up,
 gave the Duke
 the lie,
- and challenged
 him to combat.
- ¶ Ich wile þat y ben hanged & drawe 23
 Boute y defende me wip þe lawe
 Of þis famacioun,
 þat þow seist y scholde selle
 Me lordes sone þat ich of telle, 5
 þat men clepede Reinbroun.
 Whan ich þe soþe parseued hadde,
 þe marchauns him hadde wei ladde
 Me of-pouzte þat tresoun.
 Wip mesagers y sente me sonde 10
 To seche him in mani londe :
 þow lyxst on me, feloun.
- He had not sold
- Reinbroun,
- but the merchants
 had stolen him,
- and Heraud had
 sent messengers
 to search for him
 in many countries.

¶ Before þe king i say þe riȝt,
 þar-to me treuþe y þe plizt :
 To seche him y schel fonde
 In Fraunce, in Lombardie,
 In Spayne, in Spir, in Roussie,
 In mani an honkouþ londe.
 Betwene þis and þe lond of Ynde
 ȝif a be, y schel him fynde,
 And bringe him to honde.
 & whan ichaue so y-do
 þin heued y schel smite þe fro :
 For no man nel ich wonde.’
 ¶ ‘Pes, feloun,’ queþ [þ]erl of Cornewayle,¹
 ‘Al þe lesing schel þe nouȝt vaile :
 Traytour þow worst holde.’
 þat herde anoþer kniȝt :
 Egar a het, forsoþ apliȝt,
 Heraud is man y-tolde.
 His steward, for-soþ, he was :
 He sterte vp in þat plas,
 And to the duk a wolde.
 ‘Felawe duk,’ a seide, ‘þow lixst,
 Whan þow me lorde be-twixst
 þat he Reinbroun solde.
 Fif hondred siþe haue þow maugre
 Of Iesu, þat sit in trinite,
 Iesu ful of miȝt,
 Boute þow swiþe arme þe,
 & do þe bataile aȝenes me,
 And proue it² ariȝt.’
 þar hii hadde togedres smite,
 Nadde þe king hit vnder-ȝite,
 & departede hem an hiȝt.
 He bad hem lete be þat fare,
 & besouȝte hem to make hem ȝare
 Aȝenes þe Dennisch king to fiȝt.

24 Turnbull, p. 431,
 l. 277.
 Heraud engaged
 to go in quest
 of Reinbroun
 himself

5

as far as India.

10 Having brought
 him home,
 he should strike
 off the Duke's
 head.

25 MS. fol. 169r. a.
C. 8623

The Duke,
 calling Heraud a
 traitor once more,

¹ *ȝis feloun quap
 þerl of cornwaile*
 5 written as a catch-
 word in another
 hand at the end
 of fol. 168v. b.
 roused the wrath
 of Heraud's
 steward, Egar.

10

26 Turnbull, p. 432,
 l. 301.

5

² *proved* MS.

The Duke and
 Egar would have
 fought at once,
 if the King had
 not parted them.

10

C. 8683.	H eraud ¹ wiþ is ferde fre Wente to Walingford þat cite	27
¹ <i>Beraud</i> MS., by a mistake of the rubricator.	Ful of sorwe and care.	
After his return to Wallingford, Heraud entrusted his estate to the care of Egar,	'Egar,' a seide, 'þow schelt be-leue, & kepe þis land to me be-heue,	5
resolved not to rest till Reinbroun should be found.	And forþ ich wile fare, Til ich Reynbroun finde may : Y ne schel reste nigt ne day, Til ich wite whar he ware.	
The Duke of Cornwall was likely to attack him,	Ac war þe fro þerl of Cornewayle : He wile arere on þe batayle ; He nele þe noþing spare.'	10
Turnbull, p. 433, l. 325. but Egar was not afraid of him.	¶ 'Sire,' queþ Egar, 'we scholle vs were, þat he ne schel vs noþing dere, þei he vs wile agreue.'	28
Heraud left,	Heraud went out of þat cite : For him was maked gret pite, Whan he tok his leue. Hasteliche to schip a wente, Gode wind and weder god him sente :	5
MS. fol. 169r, b.	In Denemark þai gonne riue.	
and passed through several countries,	In Fraunce, in Lombardie, In Spayne, in Spyr, in Roussie Reynbroun a souzte bline.	10
but his search was vain.	¶ þourz mani londes þai him souzte : Whan hii mizte finde nouzte, To schip þai gonne fare.	29
Wanting to go to Constantinople,	To Costantin noble hii wolde wende : Swiche a tempest god hem gan sende, þat hii come nouzt þare.	5
he was driven to Africa by a tempest.	þai were driue wiþ-oute þe toun : In Aufrik þai riuede sounne. þanne wer þai ful of care. þe cite on þe riuage hii sye, Meche & wide, & walles hye :	10
	Of blisse þai wer al bare.	

¶ 'O god,' seide þe meister þo,

'Gret mishap is come vs to :

Our lif y telle y-lore.

In Aufrik we ben, wiþ-uten lesing,

Upon Arguus lond þe king :

Worsse man nas neuer bore.

Al þat leueþ in godes lawe

A wile hem hongen & to-drawe :

His op he hæþ y-swore.

Al for-soþe, we beþ dede,

Boute god vs helpe at our nede,

þat was of Marie bore.'

¶ Heraud seide, 'whas is pis cite ?

Distrued it is, so þenkeþ me :

Her hæþ be strong bataile.'

þe maroner seide, 'y þe telle

For soþe, sire, lye i nelle :

Wiþouten eni faile,

Hit is þemerailes Parsan :

In þis world nis þer worsse man

Cristene men to asaile.'

þe Sarazins come wiþ þis,

& nemeþ Heraud & alle his,

And distrueþ is vitaile.

¶ þai nomen Heraud & al is man,

And brouzþe hem before Parsan,

þat was of gret power.

He let hem caste in prisoun

Stinkande & þerk, wel fer adoun,

For þai cristen were.

Lite þai ete & dronke, ywis :

Vnneþe her lif sostened is ;

To god he made his prayere.

For Reynbroun him was ful wo,

For he neste whider he was go :

He made reuly chere.

WARWICK.

30 Turnbull, p. 434,
l. 349.

C. 8703.

The master-
mariner feared
for all their lives,

5 there being no
worse man than
King Argus,

who had sworn to
kill all Christians.

10

31 The city they saw

showed marks of
a strong fight.

5

It belonged to
Amiral Parsan,

10 whose men came
and took Heraud
and his followers
prisoners.

32 Turnbull, p. 435,
l. 373.

They were thrown
into a prison,
MS. fol. 169v. a.

5

C. 10793.

where they had
little to eat and
drink.

10 Heraud bemoaned
his fate.

T T

- From his complaints 'O,' seide [he], 'allas, allas !' 33
 In werre douȝti man y was,
 And now icham for-lore.'
- a jailer learned On of þe gaylers herde þis :
 To þemeraile a wente, y-wis, 5
 And gan him telle fore :
 'Sire,' a seide, 'wite nouȝt ȝe
 Of a prisoun ȝe han in ȝour pouste,
 A noble man y-kore ?
 A is wel douȝti in bataile 10
- that he had been a famous warrior, and told the Amiral so.
 * * * * * * 1
 1 A line is wanting here in MS.
 Ase icham to ȝou swore.'
- Turnbull, p. 436, l. 396.
 The Amiral ordered him to be brought before him.
 ¶ Queþ þemeraile, 'bringe him forþ now. 34
 Ȝif he be swich ase seistow,
 Meche helpe me a miȝte.'
 þe gayler wente aȝen anon,
 & to þe prisoun he gan gon, 5
 And Heraud vp atwiȝte.
 In a sklauin he gan him folde.
 Swiþe meche a was be-holde
 Of mani a douȝti kniȝte.
 His berde was to is brest y-wax, 10
 To his gerder heng is fax :
 Grisliche he was of siȝte.
- He was looked at by many a doughty knight.
 His beard had grown down to his breast, and his hair down to his girdle.
 The Amiral 35
 2 hem MS.
 ¶ Before þemeraile hii² gan him lede,
 & a-reisoned him in ech a side,
 'Man, what is þe name ?
 Whar wer þow bore (tel me now),
 þat so meche of werre canstow ? 5
 Of þe ichaue game.
 Ich, ameraile Parsan,
 Icham a swiþe douȝti man :
 Wide springeþ me fame.
 Miȝte [y] of þe siker be, 10
 þat pou woldest serue me,
 Ne schostow haue no schame.'
- and if he would serve him.

¶ He answerde, 'leue lord,
 To þe ich wile bere rekord,
 And telle y wile þe :
 Heraud, for-soþ, me nam is
 (In grete dede ichaue be er þis),
 So men clepeþ me.
 3if me stringþe wer aȝen i-come
 þat ichaue lore in þe prisone,
 Ich wer of gret pouste.
 Find me stede gode & liȝt,
 Spere, & scheld, & armes briȝt :
 þe man wile ich be.'
 ¶ Queþ þemeraile, 'wolcome, ywis !
 þow schelt haue þat þe nede is,
 Briȝt armur & stede.
 Ingliis þow ert, sikerly :
 Knew þow ouȝt þe gode Gij,
 þat douȝti wes of dede ?'
 Heraud seide, 'y knew him wel :
 His man icham & euer be schel.
 He was tauȝt me to fede.
 His sone was stolen him¹ fro :
 To seche him icham y-go,
 3if god me wolde spede.'
 Þemeraile cleped is chaumborlain,
 And bad him wiþ al is mayn
 Heraud to him take.
 In pourpre pal þei gan him schrede,
 & founde him al þat was nede,
 And baþes let him make.
 On a day sire ameraile
 Tok Heraud in consaile
 Wiþ-oute þe castel gate :
 'Now Arguus king werreþ on me,
 Me nis leued boute þis cite
 For grete werre & hate.

36 Turnbull, p. 437,
 l. 420.
 MS. fol. 139v. b.

The prisoner answered
 his name was
 Heraud,

5

10 and was willing
 to become the
 Amiral's man.

37 The Amiral promised him all he
 wanted,

5 and asked him
 about Guy.

So Heraud told
 him

10 that he had been
 Guy's tutor,
¹ Read *me* ?
 and had left
 England in search
 of Guy's son.

38 Turnbull, p. 438,
 l. 444.
 By the Amiral's
 command

5 Heraud was
 clothed

and bathed.

C. 10877.

One day the
 Amiral told
 Heraud

10 that, being at war
 with King Argus,
 he had only one
 city left,

T T 2

- the King having
on his side a
valiant knight,
- ¶ þe king hæp a kniȝt wiþ him
Sterne in bataile & swiþe grim :
Of swich þow neuer herd.
In þis world nis man, sikerly,
Boute hit wer þe lord sire Gij,
þat of him nolde ben aferd.¹
Miztest of him awreke me,
A noble prins þan schostow be,
& sle him wiþ dent of swerd.'
- ¹ *afered* MS.
whom he should
like to be slain.
- MS. fol. 170r. a. Heraud seide, 'so y schel do,
3if god wile helpe me þerto,
Be min hore berd.'
- Turnbull, p. 439,
l. 468.
News came
- Wip þat com a mesagere bold,
To þemeraile he hæp y-told
Swiþe hard tiding :
- that the King's
steward was be-
sieging one of the
Amiral's castles.
- King Arguus stiward wiþ-outen let
On of is castels hadde be-set,
Wipouten eni lesing.
- So the Amiral
- Whan þemeraile herde þis,
He bad is stiward, for-soþ y-wis,
His folk be-fore him bringe.
So a dede riȝt anon,
& bad hem bosken euerichon
Al boun to batailinge.
- told all his men
to be ready to
fight.
- C. 10911.** Heraud lep on a rabyte²
² *arabyte* MS. þat was meche, & noping lite,
Rod out of þe toun.
þat ost him siwede fair & wel,
Til hii come to þe castel
Wip spere and gounfanoun,
Wip helm on heued & brinie briȝt.
Iyren-wrye mani a kniȝt
To bataile wer þai boun.
- When they came
to the castle,
- they were met by
their enemies.
- Ayþer ost gan oþer asaile :
Ech man fondede, wipouten faile,
To felle is foman adoun.

- ¶ Heraud a Sarazin smot,
 þat he fel down fot hot
 Dede of is stede.
 þe þredde, þe ferþe þat he mai hitte—
 No man miȝte his strok wiþ-sitte.
 For wreþþe a wolde a-wede.
 Wiþ is swerd of meche pris
 Mani Sarazin a slouȝ, y-wis,
 And made here sides blede.
 þe Sarazins seide hit was a fend
 þe deuel hadde þeder i-sent
 þemeraile¹ to spede.
 ¶ þe king hadde a Sarazin,
 His stiward, þat seruede Apolyn :
 Heraud he gan þrete.
 Heraud he mete & is men echon :
 Hard þai hewe to-gedre anon,
 And delde dentes grete.
 þe stiward was sconfited þere,
 Abated was þe meister banere :
 To fle þai nolde lete.
 Heraud siwede him on a rabyte :²
 Hard hii gonne to-gedre smite
 Sterne strokes and grete.
 ¶ Here scheftes schiurede, scheldes flitte,
 Brenyes barsten,³ hauberk ritte :
 þar was strong bataile.
 Heraud ouercom him in þat fiȝt,
 And ladde him to his folk aȝiȝt,
 Wiþouten eni faile.
 Prisouns þai toke gret plente :
 Forþ hii wente to þat cite
 To þemeraile,
 & presente him þe stiward,
 þat in werre was so hard,
 Swiþe heȝ of paraile.
- 42 Turnbull, p. 440,
 l. 492.
 Heraud's stroke
 could be withstood
 by no one.
 5
 He slew so many,
 10 that he was
 thought to have
 been sent by the
 devil to help the
 Amiral.
 43 The King's
 Steward
¹ *Emeraile* MS.
 5
 MS. fol. 170r. b.
 was put to flight,
 10 ² *arabyte* MS.
 but followed by
 Heraud,
 44 Turnbull, p. 441,
 l. 516.
³ *barstep* MS.
 and taken pri-
 soner.
 5
 Then they re-
 turned to the
 Amiral,
 10

who made Heraud	¶ þanne seide þemeraile, 'Heraud, do be me consaile :	45
his steward.	Me stiward þow schelt be. Erles, barouns, riche & poure, Al me land folk lasse & more Scholle do after þe.'	5
Heraud recon- quered all the Amiral had lost,	þanne gret werre he began : Boþe into is hond he wan Castel and cite þat þemeraile hadde lore :	10
much to the King's sorrow.	King Arguus made þar-fore Deul and gret pite.	
Turnbull, p. 442, l. 540. C. 10993.	¶ þo þe king wiste þis, þat his stiward nomen is, And al his men a-slawe, Wroþ he was and sori :	46
The King told his barons of his defeat.	His barouns a clepede <i>an</i> hie, And tolde to hem þat sawe. þanne answerde an old kniȝt, 'Sire, y nel þe lye no-wiȝt :	5
An old knight answered that it was owing to a Christian knight	A kniȝt of cristene lawe þemeraile is souder is he. þe wer beter þan þis cite þat he wer of dawe.	10
in the Amiral's service,	¶ Hore a is and kniȝt ful eld : Wel gode hit were to fien is scheld. Sire, þe miȝt me leue :	47
who was hoary and old, MS. fol. 170v. a.	In al þe lond Sarazin þer nis Wer he neuer so strong, y-wis, þat he nolde to-cleue.'	5
but very strong.	þe king seide, 'a fend ¹ it is. To Mahoun i swore, y-wis, Wel sore y schel him greue. Min ost schel ensembled be, In is lond schel brenne and sle : No cite schel ich be-leue.'	10
¹ <i>a fend</i> MS. The King called him a fiend, and threatened to punish him.		

¶ þe king a parlement let crie.

To þemeraile a wolde an hie

Wiþ briȝt armvr & stede,

His castels struede & is cite :

þat Heraud wan þanne les he,

Douȝti man of dede.

Whan þemeraile wiste þis

He bed is kniȝtes, for-soþ y-wis,

To helpe him at is nede.

Heraud was prest to bataile :

þe king is ost he gan asaile ;

God þat day him spede !

48 Turnbull, p. 443,
l. 564.

5 Heraud's con-
quests were lost
again.

10

Faste þei smite to her fon :

Wiþ swerdes, speres wel gode won

Togedres þai gonne fiȝte.

Gret slaughtur was in eiper side :

þe blod ran in þe feld wel wide

Of mani a douȝti kniȝte.

Heraud mette wiþ þe king,

& smot him wiþ is swerd keruing

A strok of meche miȝte :

þer he hadde slawe him þo,

Boute his ost com him to :

An¹ hors þai gonne him diȝte.

¶ Wel stoutliche þe king gan fiȝte :

Al þat a mette he felde doun riȝte.

Heraud he gan discrie.

þemeraile was sconfited þere :

Abated was þe meister banere

And al here cheualrie.

In eche side asailed a is

Wiþ speres & wiþ swerdes, iwis,

þat he miȝte nouȝt fle.

Wiþ is swerd a wereþ him wel

In eche side, ase a gode kniȝt schel,

Whiles a miȝte driȝe.

49 There was a great
battle between the
two armies.

5

Heraud, meeting
with the King,

10 would have slain
him, had not his
men come to his
assistance, and
mounted him.
¹ And MS.

50 Turnbull, p. 444,
l. 588.

5

The Amiral was
discomfited,

but, being sur-
rounded on all
sides,

he was unable to
flee.

10 MS. fol. 170v. b.

<p>C. 11053. He called on Heraud to help him, and he came.</p>	<p>¶ þo he sez Heraud a cleped him to : To helpe him he gan go. An erl Heraud gan mete :</p>	<p>51</p>
<p>They dealt out a great many blows.</p>	<p>Heraud wip is fauchoun him smot A dent þat þourz is helm bot ; þar a lefte þe swete. Heraud & þemeraile anon</p>	<p>5</p>
	<p>Delde dentes wel god won : For noþing þai nolde lete. þe king þai sailede and al is men : So mani zede to deþe þen, þat grimly þai gonne grete.</p>	<p>10</p>
<p>Turnbull, p. 445, l. 612. The King saw his men fleeing or killed, and was very much afraid of Heraud :</p>	<p>¶ þe king wel sori þanne was he, Whan he sez is men fle, And al y-brouzt to gronde. Whar þat he sez Heraud ride He flez awei be þat oþer side Wel sory in þat stonde. His men ouercome were : þar-fore sori he was þere & for his owene wonde.</p>	<p>52</p>
<p>¹ ageþ MS. so he took to flight.</p>	<p>King Arguus, for-soþ, a geþ :¹ A was afered of is dep 3if þat a were y-fonde.</p>	<p>10</p>
<p>But Heraud, seeing this, rode after him, and would have killed him, or taken him pri- soner, but for a young man,</p>	<p>¶ Whan Heraud parseued is, Be his armes a knew him, iwis, And after him he gan ride. Nez he hadde him ouer-come, Slawe, oþer in þe feld y-nome In þat ilche tide. þanne sez he come a 3ingling (Ouer al þe oþer a miȝte be king) Out of þe wodes side. þe king him hadde dubbed kniȝt, 3eue him hors & armes briȝt Wip wel meche pride.</p>	<p>53</p>
<p>whom the King had lately dubbed knight.</p>		<p>10</p>

¶ Whan he sez þe king fleande,

Heraud after him folwande,

He him gan discrie :

‘Old man, no forþer þow ne gon,

Boute þe zeue me bataile anon.

þow dost a gret folye.

þe lif þow lest er þe gon :

þin heued þe king schel haue anon ;

For-soþ, þow schelt aby.

þe rabite is min, sikerliche :

Y ne disirede neuer hors so meche

þat y sauþ wiþ eye.’

¶ Sire Heraud knew him anon

Be his armes he hadde vpon :

Togedres þai gonne ride,

þat boþe þei fellen of here stede,

& seþe gonne swerdes brede :

No lenger þai nolde abide.

Hii cleueþ helm & scheldes bo :

Gret fiȝt þer was betwene hem to

In þat ilche tide.

þai hewe þe scheldes of gode entaile,

þe hauberk of so gode a maile

Te-borsten be boþe side.

¶ Betwene hem was strong batayle :

Eiþer fondede, wiþouten faile,

To bringe oþer to dede.

Ac, ȝif aiþer wiste of oþer ariȝt,

Betwene hem to þar ner no fiȝt

For none skines nede.

Sire Heraud drouȝ him an heȝ,

And seide, ‘kniȝt corteis and sleȝ,

Else god þe spede,

What is þe name? tel þow me,

For godes loue in trinite,

And of what þede.

54 Turnbull, p. 446,
l. 636.

Seeing the King
pursued by
Heraud,
he cried,
‘Old man, thou
must fight with
me.

5

MS. fol. 171r. a.

Thou shalt lose
thy life.

10

I never desired
a horse I saw so
much as thine.’

55

So they rode
against each other
so violently,

that they both
were unhorsed.
5 Then they drew
their swords.

10

56 Turnbull, p. 447,
l. 660.

They tried to kill
each other, but,
had either known
who the other was,
there would have
been no fight be-
tween them.

5

C. 11109.

Heraud asked his
opponent

10 who he was,

- and summoned
him to surrender.
- ¶ Aȝild þe now to me : 57
Gret harm it wer to sle þe,
So ȝong a bacheler ;
For neuer kniȝt y ne fond
So wel werchande wiȝ dent of brond 5
Naȝer fer ne ner.'
- But Reinbroun
had no mind
either to tell his
name
- Reinbroun seide, ' þerof be stille :
þat telle þe y ne wille,
Be godes moder dere.
- or to surrender.
- Er þan ich wile ȝelde me 10
Erst þin heued schel of fle
Faste, be þe swere.
- Turnbull, p. 448,
l. 684.
MS. fol. 171r. b.
- ¶ Boute þow now telle me 58
Wheþen þow ert, & what þow be,
I schel þe sle anon riȝt ;
For þow ert old & whit i-blowe,
þe stringþe is gon also y trowe, 5
þe power and þe miȝt.'
- But Heraud re-
plied, ' In my
country people
- Heraud seide, ' me frend fre,
So fareþ folk in me contre
In bataile and in fiȝt :
- are the bolder,
the older they are.
- Whan hii ginneþ for to helde, 10
þanne þai wexeþ stout, & belde,
And stronge men, apliȝt.
- Ere we part,
thou shalt think
me young.'
- ¶ Er þow fro me departed be, 59
Wel ȝonge thow schelt holde me,
And douȝti man of dede.'
- C. 11139.** Togedres þai smite, wiȝ-ouȝen faile,
Ase sterne lyouns in bataile, 5
Kniȝtes stif on stede.
To-gedre þai smite earnest & faste :
þe fur out of here helmes braste,
And made here sides blede.
- They are still
deadly foes :
may Christ help
them to be
friends !
- Ful dedli fon now þai are : 10
ȝet þai scholle be frendes þare ;
Crist þer-to hem spede !

- ¶ Heraud seide, 'sire kniȝt,
 Herkne to me a lite wiȝt,
 For þe courteisie.
 Gode þow ert & hardi, ywis :
 In al þis land þe beter nis
 þat ich conne asprie.
 ȝif it were þe y-teld
 Which ichaue ben in feld
 Of miȝt and of meistrie,
 Ne wostow neuer aschamed be
 þe name for to telle me,
 Ne holde hit to vileynie.'
- ¶ 'Sire olde man,' þanne seide he,
 'For a coward ich holde þe.
 Min armes beþ al sonde,
 Me strokes beþ sene on þin helm cler :
 Out of þe scheld ichaue a quarter
 Y-feld to þe grounde.'
 Heraud seide, 'me frend fre,
 þei min armes apeired be,
 Me bodi naþ no wounde.
 What is þe name? tel me fore,
 & y schel sai þe whar ich was bore,
 Er ich fro þe founde.
- ¶ Swiche tiding þow miȝt of me here,
 Or ich of þe in swiche manere,
 þat frendes scholle we be.
 I ne aske it for no vileinie,
 Bouste for meche courteisie :
 For loue ich asked þe.'
- Wiþ þat Reynbroun wiþ-drouȝ him þere :
 Wiþ drery semlaunt & reuful chere
 To Heraud seide he :
 'Kniȝt,' a seide, 'thow ert wise,
 Sleȝ, and hardi, of gret prise,
 Be god in trinite.
- 50 Turnbull, p. 449,
 l. 708.
 Heraud said,
 'There is not thy
 better in this
 country,
 but if thou
 knewest in what
 esteem I have
 been held,
 10 thou wouldst not
 be ashamed to tell
 me thy name.'
- 61 Reinbroun, how-
 ever, called
 Heraud a coward.
- 5 But Heraud
- 10 MS. fol. 171v. a.
 repeated his
 question, pro-
 mising to tell
 his own name
 afterwards,
- 62 Turnbull, p. 450,
 l. 732.
 and assuring him
 of his good
 intentions.
- 5 Now Reinbroun
 looked sorry.
- 10

- ¶ Y nolde haue told it for non awe : 63
 Erst ich wolde ben islawe
 In þis ilche batayle.
 'I was born in England,' he said. In Ingelond ich was y-bore,
 So were min eldren me be-fore, 5
 Wipouten eni faile.
 'Guy of Warwick was my father. Gij a Warwik me fader was :
 No beter kniȝt neuer nas,
 Ase wid ase man mai saile.
 His steward, Heraud, A stiward hadde me fader Gioun 10
 þat hiȝte Heraud, þe noble baroun,
 Swiȝe hiȝ of paraile.
 Turnbull, p. 451, l. 756. ¶ Lord he was of al Arderne : 64
 Ich was take him to lerne
 To conne of courteisie,
 I was stolen by Russian merchants, and brought into this country, And siȝe marchaundes stele me
 (And brouȝte me to þis contre) 5
 þat weren of Russie.
 whose king dubbed me knight, þe king me haȝ dobbed kniȝt,
 & ȝeue me hors & armes briȝt
 To lede is chiualrie.
 Be me lai a dede me swere 10
 In eueri bataile is baner to bere :
 þar-of y nouȝt ne lie.'
C. 11193. **W**han Heraud herde þis, 65
 Hearing this, þat he Gij is sone is,
 Away a cast is scheld.
 'Lord,' a seide, 'in trinite,
 Heraud thanked God, MS. fol. 171v. b. Fader and sone, y-herd þow be ! 5
 1 a MS. þis dai y¹ bide in min eld,
 þat ich me lordes sone se may !'
 wept for joy, For ioie a wep al þe day, '
 and fell into a swoon. And swonede in þe feld.
 Reinbroun hadde of him pite, 10
 And seide, 'sire kniȝt, tel what þe be,
 For god, þat alle þing weld.'

¶ 'Heraud,' a seide, 'me name is :
'Ich norsche de þe, Reinbroun, y-wis ;

In my nory þow were.'
Sone Reinbroun wiste þis,
þat [he] Heraud of Arderne is,
Merci a cride him þere.

Sire Heraud tok him vp þo
Leuelich in is armes to
Wip hertte & wel gode chere.

On here stedes lopen he,
& forþ hii ride to þe cite
Wip meche ioie y-fere.

¶ To þemeraile tolden he
How þai acorded be
þourȝ grace of god almiȝte.
King Arguus was ouer-come,
& al is men y-slawe and nome
In þat ilche fiȝte.

Heraud & Reinbroun toke leue þo
Into Ingelond for to go,
And in-to schip hem diȝte.
So longe hii sailede in þe se,
þat in a lond thanne riuede he
þat wonder was of siȝte.

¶ Hii ne seie castel ne cite :
Erst hii wente in al þe contre
(So distrustid it is),
Til it toward þe neuen cam.
A castel þei seie fer hem fram :
To þe gate þai riden, iwis.
Of þe porter Heraud gan craue,
'Tel me now, so god þe saue,
Was þis castel is ?
Forhel it¹ nouȝt, we bedep þe :
Kniȝtes we bep of fer contre,
Ase god ȝeue vs blis.

66 Turnbull, p. 452,
l. 780.
'My name is
Heraud,' he said.

Upon this,
Reinbroun

5

begged his pardon,
and was embraced
by him.

10

Riding to the
city together,

67 they told the
Amiral all about
it.

The King was
vanquished.

5

C. 11232.

Heraud and
Reinbroun
resolved to return
to England.

10

A ship
brought them
into a country

68 Turnbull, p. 453,
l. 804.

where they did
not see any castle
or city

till the evening,
when they came
to the gate of
a castle.

5

Heraud asked
the porter

whose the castle
was,

10 ¹ Forheled MS.

- and if they could
stay there
MS. fol. 172r. a. ¶ þis in we beddeþ par cherite, 69
For godes loue in trinite,
þat is lord [so] fre.
- till next morning. To-morwe anon so it is day
We scholle wenden in our way 5
Towardes our contre.'
- The porter
answered that he
did not know
where the lord of
the castle was,
and that its lady
was always
weeping
þe porter answerde anon riȝt,
'Of þis lord i ne can telle no-wiȝt,
Ne in what contre a be.
Ac a leuedi her-in is 10
Ful of del and sorwe, y-wis :
Wel sore wepeþ ȝhe
- Turnbull, p. 454,
l. 828.
for his disap-
pearance.
¶ For hire lord þat ȝhe haþ lore : 70
Ioie ne worþ hire neuer þerfore
For non menstralcie.'
- Entering, he told
Amis's lady of
þe porter in anon gan wende,
And tolde tale ord and ende 5
To Amis is leuedy :
- the two knights'
arrival
'Madame, her beþ come twei kniȝte :
Noble men hii be in fiȝte.
and desire. þai wolde her sourny
Al þis niȝt, for soþ to say, 10
To-morwe wenden in her way :
þarof y nouȝt ne lye.'
- The lady ordered
him to let them
in,
¶ þe leuedi seide, 'let hym in : 71
þai scholle be serued wel afyn,
Be þe grace of god almiȝte.'
þe porter wente aȝen anon,
& to þe gate he gan gon, 5
& let hem in ful riȝte.
þe kniȝtes were kende kore :
Whan þai come to halle dore,
Adoun þai gonne lizte.
At the hall-door
they alighted,
and their steeds
and weapons were
taken care of.
Men toke here swerdes, scheld, & spere, 10
Here stedes, and here oþer gere :
Ful wel men gan hem diȝte.

¶ þe leuedi faire grete hem anon :

To vnarme hem hire-selue is gon

Wip a wel gode chere.

Here mete was redi wip-ouȝten let :

Anon hii were adoun y-set

To þe sopere.

Heraud askede hire, y-wis,

‘ Dame, what þe lordes nam is

Fayn ich wolde hire.’

‘ Of þe Montayne he het Amis :

Wipinne Almayne no swich þer nis,

Me leue frendes dere.

¶ A stiward was wip þemperour

(To al Almayne he was treitour),

Sire Berard of Pau :

Me lordes swike euer was he ;

þourȝ him in al þis sorwe we be.

For þe loue of sire Gij,

þat me lord louede wel,

& sokoured him in is castel,

We beȝ in gret vileinie.

For þe dukes deȝ Otoun,

þat was a treitour feloun,

He vs gan belize,

¶ And made vs fle out of þat londe,

& in þis contre we beȝ astonde,

þat wonder is of siȝt :

Mechel Arderne cleped it is.

A fairy kniȝt herin is

þat is of meche miȝt :

Wip him ones fauȝt me lord,

& ȝaf him dentes wip is sword

Vpon is helm briȝt.

Wepne mai him dere non :

He is so hard to hewe vpon

Ase marbel, y þe pliȝt.

72 Turnbull, p. 455,
l. 852.

The lady wel-
comed and
unarmed them.

C. 11293.

5

At supper,
Heraud, asking
for the name of
her lord, learned
it was Amis of
the Mountayne.

10 MS. fol. 172r. b.

73 The Emperor's
steward,

Berard, hating
Amis

5

for loving and
helping Guy,

10 had laid Duke
Otoun's death
to his charge,

74 Turnbull, p. 456,
l. 876.

and compelled
him to leave his
country.

So they came
to live in Great
Arderne, where
there was an
elvish knight,
whom Amis once
fought with,

5

10 but could not
wound.

- One day Amis
was out hunting,
- ¶ On a dai me lord honted a best,
& drof it out of þe forest
Wip-inne is merkes stake.
Sipþe herde ich of him namore :
- and had never
been heard of
since, so that his
lady thought him
taken prisoner by
that knight.
- þarfore me of-dredeþ sore
þe kniȝt him haue take.'
- 5
- Heraud,
lamenting Amis,
- ¶ 'Allas,' queþ Heraud, 'is it Amis,
þerl of Montaine of gret pris?'
Gret sorwe he gan make.
- was of opinion
that he and Rein-
broun must help
him for Guy's
sake.
- ¶ 'O,' a seide, 'sire Reinbroun,
Wel a louede þe fader Gioun :
We mote him helpe for is sake.'
- 10
- Turnbull, p. 457,
l. 900.
- ¶ Reinbroun seide, ase he was herde,
- 76
- Reinbroun was
ready
to go in search of
Amis next morn-
ing, but the lady
warned him not
to be foolhardy.
- ¶ 'Tomorwe ich wile þerder wende
To seche sire Amis.'
- ¶ 'Me swete frend,' queþ þe leuedi,
¶ 'Be þow nouȝt to foul-hardi ;
- 5
- MS. fol. 172v. a.
- ¶ For gret perel it is.'
- C. 11357.** Amorwe Reinbroun aros erly,
And armede him ful hastely,
For to winne pris.
- Next day Rein-
broun, rising
early, and arming
himself in haste,
- A gode stede he bestrod,
- 10
- rode into a forest.
- ¶ & forþ a wente wip-oute abod
To þe forest, ywis.
- Heraud had offer-
ed to go with him,
but in vain.
- ¶ Heraud wip him go wolde,
- 77
- Ac he seide þat he ne scholde
For non skines nede,
& he dradde of him strangliche,
& betauȝte him god in heuen riche,
- 5
- & in is wey a ȝede.
- Heraud blefte, & he gan gon :
þe merkes stake a pased-anon,
þat was wel vnrede.
- Reinbroun rode on
till noon.
- Al þe dai a tok þe pas,
Til it noun apased was,
Ridand vpon is stede.
- 10

¶ An hille he sez before him þere :

Gates þeron maked were.

Forþ riȝt he rod in.

þe gate aȝen anon was spered :

þo was Reinbroun sore afered,

& faste blessedde him.

Nouȝt he ne sez boutē þesternesse.

Half a mile a rod, ywisse :

þe wai was þerk and dim.

He rod ase faste ase a miȝte :

þanne he sez more liȝte

Be a water is brim.

¶ To þe water he com sone þas :

A riuer be a launde¹ þer was ;

þar he gan to liȝte.

Faire hit was y-growe wiþ gras :

A fairer place neuer nas

þat he sez wiþ siȝte.

On þat place was a paleis on :

Swich ne sez he neuer non,

Ne of so meche miȝte.

þe walles were of cristal,

þe heling was of fin ruwal

þat schon swiþe briȝte.

¶ þe refte al cipres be,

þat swote smal casten he

Ouer al aboute.

þe resins wer of fin coral,

To-gedre iuned wiþ metal

Wiþ-inne and ek wiþ-oute.

On þe front stod a charbokel ston :

Ouer al þe contre it schon,

Wiþ-outen eni doute.

Postes and laces þat þer were

Of iaspe gentil þat was dere,

Al of one soute.

WARWICK.

78 Turnbull, p. 458,
l. 924.

He rode into a hill
through a gate,
which was shut
behind him.

5

After half a mile's
ride in darkness,

10

he came to some
water.

79 C. 11389.

¹ *alaunde* MS.

On the other side
of the water

5

he saw a palace

10 with crystal walls,

80 Turnbull, p. 459,
l. 948.
MS. fol. 172v. b.
cypress rafters,

5

and a resplendent
carbuncle on its
front.

10

U U

The palace was
enclosed with a
marble wall.

¹ *amarbel* MS.

¶ þe paleis was beloken al 81

Aboute wiþ a marbel¹ wal

Of noble entaile.

Vpon eueriche kernal

Was ful of speres & of springal, 5

And stoutliche enbataile.

² *atre* MS.

Without the gate
there stood a tree
with divers sing-
ing birds.

Wiþoute þe gate stod a tre²

Wiþ foules of mani kines gle

Singande, wiþ-oute faile.

The water looked
as if it could not
be crossed without
a boat.

þe water was so sterne & grim, 10

Mizte no man come þerin,

Boute he hadde schip to saile.

Turnbull, p. 460,
l. 972.

³ *agan* MS.

Reinbroun dorste nouzt pasy : 82

Wiþ is spere a gan³ it prouy,

How dep hit was beside.

Reinbroun, never-
theless,
thinking of his
father,
rode into the
water, which went
over his helmet,

He pouzte on is fader fot hot :

þe stede in þe side a smot, 5

& in he gan to ride.

Ouer is helm þe water is gon :

He nolde haue be þer for eiȝte non ;

Swich aunter him gan betide.

Er he vp of þe water ferde, 10

being thirty yards
deep.

A fond it was þretti mete ȝerde :

So dep he gan doun glide.

¶ þanne he pouzte on Iesu Crist : 83

But his horse was
trusty, and swam
to the opposite
bank.

His hors was wel swiþe trist,

& quikliche swam to londe :

His fet fastnede on þe grounde.

Reinbroun was glad in þat stounde, 5

And þankede gode[s] sonde.

Thanking God,
he went into the
palace,

In-to þe pales he him dede :

He [be]helde þe est[r]es of þat stede ;

For no man a nolde wonde.

MS. fol. 173r. a.
but he met with
no one in it,

Ac wimman ne man fand he non þere 10

þat wiþ him speke or confort bere

Naiper sitte ne stonde.

¶ And þar-of war a is.
Into a chaumber a goþ, y-wis :

A knight a seȝ al-one.

A grette him wiþ wordes fre,
& seide, 'sire, god wiþ þe be,
þat sit an heȝ in trone.

Sire,' a sede, 'tel þow me

ȝif þis pales þin owen be :

Ich bidde þe a bone.

&, ȝif þow ert her in prisoun diȝt,

Tel hit me, so wel þow miȝt :

To me now make þe mone.'

¶ Amis answerde to Reinbroun,

'In Almayne ich was a baroun,

And now icham for-lore.

Ich was driue out wiþ a feloun,

And now y lye her in prisoun :

Allas þat ich was bore !

Of þis paleis inam no lord.

Ich telle þe a soþe word

Wipoute oþ iswore :

Hit is a kniȝtes of fayri,

And al þis forest her-by,

A sterne man y-kore.

¶ þis paleys is of swiche miȝt,

Her schel no man elde, apliȝt,

Be he her neuer so longe.

þei he wer her a þosand ȝer,

In is heued schel hore non her,

Ne non elde fonge.'

Reinbroun seide, 'ert þow Amis,

þerl of Montayne of gret pris ?

þow singest a reuly songe.

Now ichaue fonde þe,

þow schelt wende now wiþ me

Out of þe paines stronge.'

84 Turnbull, p. 461,
l. 996.

till he came into a
chamber, where he
saw a knight.

5 Reinbroun

asked him if the
palace was his
own,

10 or if he was a
prisoner in it.

85 C. 11459.

The knight replied
that he was a
German baron,
exiled by a felon,

5

and that the
palace was not
his,

10 but an elvish
knight's,

86 Turnbull, p. 462,
l. 1020.

adding that in it
no one grew old.

5

Reinbroun, ask-
ing if he was
Amis,

10 promised to set
him free.

U U 2

¹ Another *seide* erased.

But Amis thought this impossible, wondering how Reinbroun had got into the palace.

² *s n* in l. 5, and *er i no* in l. 6 a little faded.

MS. fol. 173r. b.

¶ Amis seide,¹ 'spek nouzt so : 87

Of þe me wondreþ, so mot y go,
þat þow ert hider y-come.

Sipe þis world ferst began,
In þis paleis ne² com noman, 5

Boute 3if a wer i-nome,²
Boute 3if þe lord him hider ladde,
Oþer of him sum leue hadde :

Nis non so hardi gome.
How miȝtest þow lede me, 10
Whan þow miȝt nouzt saue þe ?
Ich telle þe at þe frome.'

Turnbull, p. 463,
l. 1044.

But Reinbroun replied

¶ Reinbroun seide, 'drede nouzt þe ; 88
þar-fore schel hit nouzt lete be.
Go we anon riȝt.

that he should kill any one who should try to keep them back there,

3if eni man so hardi were
þat vs wolde at-helde here, 5
His deþ wer y-diȝt :

Swich a strok ich him 3eue wolde,
þat is heued lese a scholde,
Be grace of god almiȝt.
þei he wer te bataile boun 10

were he as stern as a lion.

Ase sterne alse eni lyoun,
Wiþ him ich wile fiȝt.'

Amis told him that strength would not avail against Sir Gayere,

¶ Amis seide, 'let now be : 89
Swiche stringþe mai nouzt helpe þe
Aȝenes sire Gayere ;

whom neither steel nor iron could wound, and

For noþing ne schel him dere
Wiþ no wepne þat man may bere, 5
Naȝer stel ne yre ;

he advised him to take a sword from a pillar there.

Ac, 3if þow wilt ouercome him,
þat ilche sward to þe nym
þat hangeþ a þe pylere.'

Reinbroun unsheathed it, and all the chamber was full of light.

Reinbroun braide it out anon riȝt : 10
þe chaumber was al ful of liȝt
þat schon swiþe clere.

To þerl Amis anon a wond,
 & tok him vp be þe hond :
 No leng hii nolde abide.
 Out of þe paleys boþe hii ȝede,
 And lopen on Reinbroun is stede,
 And forþ þai gonne ride.
 Nouȝt fer þannes beþ hii gon,
 þai be-held aȝen anon
 Vpon here riȝt side :
 Comande hii seȝe ride a kniȝt
 Upon a stede gode and liȝt,
 Prikande wiþ pride.
 ¶ Swift ase swalwe he com ride :
 'Kniȝtes,' a seide, 'ȝe scholle abide,
 No forþer þat ȝe ne wende.
 In me paleys þow hast y-be,
 And me prisoun ledest wiþ þe :
 þow dost a dede vn-hende.
 Her ȝe sholle bleue bo
 In me prisoun for euer-mo
 Into þe worldes ende,
 Or þow schelt, Reinbroun, þin hed forgo.
 Kep for me : icham þe fo ;
 Bataile y wile þe sende.'
 ¶ þerl Amys þer alizte :
 Arome he drouȝ him anon riȝte,
 And Reinbroun Gayer gan smite.
 Gret strokes hii smite betwene,
 þat adoun hii fellen bene :
 Aiþer sparede oþer lite.
 Siþe þai drowe brondes on grounde,
 & hewe to-gedre wiþ grimly wounde
 Wiþ swerdes þat wolde bite.
 Ȝe herde neuer a stringe[r] fiȝt.
 Reinbroun stiredede him as gode kniȝt :
 Hit was him nouȝt to wite.

80 Turnbull, p. 464,
 l. 1068.
 Reinbroun took
 Amis by his hand,

and, leaving the
 palace, they
 5 mounted Rein-
 broun's steed.

Soon after

10 they saw a knight
 riding towards
 them.

91
 He cried, 'You
 shall remain here
 MS. fol. 173v. a.

5

my prisoners for
 ever,

10 or, Reinbroun,
 thou shalt lose
 thy head.'

92 Turnbull, p. 465,
 l. 1092.
C. 11545.

Earl Amis
 alighted,
 and Reinbroun
 and Gayer began
 5 the fight.

10 You never heard
 of a more vigor-
 ous.

Thinking of his
father,
Reinbroun be-
came as fresh as
a greyhound
following a hare.

¶ He þouȝte on is fader anon riȝt :

93

Ase fresch a was to fiȝt

Ase grehonde to hare.

Betwene hem twie was gret fiȝt :

Aiper smot oþer in helmes briȝt,

5

And delde dentes sare.

þai hewe helm and scheldes bo :

Gret fiȝt was betwene hem to ;

Swich herde ȝe neuer are.

¹ *mage* repeated
in MS.

At last, he
wounded and un-
horsed Gayer.

Reinbroun made¹ him to blede,

10

And felde him doun of is stede :

þanne was he out of care.

Turnbull, p. 466,
l. 1116.

¶ Reinbroun be þe nose him tok,

94

And drouȝ to him, & faste him schok :

þat greuede him ful sore.

Reinbroun
would have killed
him,

His heued benome him he hadde

Ner it þat he merci gradde,

5

had he not begged
his mercy for the
sake of his father
Guy,

& seide, 'sire R[e]inbroun, þin ore,

For þe fader loue Gii,

þe beste kniȝt, sikerly,

þat euer was y-bore.

and promised to
set all his pri-
soners at large.

Wiȝ þat þow haue merci on me,

10

MS. fol. 173v. b.

Al me prisouns diliured be,

And hennes for euermore.'

So Reinbroun

¶ R[e]inbroun seide, 'so y schel :

95

In þat forward y graunte wel

spared his life.

þat þow alieue go,

So þe prisouns diliured be ;

þar-to þe treuþe plizte me

5

Betwene vs-selue to.'

C. 11581.

He was glad of
delivering more
than 300 knights
besides Amis.

R[e]inbroun glad & bliþe is :

He hadde diliured sire Amis,

þre hondred kniȝtes & mo.

Now they re-
turned to Heraud
and the lady,

Into þe castel wenten hii,

10

þar was Heraud & þe leuedy

Ful of sorwe and wo.

¶ þai wer welcomed¹ wiþ fair gle.

Whan þe leuedi hire lord gan se,

þhe made meche blis,

& Heraud, forsoþe, dede also,

And herede god almiȝti þo,

And Amis he gan kisse.

Heraud tolde him al is treye,

How he hadde in prisoun leye,

For-soþe wiþ-uten misse,

Fo[r] me² lordes loue Reynbroun,

What sorwe he hadde in prisoun,

Honger, and þesternesse.

¶ 'þis is Reinbroun, Gii is sone,

þat hap set þe out of prisone,

And [brouȝt] þe out of þe care.'

Al is lif a tolde him þo,

How Gij was out of londe y-go,

And how hit was y-fare.

Among hem gret ioie þer is :

In þe castel was meche blis

Among alle þare.

Euerich of hem oþer gan kisse,

And made meche ioie & blisse :

For blisse þai wepe ful sare.

¶ Wiþ þat þer com a kniȝt riding :

To þerl Amis a brouȝte tiding

Fro þat emperur,

þat þe duk Berard ded is :

A palmer slouȝ him, y-wis,

Wiþ wel mechel onour.

þemperur hadde sent is sonde

A scholde come, and [haue] is londe,

Boþe toune and tour ;

& þat þerl Terry and he

Were skyred and maked fre

þourȝ þe conquerur.

96 Turnbull, p. 467,
l. 1140.

who welcomed
them heartily.

¹ The first *e*
altered from an *o*.

5

Heraud told Amis
of his imprison-
ment

10 for the sake of his
lord's son Rein-
broun.

² Read *his* ?

97 'Reinbroun,' he
added, 'is thy de-
liverer.'

5

There was much
joy amongst them.

10

98 Turnbull, p. 468,
l. 1164.
C. 11611.

A knight brought
news that Duke
Berard was killed
by a palmer,

5

MS. fol. 174r. a.

and Amis was to
get his land back
again.

10

- C. 11641.** ¶ Sire Amis wiþ is meyne 99
 Amis repaired to Wente hom to is contre
 the Emperor, To þat emperour :
 who gave him A ȝaf him is londes fre,
 castles and towns. Boþe castel and cite, 5
 Wiþ wel meche onour.
 Glad of him was þemperur fre :
 Euer a was to him priue
 Boþe in halle and bour.
 And also was þerl Terry, 10
 þat was þerles sone Aubry,
 A man of gret fauour.
¹ *Beraud MS.* by a mistake of the rubricator.
Turnbull, p. 469, l. 1188. **H**eraud¹ & Reinbroun tok leue þo 100
C. 11629. Into Ingelonde te go :
 þanne was þe leuedi in care.
C. 11649. Mani iurne þai ride þo
 Heraud and Rein- þourȝ Spayne & þourȝ londes mo : 5
 broun Into Bourgoyne þai come ware ;
 reached Bur- þe contre was strued down riȝt.
 gundy, which they found devastated.
 Heraud askede at a kniȝt
 How hit was y-fare.
 A knight told He seide, ‘ þe duk of Marce y-told, 10
 them that the þat is a stout kniȝt and bold,
 Duke of Marce Vs haþ y-brouȝt in care.
 was at war with an Earl, ¶ Vpon our erl werreþ he : 101
 He naþ leued boute þis cite,
 þat he naþ y-nome.
 who had only one castle left, Ac þis castel is gode engyn :
 in which he valiantly defended himself with the help of a noble knight, Noblech a wereþ him þer-in 5
 Also a douȝti gome.
 Wiþ him he haþ a noble kniȝt,
 His souder, siker apliȝt,
 þat to him is y-come.
 Ȝong a is, so þenkeþ me, 10
 Nouȝt twenti winter old nis he,
 Ich telle þe at þe frome.

not yet twenty
years old.

- ¶ In þis launde her-before
 An hondred haþ her lif y-lore,
 Whan he seȝ hem ride.
 Her forþ ne schel pase no kniȝt,
 ȝif he haþ brenye¹ or stede liȝt,
 þat he ne schel abide,
 And for-lese þer þat on,
 Oþer is heued riȝt anon
 Be þe wode side.
 ȝif ȝe be þat launde gon,
 Ich telle ȝow be sein Ion,
 Swich aunture ȝow schel betide.'
- ¶ 'O, god be þanked,' queþ Reinbroun,
 'Ichaue founde me compaynoun,
 Me felle wiþ to fiȝte.
 ȝif he wile haue oure þing,
 Y schel him teche, wiþ-outeȝ lesing,
 þat he doþ vnriȝte.'
- Nouȝt fer þanne ne beþ þai gon,
 þai be-helde aȝen anon :
 Hii siȝe his armes briȝte
 Vpon a stede whit so flour ;
 His armes wer of rede kolour,
 A semede of meche miȝte.
- ¶ 'Sire Heraud,' seide Reinbroun,
 'Now y se þat bolde baroun
 þat is so stout a fere.
 Wiþ vs to fiȝte he makeþ him ȝare :
 Wiþ him to iusten ich wile fare
 Emforþ me powere.
 Ich him asaile, ȝif þow wilt so.'
 Heraud seide, 'so þow schelt do,
 Me leue sone dere.'
- Swiþe þeder rod Reinbroun,
 & he in þe launde com adoun
 Vpon is deistrere.
- 102 Turnbull, p. 470,
 l. 1212.
 MS. fol. 174r. b.
 This young man
 used to kill every
 knight passing
 the castle,
¹ *breyne* MS.
 unless he let him
 have his coat of
 mail or his steed.
- 5
- 10
- 103 'God be thanked,'
 said Reinbroun,
 'I have found my
 match.
 If he wants our
 things,
 I shall teach him
 he does wrong.'
- 5
- Before long
- they saw him on
 a white steed,
 and in a red
 armour.
- 10
- 104 Turnbull, p. 471,
 l. 1236.
 'I shall attack
 him,' said Rein-
 broun.
 'Do so, my dear
 son,' was Heraud's
 reply.
- 5
- 10

C. 11715.

A iþer was prout & mody :
No word þai speke, sikerly,

105

Rushing together,

To-gedres þai gonne driue.

Aiþer hitte oþer in þe scheld,

they both of them
fell from their
horses.

þat boþe hii fellen in þe feld

5

Of here hors belieue.

Drawing their
swords,
they dealt out
many blows,
so that their hel-
mets and shields
were damaged.

Sipe þai drowe brondes of stel,

And hewe togedre hard & wel,

And delde dentes riue,

& laiden on wiþ swerdes clere :

10

MS. fol. 174v. a.

Helm and scheld, þat stronge were,

þai gonne hem al to-schliue.

Turnbull, p. 472,
l. 1260.

¶ Heraud beheld longe þat fiȝt :

106

For Reinbroun a bad te god almiȝt

þat he non harm ne fonge.

To him-selue a seide þare

Heraud had never
seen such a fight
before.

Swich fiȝt ne seȝ he neuer are

5

Of dentes þat were stronge.

Reinbroun

‘Sire kniȝt,’ seide Reinbroun,

‘Vnderstand to me resoun,

So god þe saule fonge,

had never met a
knight who could
bear his strokes so
long.

Ac neuer ne fond ich a kniȝt

10

þat me strokes driȝe miȝt

Haluendel so longe.

He asked his
opponent who he
was, and where he
was born.

What is þe name ? whar wer þe bore ?

107

Ich þe praie, tel me fore,

For loue of oure driȝte,

If he would sur-
render,
he should take
him into his own
country,

&, ȝif þow wost ȝelde þe,

Ich schel þe lede to me contré.

5

Me treuþe i schel þe plizte :

and make him a
great man.Y schel þe ȝeue¹ castel & cite,

Bourwes, & tounes, & riche fe,

And mani a douȝti kniȝte ;

¹ One or two
letters erased
after ȝeue.

For þow ert of gret power :

10

In al þis world þer nis þe per

þat man finde miȝte.

- ¶ ‘Sire kniȝt,’ þanne answerde he,
 ‘Y nel nouȝt, be him þat made me,
 Telle þe me name.
 þourȝ þe sarmoun scheltow nouȝt wite
 Whar y was boren ne gete
 An erneste ne a game :
 Erst y schel þe sle, verament.
 Sire, let be þe prechement :
 Hit is þe meche schame ;
 Ac neuer kniȝt i ne fond
 So wel worchande wiȝ dent of broun
 þat ich fauȝt wiȝ y-same.
 Ac y ne sei nouȝt for þam :
 þin heued y schel smite þe fram,
 For-soþe, wiȝ-oute more.
 þat olde man þat ich y-se
 (Y ne wot ȝif he þe fader be,
 Or þow ert wiȝ him at lore),
 Lite a louede¹ [þe], siker þow be,
 Whan a sente þe to me,
 He wiȝ þe berde hore.
 Whan ichaue þin hed of-take,
 Be þe berd y schel him schake,
 þat him schel smerte sore.
 ¶ So y schel him þer-bi ploke,
 þat al is teȝ schel roke
 þat sitteȝ in is heued.’
 &, þo Reinbroun herde þis,
 þat Heraud dispised is,
 His swerd to him a weued :
 A strok a smot is helm vpon,
 þat a quarter gan down gon ;
 Hit was half to-cleued.
 Wiȝ þat strok a stente adoun al,
 & to þe erþe a is y-fal :
 His lif neȝ he hadde leued.
- 108 Turnbull, p. 473,
 l. 1284.
 But the other
 refused to discover
 his name,
 5
 and told him to
 let his preaching
 be.
 10
 109
 He should strike
 off his head,
 5
 MS. fol. 174v. b.
¹ *alouede* MS.
 10
 and afterwards
 shake the old man
 by his beard
 110 Turnbull, p. 474,
 l. 1308.
 so as to loosen all
 his teeth.
 C. 11767.
 5 Hearing that his
 opponent despised
 Heraud,
 Reinbroun hit
 him on his helmet
 so effectually,
 10
 that he fell,
 and was nearly
 dead.

- Reinbroun said,
'It is a great
folly to threaten
a living man.'
- 'O frend,' a seide, 'ich bidde þe lete ; 111
For it is meche foly to prete
Eni man aliue.'
& he ascorn bad him lete,
And a sterte vpon is fete 5
Hasteliche and bliue.
Haslak smot Reinbroun anon,
þat to þe bokel þe schel[d] chou :
Neȝ a gan doun driue.
They were both Strong and gode hii wer boþe : 10
strong.
Eiþer kedde þat hii wer wroþe
To bringe oþer of liue.
- Turnbull, p. 475,
L. 1332.
- ¶ Betwene hem strong fiȝt þer is : 112
Swich ne herde [3e] neuer, iwis,
Siþe þat ȝe wer bore.
So miȝte nouȝt longe be :
þat [on] moste þat oþer sle 5
Of þe kniȝtes kende i-core.
Heraud
Heraud be-held þat bataile,
How aiþer gan oþer asaile :
Wo was him þer-fore.
thought it a pity
that either of
them should slay
the other.
- A gret harm him þouȝte it were 10
ȝif aiþer slouȝ oþer þere :
For hem a wep wel sore.
¶ Wiþ þat amonges hem com he, 113
And seide, 'kniȝt, for godes pite,
Herkne to me a stounde.
MS. fol. 175r. a.
So he advised the
stranger to sur-
render.
- Let now ben al ȝour fiȝt,
And aȝild þe to þis kniȝt 5
þat þou hast her y-founde.
For he is man of gret power :
In al þis world þer nis is per,
Ne of so meche mounde.
In is merci, y rede, þow [þe] do, 10
Er þan be mad betwene ȝow to
Eni mo harde wounde.'

He answerde wiþ-oute more,
 'Say me ferst, þow faimel hore,

Also god þe¹ spede,

Why me stringþe is for-lore :

Sipþe þe time þat ich was bore

Y nas in swiche a drede.

Ȝif þow ert of fendes come,

For whi þis drede me haue nome,

Ich wolde þat þow me sede.

In gode[s] name ich coniure þe

þat þow þe soþe telle me,

And be al is ferede.'

¶ Heraud seide, 'þer-of be stille :

þat telle þe [nis] me wille

For noman alie.

Erst þow schelt telle me

Wheþen þow ert, & what thow be,

Also mote y þriue.

þanne y schel telle þe riȝt

Boþe of me and of þis kniȝt

þat ȝif[þ] þe dentes riue.

þin hauberk is al to-siȝe,

And þe face wiþ blod bewriȝe

Of woundes mo þan fiue.'

¶ He answerde, 'þow seist wel.

Boute for drede, be sein Miȝel,

Y nolde ben aknowe,

Ac for ich wolde wite an haste

Whi ich was so sore agaste

Now in a lite þrowe.

In Ingelonde ich was bore,

So were min eldren me before

Boþe heȝ and lowe.

Heraud me fader het, y-wis :²

Of Walingforde lord a is,

And al þe contre is owe.

114 Turnbull, p. 476,
 l. 1356.
C. 11803.

¹ *me* struck out
 before *þe*.

5 Haslak first
 wanted to know

if Heraud was
 a devil's son,
 that he was so
 afraid of him.

10

115 But Heraud
 replied,

'First tell me
 whence and who
 thou art;

5

then I shall tell
 thee all about
 myself and this
 knight.'

10

116 Turnbull, p. 477,
 l. 1380.
 Haslak replied,

'I will tell it
 because I want
 to know why I
 became so afraid.

5

I was born in
 England.

² *y wis* faded.

10 Heraud, lord of
 Wallingford, is
 MS. fol. 175r. b.
 my father.

- He went in search
of Guy's son,
whom merchants
had stolen.
- ¶ Out of londe þan wente he 117
To seche Gi is sone þe fre,
þat marchauns stele away.
- I was educated
by the Earl of
Winchester.
- To þerl of Winchester y was sent :
þar ich was loked, veraiment, 5
Boþe niztes and day.
- When I had
grown strong,
- Whan ich was woxe of meche pris,
Douzti, and swiþe strong, y-wis,
- my fellows
upbraided me
- Me felawes gonne say
þat y nas of dedes nouzt, 10
- with not search-
ing for my father.
- For þat y me fader [ne] souzt
In vnkouþ contray.
- ¹ *he* MS.
Turnbull, p. 478,
l. 1404.
- ¶ To Walingforde y¹ gan gon, 118
Me fader is armes þer y fond anon,
His hauberk and is stede,
His scheld, and is helm brizt,
And is swerd gode and lizt, 5
þat he was woned to lede.
- and dubbed
myself knight.
- Me selue y dobbed me knizt þare :
Man ne tolde ich it neuer are,
Also god me spede.
Out of þat londe ich wente þo 10
- I sought my
father in many
a foreign country.
- To seche me fader [in] wer & wo
In mani an vnkouþ þede.
- I went to wher-
ever there was
a war.
- ¶ Of werre ne herde y neuer speke, 119
þat y ne com þer me fader to seke :
þus to þis lord y cam.
þe duk of Marce hap strued him,
Boute þis castel is gode engyn. 5
þe lord þat y wiþ am
Neȝ he hadde is lond for-lore
(Swiþe wo was him þar-fore),
And mani a douzti² man.
- So I came to this
lord.
- Boute þretti hors he nadde þo : 10
Now he hap þre hondred & mo
þat ich in bataile wan.'
- ² *adouzti* MS.

Heraud herde þis wordes alle :
Byter teres he let doun falle,
And seide, ' what is the name ?'
' Haslak,' a seide, ' þow schelt me calle.

Heraud het me fader in halle,
& Cristiane het me dame.

Now þow wost whar ich was bore,
And what ich hatte wiþ-oute more

An erneste and agame :
To forward þow schelt telle me
Whi ich was afered of¹ þe
þat we made er y-same.'

¶ Heraud beheld þe ȝonge kniȝt,
Ac o word speke he ne miȝt
For meche ioie and blisse.

' Heraud is me name, apliȝt,
And þow Haslak y se wiþ siȝt,
Me sone, wiþ-oute misse.

þis is þe lord, sire Reinbroun :
Ichaue had for him in prisoun
Honger and þesternesse.

þe miȝt him se : a stant² þe by.
ȝild him þe swerd in is merci,
And pray him þat he þe kisse.'

¶ þo Haslak wiste sikerly
Hit was is fader þat stod him by,
And is lord Reinbroun,
Swiþe loude he gan to crie,
' Fader, for loue of oure leuedye,
ȝem³ me þe benesoun.'
Ofte he knewelede to þe grounde,
And cride him merci in þat stounde
Wiþ gode deuocioun.

' In þe merci y do me riȝt,
And euermore to ben þe kniȝt
Boþe in feld and toun.'

- 120 Turnbull, p. 479,
l. 1428.
C. 11895.
Weeping bitter
tears, Heraud
asked his name.
' Haslak,' was his
reply.

MS. fol. 175v. a.

- 10 ' But now tell me
why I was afraid
of thee.'
¹ of indistinct.

- 121 Heraud looked at
the young knight,
but, at first, could
not speak for joy.

- At last, he said,
' I am Heraud,

5

and this is thy
lord, Sir Rein-
broun :

- 10 ² *astant* MS.
yield him thy
sword, and pray
him to kiss thee.'

- 122 Turnbull, p. 480,
l. 1452.
Haslak, knowing
he was before his
father and Rein-
broun,

5

asked his father's
blessing

³ The *e* possibly
altered from an *i*.

- 10 and Reinbroun's
mercy.

- ¶ þo Reinbroun wiste þis, 123
 þat he Heraud is sone is,
 Up he gan him take.
 They both kissed Leueliche a kiste him þo,
 him, Sire Heraud, for-soþ, dede also : 5
 Meche blisse þai gonne make.
C. 11935. Haslak ladde hem faire and wel
 and repaired with Hom til is lordes castel,
 him to his lord's And tolde, wiþ-oute sake,
 castle. þat he hadde is fader brouzt 10
 þat he hadde wide y-souzt
 Wiþ meche wer and wrake,
 Turnbull, p. 481, ¶ ' And me lord, sire Reinbroun, 124
 l. 1476. Ase sterne ase eni lyoun
 MS. fol. 175v. b. At euery skenes nede,
 þat euer to bataile was boun.'
 The Earl was Glad was þanne þerl Myloun, 5
 glad to see them, And 3af hem riche mede
 and made them þe kniȝtes of seluer & of golde,
 rich presents. Ase meche as he take wolde,
 Briȝt armur and stede.
 So þai wente sone anon. 10
 For to wreke hem of here fon,
 3if god hem wolde spede.
 Five days before þe Miȝel-mas 125
 Michaelmas, F þai armede hem more & las
 Aȝen here fon to fiȝte.
 leaving the castle, Out of þe castel þai gonne pas :
 they met with the þe duk hii fonden in þe plas 5
 Duke, Wiþ mani helmes briȝte.
 and there was þar miȝte men se scheftes schake,
 much shaking of þar men miȝte se crounes crake
 shafts and crack- Of mani an hardy kniȝte.
 ing of crowns. Heraud, Haslak, and Reinbroun— 10
 Al þat hii smite ȝede adoun
 Of þai¹ hii mete miȝte.

¹ Read *that*?

¶ þe duk of Marce seȝ þat tide
His folk was slawe be ech aside,
 & in þe feld alto-dreued.

He prikede is stede wiþ meche pride :

Aȝenes þerl he gan ride,

 And smot him on þe heued.

Almest a felde þerl adoun :

Heraud com wiþ is fauchoun,

 His body ato he cleued.

þanne Haslak and Reinbroun

þerl is folk þai felde adoun :

 Noping þai ne leued.

¶ þis seȝ al þe barnage :

For to do þerl omage,

 Merci þai gonne crie.

Kniztes, squier, and page

þai toke þer in-to ostage

 Of þe duk is partye.

þus þai stabled e þe lond wiþ fiȝt,

& þerafter anon riȝt

 þai toke leue an hiȝe.

In-te Ingelonde þai gonne saile.¹

.
.

[A Londres sont tut droit ale,

Ou le rei Athelstan ont troue.

Le rei encontre eus est ale,

Od li le meulz de la cite.

Mult duement les ad honure,

E del suen assez done.

A Rainbrun doune sun conte,

E si lui acrest mult sun fie.

Treis iours i ont soiurne,

Al quart ont pris lur congie,

A Warewik uunt, la bone cite :

WARWICK.

126 Turnbull, p. 482,
L, 1500.

5 After a fight
between the
Duke and the
Earl,

Heraud killed
the Duke.

10

127 His men did the
Earl homage.

5

Soon after,
Heraud, Rein-
broun, and Haslak

10 left for England.
¹ The next leaf
gone.

MS. C.C.C.C.
fol. 181r. a.

C. 11953.

In London they
met with King
Athelstan,

5 who duly
honoured them.

10 After three days
they went to
Warwick,

X X

	Cil del pais sunt mult le.	
where Rein- broun's men did him homage.	Rainbrun prent de ses hommes feute :	
	Mult par est entre eus ame.	
At last, Heraud repaired to Wallingford.	Heraud sen ua a Walingeford,	15
	A son chastel bon e fort.	
	Desore i uodra soiurner	
	Od sa femme, bone mulier,	
	Kar mult ad son cors trauaille	
	En plusurs lius por sa leaute.	20
Now I will make an end of this story,	D e ceste estorie uoil fin faire :	
which teaches men	Plus nen uoil desore traire.	
	Bel ensaumple i peut em prendre	
	Qui bien la siet e ueut entendre	
	De pruesce amer, leaute tenir,	25
to do good, and to avoid evil.	De tuz biens faire e mal gerpir,	
	Orguil, richescs auer en despit :	
	De Guion nus aprent le escrit	
fol. 181r. b.	Ceo est la summe de la ualur,	
	Ke tut guerpi pur sun creatur.	30
	E cil qui en la sainte trinite	
	Vn deu est par sa pite	
	Nus doint en terre si servir,	
	Ke ali en glorie puissums venir. Amen.]	

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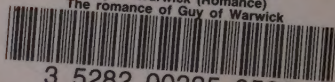
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